CAMBRIDGE
READINGS IN LITERATURE

BOOK FIVE

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VICTORY

Greek Statue, fourth century B.C.

CAMBRIDGE
READINGS IN LITERATURE

EDITED BY

GEORGE SAMPSON

BOOK FIVE

CAMBRIDGE
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
1918

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PREFACE

These reading books have been prepared in the first instance for use among pupils of eleven or twelve and above, and are thus suitable for the middle forms of secondary schools, the four years of central and higher grade schools, the upper standards of elementary schools and the literature courses of continuation schools. Admirable use is now made of what are called *Continuous Readers*; but these should not wholly supplant a miscellany, a collection of extracts good in themselves and representative of great or interesting writers.

Reading in schools may take three forms—audible reading by individual pupils, silent reading by all members of a class and reading by the teacher to the class. These forms represent three grades of difficulty in matter. Pupils can appreciate poetry and prose well read to them which they could not themselves read aloud with intelligence. Some parts, therefore, of the available material should reach the third grade of difficulty. It must certainly not all be kept down to the level of a stumbler's precarious fluency. Literature should be measured out to readers by their capacity to receive rather than by their ability to deliver.

Young people do not fully understand much of their reading; but they can be deeply impressed even where they do not comprehend; and their selective instincts (very different in different cases) should at least have a chance of working upon noble matter. We must

take the mean, not the meanest, capacity for our standard. Difficulty is not an affair of words. Pupils of fifteen can get more from Wordsworth's *Immortality* ode than from such apparently simple poems as *The Fountain* and *The Two April Mornings*—more, even, from the great narrative passages of *Paradise Lost*, than from the exquisite traceries of *Lycidas*. They can understand, in a sense, a scene from *Prometheus*, but they will hardly understand in any sense a *Conversation* of Landor. The nearer prose or verse lies to the elemental, the nearer it lies to the young reader's understanding.

The present collection is purely a miscellany. Some hints of a purpose in the choice and arrangement of passages will be discerned, but this is not emphasised, and, generally, the collection may be said to exist for its parts rather than for any fanciful wholeness. It does not in the least pretend to be representative of any special age or country, or to exhibit the main types of literature, or to have one inflexible standard of inclusion. It is certainly not a selection from the "hundred best books." The editor's aim has been to give young readers the pleasure that is also a profit—to afford them the varied excitements (and incitements) of miscellaneous reading, to introduce to their notice certain poems, passages, books and writers great, or famous, or merely entertaining, and to associate with these a few pictures, drawings and engravings of widely differing schools and periods. Perhaps it may be added that special care has been given to the text.

The general tendency of school reading nowadays is towards a more ordered and therefore more restricted range of English literature, and away from the mis-

cellaneous knowledge that amused the youth of older people. Much has been gained by the change; but something, too, has been lost. It is better, certainly, to know some poems in particular than to know something about poetry in general. The pupil of to-day gets a first-hand acquaintance with some selected examples of English literature, but he misses that general knowledge of books, which, though it may amount to very little in present profit, is a great investment towards future reading. The indiscriminate young reader of old at least got to know some of the landmarks in general literature. To-day, the student of twenty, who can read (say) Francis Thompson with appreciation, has been known to refer, in the more expansive moments of his essays, to the epic poems of Plato and the tragic dramas of Dante. The present volumes, as a middle course between too vague general knowledge and too restricted selection, will supplement, without disturbing, any chosen or prescribed scheme of study.

They may even find another use; for books have destinies of their own. The savage satire for men becomes (after due purgation) a playbook for children; and the children's fairy tale, with its delicate irony, becomes the delight of the elders. Perhaps the present volumes may achieve this extended application, and amuse the grown-up and the growing-up as well as instruct the children. The puzzling question, "What ought I to read," often asked by young people with a developing sense of responsibility, can be answered, at least in part, by these volumes. To such inquirers it may be said, "Here you will find many clues to the paradise of literature: follow that which leads you through the most attractive way." Had the collection

been designed in the first place for older readers, some passages now included might have been replaced by others less familiar. Still, the familiar has its claim, and, "in vacant or in pensive mood," even a special charm for experienced readers. The day-book of the boy may be welcome as a bedside book for the man.

The variety of the entertainment is part of the plan. Neither man nor boy can live by the sublime alone, and so the range of the selection has been made very wide. Modern and even contemporary work has been drawn upon, though one's liberty of choice is here very restricted. Whether we are teachers or learners, we must not be fearful of the new. For us there should be no "battle of the antient and modern books," but one great stream of literature with all its lesser waters, as full and noble now as ever.

Several selections in the present volume will be found to have some reference to the great conflict of the last few years.

GEORGE SAMPSON

August 1918.

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GREEK STATUE—Victory — FRONTISPIECE

This splendid statue represents Victory as a winged figure standing on the prow of a trireme. There are few finer realisations of noble triumph and the sense of motion. Though the figure is large and powerful it suggests flight and speed. The statue is supposed to have been made to celebrate a naval victory gained by Demetrius Poliorcetes in 305 B.C. From a coin of the period it would seem that the figure when complete held a trophy with the right arm and a trumpet with the left. It was discovered in the isle of Samothrace in 1863 and taken to Paris. It stands in the Louvre at the head of a staircase leading to the gallery of paintings.

By arrangement with Messrs W. A. Mansell and Co.

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WATTS—The Happy Warrior — 8

George Frederick Watts (1817–1904) was born in London. He was largely self-taught, learning much in particular from his study of classical sculpture and Italian painting. He painted pictures representing classical and religious subjects, and many allegorical pictures, such as *Love and Death*, *Love and Life* and *Hope*, designed to teach and uplift the beholder. He is also famous for his portraits of distinguished men and women of his time.

By arrangement with Mr F. Hollyer and Messrs W. A. Mansell and Co.

RUBENS—The Fighting Man—Old Style — 20

Peter Paul Rubens (1577–1640) was born in Germany, whither his father, an Antwerp lawyer, had fled to escape persecution by the Spaniards. Peter was at first a page in a noble family, but soon began the study of art, and attained great success and popularity. Rubens was a distinguished man of the world, and thrice acted as ambassador, once to Spain (where he met Velasquez), once to England, where he painted the ceiling of the Whitehall Banqueting Hall, and once to Holland. He painted portraits and sacred pictures (the Antwerp *Descent from the Cross* being one

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of his greatest), but he excelled in historical and allegorical compositions, grand in design and superb in execution. Much of his work was merely sketched by him and completed by his pupils. The present picture of the Emperor Maximilian I (in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna) is an excellent representation of a 'fighting man' of older days.

By arrangement with Messrs W. A. Mansell and Co.

ORPEN—The Fighting Man—New Style 21

This picture of a British airman, representing the new style of 'fighting man,' should be compared with the heavily-armoured Maximilian I of Rubens.

From a painting by Major Sir William Orpen, A.R.A., by permission of the Ministry of Information

TURNER—Snowstorm: Steamboat off a harbour's mouth 68

Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775–1851), the greatest of English artists, was born in London and showed his artistic gifts at a very early age. Indeed, he drew and painted almost without ceasing from his earliest years to his death. For some time he made sketches for engravings. His most famous work in this form is called *Liber Studiorum*, a series of seventy drawings in sepia afterwards engraved on copper. Many sketches, too, were made to illustrate the works of famous writers. From 1819, the time of his first visit to Venice, began the series of famous paintings, wonderful in their rendering of light and colour. Most of Turner's great oil pictures and almost innumerable water-colour drawings are in the national collections. The present picture is in the Tate Gallery. Turner, at the age of sixty-seven, spent four hours lashed to the mast of a boat during a storm studying for this wonderful representation of the elements in turmoil.

By arrangement with Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd.

TURNER—The Fighting *Téméraire* towed to her last berth 73

This picture is one of the best-known and most admired treasures of the Turner collection in the Tate Gallery.

By arrangement with Messrs W. A. Mansell and Co.

DÜRER—St Michael 77

Albrecht Dürer (1471–1528) was born at Nuremberg and is famous alike as a painter and engraver. The power and the perfection of workmanship in Dürer's work are specially wonderful. This is one of fifteen woodcuts made by Dürer to illustrate *The Revelation*. Another will be found in Volume 1 of this series.

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HAZLITT—Charles Lamb as a Venetian Senator 88

William Hazlitt (1778–1830), the famous essayist, was an enthusiastic lover of pictures, and, in early manhood, studied to become a painter. He copied pictures in the Louvre, painted a portrait of his father (exhibited at the Royal Academy) and painted, as well, portraits of Lamb, Coleridge and Wordsworth. The portrait of Lamb, done in the style of Titian, is now in the National Portrait Gallery.

By kind permission of J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.

DÜRER—Hands in Prayer 102

The beautiful drawing reproduced is in the Albertina Library at Vienna.

WALKER—Vagrants 105

Frederick Walker (1840–1875), an English artist, was born in London. He contributed excellent drawings and engravings to the magazines of his time. Two of his pictures, *Vagrants* and *The Harbour of Refuge*, are in the Tate Gallery. The former, reproduced here, illustrates very admirably the tenth stanza of *The Scholar Gipsy*.

By arrangement with Messrs W. A. Mansell and Co.

TURNER—Jerusalem 120

The present picture was drawn as an illustration to Scott's *Essays on Chivalry, Romance and the Drama*.

RUBENS—A Landscape in Flanders. Autumn, with a view of the Château de Steen 121

Rubens's few landscapes are among his greatest pictures. The present picture represents the country between Vilvorde and Malines, with the Château de Steen, purchased by Rubens as a residence. It shows a typical stretch of the now tragic Flanders country, flat and fertile, and unscarred by war. The picture is one of a series representing the seasons. *Spring* is the 'Rainbow Landscape' in the Wallace Collection. *Summer* and *Winter* are at Windsor Castle. The present picture is in the National Gallery.

By arrangement with Messrs W. A. Mansell and Co.

CARPACCIO—St George and the Dragon 130

Vittore Carpaccio (c. 1465–c. 1522) was born in Istria and became a follower of the Venetian painter Gentile Bellini. His work is seen at its best in Venice, where his most popular picture, *The Vision of St Ursula*, is to be found. In one of the Venetian churches is a series of paintings illustrating the life of St George. The present picture is in the church of St George the Great at Venice.

By kind permission of Mr John Murray

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FIFTEENTH CENTURY FRENCH ARTIST—
St Denis and Charlemagne 131

This is part of a triptych in the Palais de Justice, Paris, possibly by Nicolas Froment, an artist of the fifteenth century. The portion here reproduced shows St Denis and the emperor Charlemagne. In the background are some of the buildings of Paris. St Dionysius or Denis, the patron saint of France, according to *The Golden Legend*, was converted by St Paul, and converted in his turn many inhabitants of France, becoming the first bishop of Paris. Under the emperor Domitian he suffered cruel tortures for his faith and was at last beheaded. Whereupon his body arose, and taking the head between his two arms, carried it from his place of martyrdom (Montmartre) to the spot where stands the great church of St Denis in the suburb of that name. The church is famous as the burial place of the French kings.

By kind permission of La Librairie Centrale des Beaux Arts, Paris

POLLARD—The Cambridge Telegraph Coach 140

The picture, painted by James Pollard and engraved by George Hunt, shows the coach starting from The White Horse, Fetter Lane, London.

By kind permission of Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd.

PINTURICCHIO—The Return of Ulysses to Penelope 178

Bernardino di Betto or Biagio, called Pinturicchio, the little painter (1454–1513), was born at Perugia and worked with Signorelli and Perugino on the decorations of the Sistine chapel. Much of his painting was in the form of frescoes on the walls of churches in Rome and elsewhere. The present picture, a very delightful and romantic representation of the story, was originally a fresco in the Pandolfo Petrucci Palace at Siena. It has been transferred to canvas, and is now in the National Gallery.

By arrangement with the Medici Society, Ltd.

MACKENZIE—
King's College Chapel, Cambridge. West end 189

Rudolph Ackermann (1764–1834), was born in Germany, and came to England to exercise his business of coach-making, in which he had become famous. Later he set up a very successful print-shop, and did much to develop lithography from a mere mechanical process into a form of art. He issued many publications with plates, for instance: *The Microcosm of London*, from which an illustration in Volume III of this series is taken, *The University of Oxford* and *The University of Cambridge*. The present illustration appears in the last of these. The plate was drawn by Frederick Mackenzie (1787–1854), a water-colour painter who excelled in the drawing of ecclesiastical buildings and contributed to several of Ackermann's publications.

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THACKERAY—Dr Johnson and Dr Goldsmith 200

Goldsmith in the new 'plum-coloured coat.' Mr Filby looking anxiously after it. Filby was the tailor who, according to a passage in Boswell, requested Goldsmith to tell admirers of his 'bloom-coloured coat' where he obtained it. 'Why, Sir,' replied Johnson, 'that was because he knew the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat, even of so absurd a colour.' But Filby's bill, printed in Prior's *Life of Goldsmith*, indicates that the bloom-coloured garment was a pair of breeches (£1. 4*s*. 6*d*.), the rest of the suit being 'sateen lined with satin' (£12. 12*s*.). Filby might well look anxious, in view of Goldsmith's chronic inability to pay bills. The present drawing by Thackeray appeared in *The North British Review* in 1864. Thackeray had considerable artistic gifts, especially in the direction of caricature, and illustrated several of his own works.

POL OF LIMBURG—July 212

Pol and his brothers, like their contemporaries the Van Eycks, were born in the duchy of Limburg. Between the years 1412–1416 he painted for Jean, Duc de Berry, a vellum *Book of Hours* now in the Musée Condé at Chantilly. Chief among the decorations are wonderful little pictures of the twelve months, each representing some typical occupation of the season and most of them showing a famous city or castle in the background. The present delightful picture of reaping and shearing shows the château of Poitiers.

By kind permission of MM. Plon, Nourrit et Cie

POL OF LIMBURG—October 213

Prominent in this splendid little picture is the old Louvre—the Louvre of the Valois stories of Dumas—taken from the left bank of the river at the corner where the hôtel de Nesle stood—a strange background for the sower sowing his seed, and the fowls of the air busy with their pickings!

By kind permission of MM. Plon, Nourrit et Cie

WHISTLER—Carlyle 228

James Abbott McNeill Whistler (1834–1903), famous as a painter and as an etcher and lithographer, was born at Lowell in Massachusetts; but after studying in Paris he made his home in England. Some of his paintings aroused much opposition; but no one now questions the beauty of such pictures as the 'Nocturne' *Old Battersea Bridge* (in the Tate Gallery), the *Portrait of his Mother* (in the Luxembourg) and the *Portrait of Carlyle* (at Glasgow). His etchings are specially delightful, and keenly sought after.

By arrangement with Messrs T. and R. Annan and Sons

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The Sphinx of Ghizeh 247

By arrangement with Mr N. P. Edwards

Grecian Urn 254

The incidents so beautifully described by Keats are not to be found on any one 'Grecian Urn.' Engravings of several vases—notably one in the Louvre and another in the British Museum—suggested some passages; and others were probably derived from pictures. Thus no one illustration can fully represent the poem. The present reproduction shows a Greek vase of the best period. It is a black-figure Amphora, and the subject is Hermes leading the goddesses to Paris for the famous contest of beauty.

School of Pheidias—Greek horsemen 264

To celebrate the great victories over the Persian invaders in the 5th century B.C. the Greeks erected upon the Acropolis of Athens a temple of the goddess Pallas Athene. Being in honour of the virgin goddess (Parthenos) it was called the Parthenon. The sculptured decorations were executed under the direction of Pheidias, greatest of Greek sculptors. Prominent among these decorations was a frieze or band of sculptures over three feet high running round the entire building above the rows of columns, the total length being about 525 feet. It probably represented the great festival in honour of the goddess. Some centuries later the Parthenon became a Christian church, and after Athens was taken by the Turks in 1458 it was converted into a Mohammedan mosque. In succeeding years it suffered much from war and the vandalism of the Turks, who let it fall to ruins and used the stone for building purposes. Early in the 19th century, Lord Elgin, the British Ambassador to the Porte, obtained permission from the indifferent Turks for the removal of many of the perishing remains of Greek art, including such of the Parthenon sculptures as could be removed without injury to the famous remains, and his collection was ultimately bought by the British Government. It is now in the British Museum. A portion of the frieze is reproduced here.

By arrangement with Messrs W. A. Mansell and Co.

The design on the cover is taken from the *Luttrell Psalter*, a Latin *Psalter* of the fourteenth century.

EDMUND SPENSER

(1552–1599)

DEARE COUNTREY

Deare Countrey! O! how dearely deare
Ought thy remembraunce and perpetuall band
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand
Did commun breath and nouriture receave.
How brutish is it not to understand
How much to her we owe, that all us gave;
That gave unto us all whatever good we have.

(*Faerie Queene*, II, 10, lxix.)

SHAKESPEARE

THIS ENGLAND

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,...
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune.... (*Richard II.*)

HALIFAX

GEORGE SAVILE, Marquis of Halifax, 1633–95.

THE MOAT

It may be said now to *England*, *Martha*, *Martha*, thou art busy about many things, but one thing is necessary. To the Question, What shall we do to be saved in this World? there is no other Answer but this, Look to your Moat.

The first Article of an *Englishman's* Political Creed must be, That he believeth in the Sea....We are in an Island, confined to it by God Almighty, not as a Penalty but a Grace, and one of the greatest that can be given to Mankind. Happy Confinement, that hath made us Free, Rich, and Quiet.

(*A Rough Draught of a new Model at Sea*, 1694.)

SHAKESPEARE

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

(*King John.*)

JOHN COLET

John Colet (1466–1519) was born in London, the son of a Lord Mayor, and educated at Oxford. He travelled in Italy and fell under the influence of Savonarola, the reforming Dominican preacher of Florence. An even greater influence was that of Erasmus, the famous scholar and reformer. Colet was one of the apostles of the "New Learning" in England—one of the band (among whom was Sir Thomas More) that desired a new and enlightened spirit of forward-looking wisdom in the Church. The failure of this moderate party led to the more violent and disruptive reformation a generation later. Colet founded St Paul's school and wrote several books for use there. The following passage is the "Proheme" or preface to his Latin Grammar.

A LITTLE PROEM TO THE BOOK

Albeit many have written and have made certain introductions into Latin speech, called Donates and Accidens, in Latin tongue and in English, in such plenty that it should seem to suffice, Yet nevertheless for the love and the zeal that I have unto the new school of Poules, and to the children of the same, somewhat I have also compiled of the matter, and of the viii. parts of grammar have made this little book, not thinking that I could say anything better than hath been said before, but I took this business, having great pleasure to shew the testimony of my good mind unto the school. In which little work if any new things be of me, it is alonely that I have put these parts in a more clear order, and have made them a little more easy to young wits than (methinketh) they were before. Judging that no thing may be too soft nor too familiar for little children, specially learning a tongue unto them all strange. In which little book I have left

many things out of purpose, considering the tenderness and small capacity of little minds: and that I have spoken, also, I have affirmed it none otherwise but as it happeth most commonly in Latin tongue. For many be the exceptions, and hard it is anything generally to assure in a speech so various. I pray God all may be to his honour, and to the erudition and profit of children my countrymen, Londoners specially, whom digesting this little work I had alway before mine eyes, considering more what was for them than to shew any great cunning, willing to speak the things often before spoken in such manner as gladly young beginners and tender wits might take and conceive. Wherefore I pray you, all little babies, all little children, learn gladly this little treatise, and commend it diligently unto your memories. Trusting of this beginning that ye shall proceed and grow to perfect literature, and come at the last to be great clerks. And lift up your little white hands for me, which prayeth for you to God. To whom be all honour and imperial majesty and glory. Amen.

ROBERT BRIDGES

Robert Seymour Bridges (b. 1844), the Poet Laureate, was educated at Eton and Oxford, and, like Keats, studied for the medical profession. He has published several volumes of verse, a few plays and some studies in metre. The following passage, reproduced here by his kind permission, is taken from the preface to a collection of passages "in English and French from the Philosophers and Poets," published in 1916 by the Poet Laureate under the title *The Spirit of Man*.

The progress of mankind on the path of liberty and humanity has been suddenly arrested and its promise discredited by the apostasy of a great people, who, casting off as a disguise their professions of Honour, now openly avow that the ultimate faith of their hearts is in material force.

In the darkness and stress of the storm the signs of the time cannot all be distinctly seen, nor can we read them dispassionately; but two things stand out clearly, and they are above question or debate. The first is that Prussia's scheme for the destruction of her neighbours was long-laid, and scientifically elaborated to the smallest detail: the second is that she will shrink from no crime that may further its execution.

How far the various Teutonic states that have been subjugated by Prussia are infected or morally enslaved by the machinery that overlords them, how far they are deluded or tempted by a vision of world-empire, how far their intellectual teachers willingly connive at the contradictory falsehoods officially imposed upon their assent, and what their social awakening will be, we can only surmise. We had accounted our cousins as honest and virtuous folk; some of us have well-loved friends among them whom we have heard earnestly and bitterly deplore the evil spirit that was dominating their country: but we now see them all united in a wild enthusiasm for the great scheme of tyranny, as unscrupulous in their means as in their motives, and obedient to military regulations for cruelty, terrorism, and devastation.

From the consequent miseries, the insensate and interminable slaughter, the hate and filth, we can turn to seek comfort only in the quiet confidence of our souls; and we look instinctively to the seers and poets of mankind, whose sayings are the oracles and prophecies of loveliness and lovingkindness. Common diversions divert us no longer; our habits and thoughts are searched by the glare of the conviction that man's life is not the ease that a peace-loving generation has found it or thought to make it, but the awful conflict with evil which philosophers and saints have depicted; and it is in their abundant testimony to the good and beautiful that we find support for our faith, and distraction from a grief that is intolerable constantly to face, nay impossible to face without that trust in God which makes all things possible.

We may see that our national follies and sins have deserved punishment; and if in this revelation of rottenness we cannot ourselves appear wholly sound, we are still free and true at heart, and can take hope in contrition, and in the brave endurance of sufferings that should chasten our intention and conduct; we can even be grateful for the discipline: but beyond this it is offered us to take joy in the thought that our country is called of God to stand for the truth of man's hope, and that it has not shrunk from the call. Here we stand upright, and above reproach: and to show ourselves worthy will be more than consolation; for truly it is the hope of man's great desire, the desire for brotherhood and universal peace to men of good-will, that is at stake in this struggle.

Britons have ever fought well for their country, and their country's Cause is the high Cause of Freedom and Honour. That fairest earthly fame, the fame of Freedom, is inseparable from the names of Albion, Britain, England: it has gone out to America and the Antipodes, hallowing the names of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand; it has found a new home in Africa: and this heritage is our glory and happiness. We can therefore be happy in our sorrows, happy even in the death of our beloved who fall in the fight; for they die nobly, as heroes and saints die, with hearts and hands unstained by hatred or wrong.

THE APOCRYPHA

In the time of Queen Elizabeth there existed several translations of the Bible or parts of the Bible into English. The oldest was made by friends and followers of John Wyclif at the end of the fourteenth century; then came Tyndale's (1525–34); next Coverdale's—the *Great Bible* (1539); next the version made by English reformers settled at Geneva—the *Geneva Bible* (1559–60); and then a translation made by certain bishops in Elizabeth's reign—the *Bishops' Bible* (1568). The Book of Psalms as it appears in the Church of England Prayer Book is, in the main, the work of Coverdale.

Early in the seventeenth century, King James ordered a new translation of the Bible to be made; it was published in 1611, and has been known ever since as the Authorised Version. An amended form of this translation published in 1881–5 is popularly called the Revised Version.

The Bible of 1611 found its way to the hearts of the English people, and its splendid language has influenced English thought and speech for over three hundred years. Two supreme glories of the English tongue are two great books published in the reign of James I—the Bible of 1611 and *Mr William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories & Tragedies* of 1623.

The following passage is taken from *Ecclesiasticus xliv.* (also called *The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach*), one of the books of the *Apocrypha*—the scriptural books which, as the Prayer Book says, "the Church doth read for example of life and instruction of manners; yet doth it not apply them to establish any doctrine."

OUR FOREFATHERS

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them, through his great power from the beginning. Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies: leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions: such as found out musical

tunes, and recited verses in writing: rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations: all these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times. There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. And some there be, which have no memorial; who are perished, as though they had never been, and are become as though they had never been born, and their children after them. But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant. Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes. Their seed shall remain for ever, and their glory shall not be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore.

WORDSWORTH

William Wordsworth (1770–1850) was born at Cockermouth and educated at Hawkeshead School and St John's College, Cambridge. He describes his boyhood days and his life at Cambridge in some fine passages of his autobiographical poem, *The Prelude*. A volume entitled *Lyrical Ballads*, to which Coleridge contributed some poems, aroused some ridicule owing to the simple language of the poems and the lowly character of the subjects—the kind of poetry then in fashion being artificial and ornamented. Wordsworth's best short poems and sonnets, full of thought and great beauty, are among the finest in our language. His longest poem is called *The Excursion*. Wordsworth lived for the greater part of his life and died in the Lake district.

The passage that follows is taken from a prose pamphlet published by Wordsworth in 1809, denouncing the convention of Cintra (1808), the arrangement made by Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard, after the victory at Vimiero, giving Junot's defeated army extraordinary good terms and facilities for retirement. Wordsworth's pamphlet, called *Concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal, to each other and to the Common Enemy, etc.*, is a nobly indignant and patriotic composition which deserves to be much more widely read.

"PEACE WITH HONOUR"

For national independence and liberty, and *that* honour by which these and other blessings are to be preserved, honour—which is no other than the most elevated and pure conception of justice which can be formed, these are more precious than life: else why have we already lost so many brave men in this struggle? —Why not submit at once, and let the Tyrant mount upon his

throne of universal dominion, while the world lies prostrate at his feet in indifference and apathy, which he will proclaim to it is peace and happiness? But peace and happiness can exist only by knowledge and virtue; slavery has no enduring connection with tranquillity or security—she cannot frame a league with any thing which is desirable—she has no charter even for her own ignoble ease and darling sloth. Yet to this abject condition, mankind, betrayed by an ill-judging tenderness, would surely be led; and in the face of an inevitable contradiction! For neither in this state of things would the shedding of blood be prevented, nor would warfare cease. The only difference would be, that, instead of wars like those which prevail at this moment, presenting a spectacle of such character that, upon one side at least, a superior Being might look down with favour and blessing, there would follow endless commotions and quarrels without the presence of justice any where,—in which the alternations of success would not excite a wish or regret; in which a prayer could not be uttered for a decision either this way or that;—wars from no impulse in either of the combatants, but rival instigations of demoniacal passion. If, therefore, by the faculty of reason we can prophecy concerning the shapes which the future may put on,—if we are under any bond of duty to succeeding generations, there is high cause to guard against a specious sensibility, which may encourage the hoarding up of life for its own sake, seducing us from those considerations by which we might learn when it ought to be resigned. Moreover, disregarding future ages, and confining ourselves to the present state of mankind, it may be safely affirmed that he, who is the most watchful of the honour of his country, most determined to preserve her fair name at all hazards, will be found, in any view of things which looks beyond the passing hour, the best steward of the *lives* of his countrymen. For, by proving that she is of a firm temper, that she will only submit or yield to a point of her own fixing, and that all beyond is immutable resolution, he will save her from being wantonly attacked; and, if attacked, will awe the aggressor into a speedier abandonment of an unjust and hopeless attempt. Thus will he preserve not only that which gives life its value, but life itself; and not for his own country merely, but for that of his enemies, to whom he will have offered an example of magnanimity, which will ensure to them like

benefits; an example, the reaction of which will be felt by his own countrymen, and will prevent them from becoming assailants unjustly or rashly. Nations will thus be taught to respect each other, and mutually to abstain from injuries. And hence, by a benign ordinance of our nature, genuine honour is the handmaid of humanity; the attendant and sustainer—both of the sterner qualities which constitute the appropriate excellence of the male character, and of the gentle and tender virtues which belong more especially to motherliness and womanhood. These general laws, by which mankind is purified and exalted, and by which Nations are preserved, suggest likewise the best rules for the preservation of individual armies, and for the accomplishment of all equitable service upon which they can be sent.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

[This is Wordsworth's note to the following poem: "The above Verses were written soon after tidings had been received of the Death of Lord Nelson, which event directed the Author's thoughts to the subject. His respect for the memory of his great fellow-countryman induces him to mention this; though he is well aware that the Verses must suffer from any connection in the Reader's mind with a Name so illustrious." It should be added, too, that the poet was also thinking of his own brother, Captain John Wordsworth, who met a hero's death in the wreck of the East Indiaman *Abergavenny* in February 1805.]

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

G. F. Watts

Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,

Come when it will, is equal to the need:
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

THACKERAY

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–63) was born in Calcutta and educated at the Charterhouse and Cambridge. He was called to the bar, but his inclination was for literature and he soon became a contributor to many papers and magazines. The early struggles of Pendennis and Warrington represent something of Thackeray's own life at this period. He had, too, artistic talent, and drew sketches to illustrate his writings. His fame was not fully established till the appearance of his first great novel, *Vanity Fair*, in 1847. Other novels by him are *Pendennis*, *The Newcomes*, and *The Adventures of Philip*. One of his finest works is the historical tale, *Esmond*, with a sequel, *The Virginians*. Thackeray's various lectures and essays are an important part of his work. The passage that follows is taken from *Esmond*.

THE FAMOUS MR JOSEPH ADDISON

The gentlemen ushers had a table at Kensington, and the Guard a very splendid dinner daily at St James's, at either of which ordinaries Esmond was free to dine. Dick Steele liked the Guard-table better than his own at the gentlemen ushers', where there was less wine and more ceremony; and Esmond had many a jolly afternoon in company of his friend, and a hundred times at least saw Dick into his chair. If there is verity in wine, according to the old adage, what an amiable-natured character Dick's must have been! In proportion as he took in wine he overflowed with kindness. His talk was not witty so much as charming. He never said a word that could anger anybody, and only became the more benevolent the more tipsy he grew. Many of the wags derided the poor fellow in his cups, and chose him as a butt for their satire; but there was a kindness about him, and a sweet playful fancy, that seemed to Esmond far more charming than the pointed talk of the brightest wits, with their elaborate repartees and affected severities. I think Steele shone rather than sparkled. Those famous *beaux-esprits* of the coffee-houses (Mr William Congreve, for instance, when his gout and his grandeur permitted him to come among us) would make many brilliant hits—half a dozen in a night sometimes—but, like sharpshooters, when they had fired their shot, they were obliged to retire under cover till their pieces were loaded again, and wait till they got another chance at their enemy; whereas Dick never thought that his bottle-companion was a butt to aim at—only a friend to shake by the hand. The

poor fellow had half the town in his confidence; everybody knew everything about his loves and his debts, his creditors or his mistress's obduracy. When Esmond first came on to the town, honest Dick was all flames and raptures for a young lady, a West India fortune, whom he married. In a couple of years the lady was dead, the fortune was all but spent, and the honest widower was as eager in pursuit of a new paragon of beauty as if he had never courted and married and buried the last one.

Quitting the Guard-table on one sunny afternoon, when by chance Dick had a sober fit upon him, he and his friend were making their way down Germain Street, and Dick all of a sudden left his companion's arm, and ran after a gentleman who was poring over a folio volume at the book-shop near to St James's Church. He was a fair, tall man, in a snuff-coloured suit, with a plain sword, very sober, and almost shabby in appearance—at least when compared to Captain Steele, who loved to adorn his jolly round person with the finest of clothes, and shone in scarlet and gold lace. The captain rushed up, then, to the student of the bookstall, took him in his arms, hugged him, and would have kissed him—for Dick was always hugging and bussing his friends—but the other stepped back with a flush on his pale face, seeming to decline this public manifestation of Steele's regard.

"My dearest Joe, where hast thou hidden thyself this age?" cries the captain, still holding both his friend's hands; "I have been languishing for thee this fortnight."

"A fortnight is not an age, Dick," says the other, very good-humouredly. (He had light blue eyes, extraordinary bright, and a face perfectly regular and handsome, like a tinted statue.) "And I have been hiding myself—where do you think."

"What! not across the water, my dear Joe?" says Steele, with a look of great alarm: "thou knowest I have always——"

"No," says his friend, interrupting him with a smile: "we are not come to such straits as that, Dick. I have been hiding, sir, at a place where people never think of finding you—at my own lodgings, whither I am going to smoke a pipe now and drink a glass of sack; will your honour come?"

"Harry Esmond, come hither," cries out Dick. "Thou hast heard me talk over and over again of my dearest Joe, my guardian angel?"

"Indeed," says Mr Esmond, with a bow, "it is not from you only that I have learnt to admire Mr Addison. We loved good poetry at Cambridge, as well as at Oxford; and I have some of yours by heart, though I have put on a red-coat..."*O qui canoro blandius Orpheo vocale ducis carmen*"; shall I go on, sir?" says Mr Esmond, who indeed had read and loved the charming Latin poems of Mr Addison, as every scholar of that time knew and admired them.

"This is Captain Esmond who was at Blenheim," says Steele.

"Lieutenant Esmond," says the other, with a low bow; "at Mr Addison's service."

"I have heard of you," says Mr Addison, with a smile; as, indeed, everybody about town had heard that unlucky story about Esmond's dowager aunt and the duchess.

"We were going to the 'George,' to take a bottle before the play," says Steele; "wilt thou be one, Joe?"

Mr Addison said his own lodgings were hard by, where he was still rich enough to give a good bottle of wine to his friends; and invited the two gentlemen to his apartment in the Haymarket, whither we accordingly went.

"I shall get credit with my landlady," says he, with a smile, "when she sees two such fine gentlemen as you come up my stair." And he politely made his visitors welcome to his apartment, which was indeed but a shabby one, though no grandee of the land could receive his guests with a more perfect and courtly grace than this gentleman. A frugal dinner, consisting of a slice of meat and a penny loaf, was awaiting the owner of the lodgings. "My wine is better than my meat," says Mr Addison; "my Lord Halifax sent me the burgundy." And he set a bottle and glasses before his friends, and ate his simple dinner in a very few minutes, after which the three fell to, and began to drink. "You see," says Mr Addison, pointing to his writing-table, whereon was a map of the action at Hochstedt, and several other gazettes and pamphlets relating to the battle, "that I, too, am busy about your affairs, captain. I am engaged as a poetical gazetteer, to say truth, and am writing a poem on the campaign."

So Esmond, at the request of his host, told him what he knew about the famous battle, drew the river on the table, *aliquo mero*,

and with the aid of some bits of tobacco-pipe, showed the advance of the left wing, where he had been engaged.

A sheet or two of the verses lay already on the table beside our bottles and glasses, and Dick having plentifully refreshed himself from the latter, took up the pages of manuscript, writ out with scarce a blot or correction, in the author's slim, neat handwriting, and began to read therefrom with great emphasis and volubility. At pauses of the verse the enthusiastic reader stopped and fired off a great salvo of applause.

Esmond smiled at the enthusiasm of Addison's friend. "You are like the German burghers," says he, "and the princes on the Moselle; when our army came to a halt, they always sent a deputation to compliment the chief, and fired a salute with all their artillery from their walls."

"And drunk the great chief's health afterward, did not they?" says Captain Steele, gaily filling up a bumper;—he never was tardy at that sort of acknowledgement of a friend's merit.

"And the duke, since you will have me act his grace's part," says Mr Addison, with a smile and something of a blush, "pledged his friends in return. Most Serene Elector of Covent Garden, I drink to your highness's health," and he filled himself a glass. Joseph required scarce more pressing than Dick to that sort of amusement; but the wine never seemed at all to fluster Mr Addison's brains; it only unloosed his tongue, whereas Captain Steele's head and speech were quite overcome by a single bottle.

No matter what the verses were, and, to say truth, Mr Esmond found some of them more than indifferent, Dick's enthusiasm for his chief never faltered, and in every line from Addison's pen, Steele found a master-stroke. By the time Dick had come to that part of the poem, wherein the bard describes as blandly as though he were recording a dance at the Opera, or a harmless bout of bucolic cudgelling at a village fair, that bloody and ruthless part of our campaign, with the remembrance whereof every soldier who bore a part in it must sicken with shame—when we were ordered to ravage and lay waste the Elector's country; and with fire and murder, slaughter and crime, a great part of his dominions was overrun: when Dick came to the lines—

In vengeance roused the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land.
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burn,
A thousand villages to ashes turn.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixed with bellowing herds confusedly bleat.
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants found in every brake.
The listening soldier fixed in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands.
The leader grieves, by generous pity swayed,
To see his just commands so well obeyed :

by this time wine and friendship had brought poor Dick to a perfectly maudlin state, and he hiccuped out the last line with a tenderness that set one of his auditors a-laughing.

"I admire the licence of you poets," says Esmond to Mr Addison. (Dick, after reading of the verses, was fain to go off, insisting on kissing his two dear friends before his departure, and reeling away with his periwig over his eyes.) "I admire your art: the murder of the campaign is done to military music, like a battle at the Opera, and the virgins shriek in harmony, as our victorious grenadiers march into their villages. Do you know what a scene it was" (by this time, perhaps, the wine had warmed Mr Esmond's head too),—"what a triumph you are celebrating? what scenes of shame and horror were enacted, over which the commander's genius presided, as calm as though he didn't belong to our sphere? You talk of the 'listening soldier fixed in sorrow,' the 'the leader's grief swayed by generous pity'; to my belief the leader cared no more for bleating flocks than he did for infants' cries, and many of our ruffians butchered one or the other with equal alacrity. I was ashamed of my trade when I saw those horrors perpetrated, which came under every man's eyes. You hew out of your polished verses a stately image of smiling victory; I tell you 'tis an uncouth, distorted, savage idol; hideous, bloody, and barbarous. The rites performed before it are shocking to think of. You great poets should show it as it is—ugly and horrible, not beautiful and serene. Oh, sir, had you made the campaign, believe me, you never would have sung it so."

During this little outbreak, Mr Addison was listening, smoking out of his long pipe, and smiling very placidly. "What would you have?" says he. "In our polished days, and according to the rules of art, 'tis impossible that the Muse should depict tortures or begrime her hands with the horrors of war. These are indicated rather than described; as in the Greek tragedies, that, I dare say, you have read (and sure there can be no more elegant specimens of composition); Agamemnon is slain, or Medea's children destroyed, away from the scene;—the chorus occupying the stage and singing of the action to pathetic music. Something of this I attempt, my dear sir, in my humble way: 'tis a panegyric I mean to write, and not a satire. Were I to sing as you would have me, the town would tear the poet in pieces, and burn his book by the hands of the common hangman. Do you not use tobacco? Of all the weeds grown on earth, sure the nicotian is the most soothing and salutary. We must paint our great duke," Mr Addison went on, "not as a man, which no doubt he is, with weaknesses like the rest of us, but as a hero. 'Tis in a triumph, not a battle, that your humble servant is riding his sleek Pegasus. We college-poets trot, you know, on very easy nags; it hath been, time out of mind, part of the poet's profession to celebrate the actions of heroes in verse, and to sing the deeds which you men of war perform. I must follow the rules of my art, and the composition of such a strain as this must be harmonious and majestic, not familiar, or too near the vulgar truth. *Si parva licet:* if Virgil could invoke the divine Augustus, a humbler poet from the banks of the Isis may celebrate a victory and a conqueror of our own nation, in whose triumphs every Briton has a share, and whose glory and genius contributes to every citizen's individual honour. When hath there been, since our Henrys' and Edwards' days, such a great feat of arms as that from which you yourself have brought away marks of distinction? If 'tis in my power to sing that song worthily, I will do so, and be thankful to my Muse. If I fail as a poet, as a Briton at least I will show my loyalty and fling up my cap and huzzah for the conqueror:

> Rheni pacator et Istri,
> Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
> Ordinibus; laetatur eques, plauditque senator,
> Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori."

"There were as brave men on that field," says Mr Esmond (who never could be made to love the Duke of Marlborough, nor to forget those stories which he used to hear in his youth regarding that great chief's selfishness and treachery)—"there were men at Blenheim as good as the leader, whom neither knights nor senators applauded, nor voices plebeian or patrician favoured, and who lie there forgotten, under the clods. What poet is there to sing them?"

"To sing the gallant souls of heroes sent to Hades!" says Mr Addison, with a smile: "would you celebrate them all? If I may venture to question anything in such an admirable work, the catalogue of the ships in Homer hath always appeared to me as somewhat wearisome; what had the poem been, supposing the writer had chronicled the names of captains, lieutenants, rank and file? One of the greatest of a great man's qualities is success; 'tis the result of all the others; 'tis a latent power in him which compels the favour of the gods, and subjugates fortune. Of all his gifts I admire that one in the great Marlborough. To be brave? every man is brave. But in being victorious, as he is, I fancy there is something divine. In presence of the occasion, the great soul of the leader shines out, and the god is confessed. Death itself respects him, and passes by him to lay others low. War and carnage flee before him to ravage other parts of the field, as Hector from before the divine Achilles. You say he hath no pity; no more have the gods, who are above it, and superhuman. The fainting battle gathers strength at his aspect; and, wherever he rides, victory charges with him."

A couple of days after, when Mr Esmond revisited his poetic friend, he found this thought, struck out in the fervour of conversation, improved and shaped into those famous lines, which are in truth the noblest in the poem of the *Campaign*. As the two gentlemen sat engaged in talk, Mr Addison solacing himself with his customary pipe; the little maidservant that waited on his lodging came up, preceding a gentleman in fine laced clothes, that had evidently been figuring at Court or a great man's levee. The courtier coughed a little at the smoke of the pipe, and looked round the room curiously, which was shabby enough, as was the owner in his worn snuff-coloured suit and plain tie-wig.

"How goes on the *magnum opus*, Mr Addison?" says the Court gentleman on looking down at the papers that were on the table.

"We were but now over it," says Addison (the greatest courtier in the land could not have a more splendid politeness, or greater dignity of manner); "here is the plan," says he, "on the table; *hac ibat Simois*, here ran the little river Nebel: *hic est Sigeia tellus*, here are Tallard's quarters, at the bowl of this pipe, at the attack of which Captain Esmond was present. I have the honour to introduce him to Mr Boyle; and Mr Esmond was but now depicting *aliquo praelia mixta mero*, when you came in." In truth the two gentlemen had been so engaged when the visitor arrived, and Addison, in his smiling way, speaking of Mr Webb, colonel of Esmond's regiment (who commanded a brigade in the action, and greatly distinguished himself there), was lamenting that he could find never a suitable rhyme for Webb, otherwise the brigade should have had a place in the poet's verses. "And for you, you are but a lieutenant," says Addison, "and the Muse can't occupy herself with any gentleman under the rank of a field-officer."

Mr Boyle was all impatient to hear, saying that my Lord Treasurer and my Lord Halifax were equally anxious; and Addison blushing, began reading of his verses, and, I suspect, knew their weak parts as well as the most critical hearer. When he came to the lines describing the angel, that

> Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
> And taught the doubtful battle where to rage,

he read with great animation, looking at Esmond, as much as to say, "You know where that simile came from—from our talk, and our bottle of burgundy, the other day."

The poet's two hearers were caught with enthusiasm, and applauded the verses with all their might. The gentleman of the Court sprang up in great delight. "Not a word more, my dear sir," says he. "Trust me with the papers—I'll defend them with my life. Let me read them over to my Lord Treasurer, whom I am appointed to see in half an hour. I venture to promise, the verses shall lose nothing by my reading, and then, sir, we shall see whether Lord Halifax has a right to complain that his friend's pension is no longer paid." And without more ado, the courtier in lace seized the manuscript pages, placed them in his breast with his ruffled hand over his heart, executed a most gracious wave of the hat with the disengaged hand, and smiled and bowed out of the room, leaving an odour of pomander behind him.

"Does not the chamber look quite dark," says Addison, surveying it, "after the glorious appearance and disappearance of that gracious messenger? Why, he illuminated the whole room. Your scarlet, Mr Esmond, will bear any light; but this threadbare old coat of mine, how very worn it looked under the glare of that splendour! I wonder whether they will do anything for me," he continued. "When I came out of Oxford into the world, my patrons promised me great things; and you see where their promises have landed me, in a lodging up two pair of stairs, with a sixpenny dinner from the cook's shop. Well, I suppose this promise will go after the others, and fortune will jilt me, as the jade has been doing any time these seven years. 'I puff the deceiver away,'" says he, smiling, and blowing a cloud out of his pipe. "There is no hardship in poverty, Esmond, that is not bearable; no hardship even in honest dependence that an honest man may not put up with. I came out of the lap of Alma Mater, puffed up with her praises of me, and thinking to make a figure in the world with the parts and learning which had got me no small name in our college. The world is the ocean, and Isis and Charwell are but little drops, of which the sea takes no account. My reputation ended a mile beyond Maudlin Tower; no one took note of me; and I learned this, at least, to bear up against evil fortune with a cheerful heart. Friend Dick hath made a figure in the world, and has passed me in the race long ago. What matters a little name or a little fortune? There is no fortune that a philosopher cannot endure. I have been not unknown as a scholar, and yet forced to live by turning bear-leader, and teaching a boy to spell. What then? The life was not pleasant, but possible—the bear was bearable. Should this venture fail, I will go back to Oxford; and some day, when you are a general, you shall find me a curate in a cassock and bands, and I shall welcome your honour to my cottage in the country, and to a mug of penny ale. 'Tis not poverty that's the hardest to bear, or the least happy lot in life," says Mr Addison, shaking the ash out of his pipe. "See, my pipe is smoked out. Shall we have another bottle? I have still a couple in the cupboard, and of the right sort. No more?—let us go abroad and take a turn on the Mall, or look in at the theatre and see Dick's comedy. 'Tis not a masterpiece of wit; but Dick is a good fellow, though he doth not set the Thames on fire."

Within a month after this day, Mr Addison's ticket had come up a prodigious prize in the lottery of life. All the town was in an uproar of admiration of his poem, the *Campaign*, which Dick Steele was spouting at every coffee-house in Whitehall and Covent Garden. The wits on the other side of Temple Bar saluted him at once as the greatest poet the world had seen for ages; the people huzza'ed for Marlborough and for Addison, and, more than this, the party in power provided for the meritorious poet, and Mr Addison got the appointment of Commissioner of Excise, which the famous Mr Locke vacated, and rose from this place to other dignities and honours; his prosperity from henceforth to the end of his life being scarce ever interrupted. But I doubt whether he was not happier in his garret in the Haymarket, than ever he was in his splendid palace at Kensington; and I believe the fortune that came to him in the shape of the countess his wife, was no better than a shrew and a vixen.

ADDISON

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbrough's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock, of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;

THE FIGHTING MAN—OLD STYLE

Maximilian I, by Rubens

THE FIGHTING MAN—NEW STYLE

A British Airman, by Sir William Orpen

And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household-troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a Gen'ral's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear,
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave:
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confus'd in clouds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.

* * * * * *

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,
'Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd,

* * * * * *

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell,
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging King dishonours, to complete
Marlbrough's great work, and finish the defeat.

JULIAN GRENFELL

The Honourable Julian Grenfell, of Eton and Oxford, captain in the Royal Dragoons, wrote the following poem in Flanders in April 1915. He was killed on the 26th of the May following. Leave to print the poem here has been kindly permitted by his father, Lord Desborough. The verses are reproduced as they were written: i.e. "the first verse had eight lines, the second verse had six lines and the other verses four lines each."

INTO BATTLE

The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;
And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star, and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,
"If this be the last song you shall sing
"Sing well, for you may not sing another;
"Brother, sing."

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers;
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy of Battle takes
Him by the throat, and makes him blind.

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

JOHN WILSON

John Wilson (1785–1854), better known by his pen-name Christopher North, was born at Paisley and educated at the universities of Glasgow and Oxford. He lived for some time in the Lake district with Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge and De Quincey as his neighbours. The huge bluff figure of Christopher North and the delicate diminutive De Quincey made an odd pair of walking friends. Much of his work was done for *Blackwood's Magazine* in which his hand was heavy on Keats, Hazlitt and others who were not in sympathy with the Toryism of which he was a boisterous champion. His principal works are the conversations called *Noctes Ambrosianae* and *The Recreations of Christopher North*. The following passage is taken from the latter.

A FAIRY'S FUNERAL

The dawn is softly—slowly—stealing upon day; for the uprisen sun, though here the edge of his disc as yet be invisible, is diffusing abroad "the sweet hour of prime," and all the eastern region is tinged with crimson, faint and fine as that which sleeps within

the wreaths of the sea-sounding shells. Hark! the eagle's earliest cry, yet in his eyrie. Another hour, and he and his giant mate will be seen spirally ascending the skies, in many a glorious gyration, tutoring their offspring to dally with the sunshine, that, when their plumes are stronger, they may dally with the storm. O, Forest of Dalness! how sweet is thy name! Hundreds of red-deer are now lying half-asleep among the fern and heather, with their antlers, could our eyes now behold them, motionless as the birch-tree branches with which they are blended in their lair. At the signal-belling of their king, a hero unconquered in a hundred fights, the whole herd rises at once like a grove, and with their stately heads lifted aloft on the weather-gleam, snuff the sweet scent of the morning air, far and wide surcharged with the honey-dew yet unmelting on the heather, and eye with the looks of liberty the glad day-light that mantles the Black Mount with a many-coloured garment. Ha! the first plunge of the salmon in the Rowan-tree Pool. There again he shoots into the air, white as silver, fresh run from the sea! For Loch-Etive, you must know, is one of the many million arms of Ocean, and bright now are rolling in the billows of the far-heaving tide. Music meet for such a morn and such mountains. Straight stretches the glen for leagues, and then, bending through the blue gloom, seems to wind away with one sweep into infinitude. The Great Glen of Scotland —Glen-More itself—is not grander. But the Great Glen of Scotland is yet a living forest. Glen-Etive has few woods or none—and the want of them is sublime. For centuries ago pines and oaks in the course of nature all perished; and they exist now but in tradition wavering on the tongues of old bards, or deep down in the mosses show their black trunks to the light, when the torrents join the river in spate, and the moor divulges its secrets as in an earth-quake. Sweetly sung, thou small, brown, moorland bird, though thy song be but a twitter! And true to thy time—even to a balmy minute—art thou, with thy velvet tunic of black striped with yellow, as thou windest thy small but not sullen horn—by us called in our pride Humble-Bee—but not, methinks, so very humble, while booming high in air in oft-repeated circles, wondering at our Tent, and at the flag that now unfolds its gaudy length like a burnished serpent, as if the smell of some far-off darling heather-bed had touched thy finest instinct, away thou fliest straight

southward to that rich flower-store, unerringly as the carrier-pigeon wafting to distant lands some love-message on its wings. Yet humble after all thou art; for all day long, making thy industry thy delight, thou returnest at shut of day, cheerful even in thy weariness, to thy ground-cell within the knoll, where as Fancy dreams the Fairies dwell—a Silent People in the Land of Peace.

And why hast thou, wild singing spirit of the Highland Glenorchy, that cheerest the long-withdrawing vale from Inveruren to Dalmally, and from Dalmally Church-tower to the Old Castle of Kilchurn, round whose mouldering turrets thou sweepest with more pensive murmur, till thy name and existence are lost in that noble loch—why hast thou never had thy Bard? "A hundred bards have I had in bygone ages," is thy reply; "but the Sassenach understands not the traditionary strains, and the music of the Gaelic poetry is wasted on his ear." Songs of war and of love are yet awakened by the shepherds among these lonely braes; and often when the moon rises over Ben-Cruachan, and counts her attendant stars in soft reflection beneath the still waters of that long inland sea, she hears the echoes of harps chiming through the silence of departed years. Tradition tells, that on no other banks did the fairies so love to thread the mazes of their mystic dance, as on the heathy, and brackeny, and oaken banks of the Orchy, during the long summer nights when the thick-falling dews perceptibly swelled the stream, and lent a livelier music to every waterfall.

There it was, on a little river-island, that once, whether sleeping or waking we know not, we saw celebrated a Fairy's Funeral. First we heard small pipes playing, as if no bigger than hollow rushes that whisper to the night winds; and more piteous than aught that trills from earthly instrument was the scarce audible dirge! It seemed to float over the stream, every foam-bell emitting a plaintive note, till the airy anthem came floating over our couch, and then alighted without footsteps among the heather. The pattering of little feet was then heard, as if living creatures were arranging themselves in order, and then there was nothing but a more ordered hymn. The harmony was like the melting of musical dewdrops, and sang, without words, of sorrow and death. We opened our eyes, or rather sight came to them when closed, and dream was vision! Hundreds of creatures, no taller than the

crest of the lapwing, and all hanging down their veiled heads, stood in a circle on a green plat among the rocks; and in the midst was a bier, framed as it seemed of flowers unknown to the Highland hills; and on the bier, a Fairy, lying with uncovered face, pale as the lily, and motionless as the snow. The dirge grew fainter and fainter, and then died quite away; when two of the creatures came from the circle, and took their station, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bier. They sang alternate measures, not louder than the twittering of the awakened wood-lark before it goes up the dewy air, but dolorous and full of the desolation of death. The flower-bier stirred; for the spot on which it lay sank slowly down, and in a few moments the greensward was smooth as ever—the very dews glittering above the buried Fairy. A cloud passed over the moon; and, with a choral lament, the funeral troop sailed duskily away, heard afar off, so still was the midnight solitude of the glen. Then the disenthralled Orchy began to rejoice as before, through all her streams and falls; and at the sudden leaping of the waters and outbursting of the moon, we awoke.

CHARLES DOUGHTY

Charles Montagu Doughty, of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, has published many volumes of poems in addition to *Travels in Arabia Deserta* (1888), by which he is best known. The following passage is taken from a Night Vision, in the long poem entitled *The Cliffs*. It relates the chatter and dance of the elves in the moonlight at the wedding of prince Olbin to Rosalind daughter of the fairy queen.

A FAIRY WEDDING

Awn (*an elf piper*). Here's a brave humlock stalk: after sharp fight,
I it wrested from Hirp; who son was to Sheaf,
Who Wheatears son, mine ancient enemy,
Vole Hirp, on speeding shoulder, with proud threat,
Not to be borne, it bare forth to his nest:
And seemed it threatful spear amongst the mice.
(*He takes up a stone.*) A shive of flint! I 'll nick therewith five notes in it.
Thus trimmed 't will elfen, make me, a blithe pipe,
Fit to shrill even the Seven Sleepers wake.

(*He essays it.*) *Piff-paff-puff!* My pipe blows well enough.
When I begin, I 'll play you a pleasant fit.
Up dancing elves! all step on your light feet.
To sit here in the dumps, were paddock-like.
Where 's goodfellow Moth? (*Enter* Moth.) Moth, bring me the hornbook.

(*The book is fetched.*)

Hearken, whilst I call over our elf-mote.
Young Gam and Wern and Olp and Dru and Knop;
Trippe, Ban and Bolt, and Clum and Pust and Tarpe:
And Robin, where 's Robin?
And Kexie, and goodfellow Pipit?

(*Enter more elves.*)

Elves' Voices. Here, hilloa-ho! We one and all are kicking
Our pykéd shoon and laughing on a row.
Awn. Now cast your feet: elves prove your nimble joints.
Elves. We are ready, as the guise is; one heel lifted.
Awn. Who has seen Eavesdrop, that tricksy half-elf?
Whose grandam was the fay of an antique oak.
Elves. By Thunder-shot! we saw him not,
This eve nor tomorrow.
Moth (*a wise aged elf*). Old Eavesdrop
'S an elf that smells a faery feast far off;
And jigs at bankets, for a purse of nuts.
Some Elves. He 'll not play nowanights for less than filberts.
Other Elves. And those must be the best.
Awn. Who feasts tonight?
Some Elves. Prince Olbin is truth-plight
To Rosalind, daughter of the Faery Queen.
Other Elves. She 's a mannikin changeling; her name shows it.
Other Elves. We have heard tell; that she as dream is fair.
Awn. I 've heard old Paigle say, fays gave for her,
To humans, in the cradle, Moonsheen bright.
Other Elves. And Eglantine should wedded be this night,
To Ivytwine, in the laughing full moon.
Moth. I was there and saw it: on hoar roots,
All gnarled and knotty, of an antique oak,
(Hallowed with many a spell, in ages past,

Of the priests' crew, unto the lightning God;
In whose green boughs were hanged the faeries' gifts:)
Crowned, some with plighted frets of violets sweet;
Other, with flower-cups many-hewed, had dight
Their locks of gold; the gentle faeries sate:
All in their watchet cloaks: were dainty mats
Spread under them, of dwarve-wives rushen work:
And primroses were strewed before their feet.
They at banquet sate, from dim of afternoon.
Dewdrop stood by, full sad that she was flouted,
By Paltock, for light love of fair Eyebright.
Whitethroat and Melilot;
They served, their drink and meat.
Moonsheen had been promised, from her birth,
To Durind, Prince of the wild mountain dwarves:
But all for naught: now Durind may go pipe,
In an ivy leaf. Many were their cates,
Wood strawberries, cherries, apples, mast and nuts;
And last years bullaces, laid up in honey.
Lay trenchers of broad leaves, in all their laps.
Lawrent was their skinker; Lawrent he sate,
With a jorum old, from the faery hows,
Of heath-flower metheglyn, between his knees.
His ladle he had made of a wood-lavrocks egg.
They drank mead out, in horns, with silver lips,
The polished shells of snails; and acorn cups.
But to tell you Moonsooth: when half-elf Eavesdrop,
With garland of oak-apples on his heved,
Stood up, and elf-lay sung to warbling reeds;
And plighted Olbin had, to maid Rosalind,
(Whose eyes seemed two cornflowers, that been so blue;
And clear as the bubbling brooks to see to;
Her lips, full of laughter, like buds in Spring-meadow,
Of eglantine: the pale-rows of her teeth,
Like milk-curds seemed, and each one a gem-stone;
Like new-forged threaded gold, her blissful hairs;
And every one a snare, a dream of love!)
Neath the high-riding Moon. Come eventide;
His voice as ousels note, clear-sounding blithe;

When lifted her bride-veil of gossamer,
(With garland dight of the sweet woodbine buds;)
He her kissed, in all the faeries sight and hearing:
And gazing, with a melting heart, on her;
Had, (as new token,) given, into her hand.
The forest prince; sheen lily, of peerless kind,
That wex where the water-courses rise;
Fair firstling of the year: like pearls of dew,
From the shut eyelids of the Faery Queen,
Welled happy tears down her two crystal cheeks,
And wetted her white bosom and bright hairs.
Then wonder thing, in the woodside, was seen,
Black Nar and Nain, of Durinds unholde train;
Two crookback dwarves, that came in place to mock,
Unbidden guests; and mows made to the moss:
Were changed, by faery power, to hazel studs.
There shall those stand; each withered arm and hand
A swart bough made; for bogles, in wild wood.
Green leaves their Summer locks, in Winter naked;
Wind-beat and over-dript,
With wet-cold mossy feet;
Till the Moon falls!

Awn. Ye elves been not of years,
To have old Paigle heard; whose blowing pipes
And bag of music could, whiles he had breath,
Constrain the Moon, to stoop and kiss the Earth.
But whither went my fellow, old Eavesdrop?

Moth. Gaffer Eavesdrop went to sleep.
On the stone where he sate;
With his skin full of mead
And his head on his breast.
Under an hornbeams eaves, Eavesdrop nods fast;
And snorts like an owl in an ivy bush.
Light faeries, which by trip,
All in their silken smocks,
They pull his nose and laugh.
From Rosalind those return and Olbins bedding;
Whose bride-bower, lined with silken gossamer,
Is made, like ruddocks nest, all on a bank;

Under green-tented leaf of moonwort quaint.
Therein, on wad they lie of thistledown,
And velvet moss, to sleep, infolded warm;
A nap spread over them is, of silken fleece.
The night spell round them thrice, the faeries said:
And since they have them left, to safely rest,
Till day: no troublous footfall them molest!

ELVES. And whither went that fay-folk?

MOTH. At noon-night,
I saw the white armed queen, with gliding foot,
And peerless looks, uplead her shining train:
And from my view, to secret glades, they passed.
There they, sequestered from all mortals' sight,
In carols quaint, the starry hours will waste.
But the bride company of Eglantine,
And Ivytwine so free, had parted early:
To place, whereas was deckt a Summer-hall,
Of boughs, in the green slade, those dancéd forth.
There should those twain be oned, when faeries hear
First cricket shrill in a thorn, in the full Moon.

AWN. Well 's, elfen crew, for every one of you;
That Eavesdrop nods: were he and I together,
To sound in this Moonshine; should not be able
Your leapweary knees, to cease from the dance,
Till Moonset; when you 'd all fall flat on the grass!
But here comes Howt, time was, most feateous elf;
Now he is stepped in years. I 've Howt myself
Seen carol, to each hornpipes merry note.
Then suddenly he 'd leap, and such round tumbles fetch
In the air; that Howt seemed thudding green mill-wheel
Which overthrows, till now, in Claybourne brook.
Lo, his faltering steps, that one from other slide,
He upholds today, uneath on a crook-staff!

(*Enter* HOWT.)

HOWT. Give you good Moon! my brothers' sons. Which of
Your youngling crew called Howt!

YOUNG ELVES. Now Awn doth pipe;
Wé would have thee Howt, to be our judge;
Here sitting on this stone, in the Moons light.

OTHER ELVES. This night we will be all under your rod.
Chide thou what 's done of us young elves amiss.
OTHER ELVES. We that would fling and dance, and beat our feet,
After the antique guise, all on the green.
AWN (*piping*). Foot it featly, elflings, foot it forth!
Tread round, tread round, in the broad Moonshine path.
HOWT. I 'll set me here down: too old I am grown,
To tread your jocund round, myself to beat
A trembling sod, with nimble shifting feet.
I've too long looked on heavens choir of clear stars.
Few be elves days on ground! What is our age?
Three little fives it compass in of years.
Erst Bud, what time we open our eyelids;
Then nonage, playtime, full of knavish pranks.
Next is mid-age of elves, called the Greenleaf;
When being, to our full elf-hood grown, we have
A dreaming busy head and a chin-beard.
Then flower our days; (would we might them arrest!)
With strength to labour, love and fatherhood.
The third, Sereleaf; when wintered under hood,
Be our elf-locks; and saffron beards grow hoary.
Then fails our former strength, to wonted tasks.
And when twice hundred, of the Moons round years
Are hardly, full of changes, o'er us passed;
Us rest few frozen days and weary nights.
That's the last fit, when nigh is the death sleep,
To fall on us; that makes for ever stiff
Our sapless joints.
By the light of this Moon!
With their jerkins upsidown;
The sons of your loins will bear you forth.
They will dig and lay, in, your cold dead clay,
Under swart elder bough, with mournful mows:
And on swart moles a spell cast of that ground,
And on dank worms; lest should those wroot around.
Upleaning on their mattocks, they will say
Your name, and call it thrice loud, through the laund!
Come home, your workstead and your bower will they;
Where leaned your tools and hangs your husbandry;

And precious Winter store, mongst them, divide!
AWN. I'll sing you a little song, which Paigle made:
What is our lifeday? but as bitter wave,
Which rideth fast on towards dark deadly shore.
Let us elves all be wise, whilst yet we may;
And make good cheer.
HOWT. Ye which lightfooted yet,
Goodfellows, with blithe heathflowers, in your caps,
Your heydeguys trace to Awns music sweet;
Till seem your giddy roundels mock the stars.
AWN. O, who of you has here,
A bugle-horn, to call our great elf-choir.
ROBIN. I can flute like an owl, *whoo-hoo-huh!* with the best.
I can blow I a loud bugle note in my fist.

(ROBIN *sounds as it were an horn, in his knit hands; and blows then the owls note.*)

HOWT. 'T is dewfall, 't is dewfall; run through the green wood.
Hie, little goodfellows, leap over the clod.
And ye which loiter in
The smooth-cropt meadows sheen;
Where feed ruckling the ewes, and couch chawing fat kine;
Foot it, skip, leap it, over the beasts' chines:
Spring elves and tumble, over each others backs!
Run through myrtle bog, and rushy mire,
Round cobwebbed thorn; about the scragged briar;
Over bank, over dyke,
Over the hollow brook,
Leap hither, leap hither!
And ye hill-elves, afar;
Come running down, adown, from your dune brinks!
Heed! elfen how ye tread,
On any rattling leaf,
Lest ye waken the snake;
Which fell enemy is,
To elf-kind.
ELVES' DISTANT VOICES. We are coming presently!
HOWT. And woodelves yonder, neath the crooked boughs,
Which the holts' lofty antique silence break;

Where the green holly, under bearded boughs,
Of oak, shines in the Moonlight; what do you make?
AWN (*piping*). Waken up, little goodfellows, under the lind!
ELVES' VOICES. Queen apples, we gather ripe;
And simples, for our health, in Moonshine glades.
OTHER ELVES' VOICES. We, in dank thicket, little conies chace:
We beat them from the fern and overrun.
OTHER VOICES. We, with hurl-bats; to make us winter coats,
The little squirrels dun,
From Moonlight boughs ding down.
MORE VOICES. There's great venison afoot, when the stars shine out.
We who, as they, be fleet;
Our game is up to leap,
On the great hart, and sit
Upon the mickle tynes of his wide horns:
That headlong we may ride, through the laund!
OTHER ELVES' VOICES. We which go seeking bees' nests, cannot find them;
Fault of this shadow of the Moon.
OTHER VOICES. We for adders' eggs, go looking up and down;
To burn, with heavens curse, on a fire.
OTHER VOICES. We seek for little gledeworms midnight lamps,
To set them in our caps;
Whilst we run through dim paths.
We have found but one; and here she is.
CONTENTION OF DISTANT ELVES' VOICES. 'T is a beetle, by the steeple:
She's a dor, she's a chafer.
'T is a worm, I beshrew her.
A NEW VOICE. By the man in the Moon, and John o' Green!
Ye lie, ye all lie.
A VOICE. I lie not, I;
By Oberon King!
A THIRD VOICE. What, any elf say, by my fathers kin,
I give him back the lie.
THE FORMER VOICE. By Thunder!
Durst thou contend with me, proud paddock thus?

I'll, on an ant-hill, bind thy quivering flesh.
I'll see there yerne tomorrow thy white bones!

HOWT. Fie, on any elfs mouth, that speaketh thus!

OTHER ELVES' VOICES. He some swart élf is; he's not one of us.
Let him never thee, with a sorrow!
King Oberon, with a coal, will sear his tongue.

HOWT. Elfen should be buxom and hend!

THE FORMER VOICE. It forthinketh me, if I missaid.

HOWT. Hie hither, hie hither!

(*Enter two wood-elves, running.*)

FIRST WOOD-ELF. With pixies, bugs, swart elves, wood and hill sprites,
We played pluck-buffet, in the hazel-scrogs.

SECOND WOOD-ELF. I am bruiséd of boughs.

FIRST WOOD-ELF. I am beaten on either eye!

BOTH. Aread Howt; was not this done unwoodmanly?

DISTANT VOICES. We did it in our game.

HOWT. Your game was others grame.

VOICES. This holy Moon doth know!

AN ELF. What ails tonight the Moon?
That sits like woody owl,
In forest of the skies.

HOWT. This saying young Puck, will bring thee ill luck!

WOOD-ELVES. 'T will breed him evil hap!

AWN (*piping*). The greenwood and meadow!
Heigh-ho, through high and low;
Hip! have me where sweet woodbines blow.

FIRST WOOD-ELF. For each skip, for each hop,
As we came leaping up the walk,
My jerkin was to-torn.

SECOND WOOD-ELF. My new hood was through-wet.

AWN (*piping*). The dew will soon be dry,
Yond stars shall fade on high.

ELVES' VOICES. When Everglows wheel, whirling on the sky,
Sties, welling light and day.

HOWT. Gather sweet woodbines, whilst ye may!

ELVES ALL. Woodbines, sweet woodbines, woodbines; whilst we may!

AWN. Who can say this better? Sky is none elf-word.

An Elf. I, the *Rainshedder*.

(*Enter another wood-elf.*)

Wood-elf Whoop-heigh and holloa!
Howt. What have you got?
Wood-elf. Woodsorrel, earth-nuts, morel in my poke.
Howt. Be'st not thou, some batcatcher rough and rude?
Wood-elves are thickwitted;
A shock-haired crew, amongst the ruffling leaves.
Wood-elf. At owl-time, at owl-time, we can trip
And trimly dance it, in large beechen shaws.
Howt. And so can badgers' cubs.
Wood-elf. We jolive go and gay,
Then loitering in the glades, to the woods end.
Awn (*piping*). With a stamp, with a shout,
Run away with your revel rout!
All this doing in wood!
Where the wild rangers stood,
Under tall seemly tree:
And that, for fear of King Harold his hunt;
Which in night season, in the Chace of heaven;
With rushing tumult of a frozen wind,
And ghostly hunters' voice, and bark of hounds,
Of fiery breath, doth griesly fare above!
Wood-elf. Some climbed, take culvers with the rattling wings;
(Frayed from high slender boughs those fling!)
For howlets other seek, in hollow stubs.
Some for woodwáles, to mew them in a cage.
Howt. Where be to-moon wood-elves, your leafy holds?
A Wood-elf. Sawpits been our holds;
Which last year mensons, timber-hewers, made.
We heard oft crash of sinking boughs, and fled;
And hollow tone then, (that enchained our ears!)
Of the felled beams, which tarried long to die.
There in the crystal Moonshine; loath unto us,
Sits many a swart-chapped toad, listening for music;
Mongst whom Sir Gorgel, with the leathern brow,
And old an hundred years, of forest beasts,
Is the most wise.
Young Elves. Enough of this prate, Peace!

Awn. Look elves, how now I quaintly cast my foot!
When next I pipe, I'll teach you the new set;
How with bent kneebows, to trace a light morrice.
Howt. But elf sires of mine age, whose lustless feet
And old dry joints are, like to mine, unfit,
To trip, in looking of elf-maidens sweet;
Can on these purple toad-stools, sprung tonight,
Here round me sit: sit by me and look on,
But all the while sit mum.
Awn. Up now, young elves, dance to new merry note,
Of my pipes throat: tread it forth, tread it forth!
Piff!... (*Enter more elves running.*)
Howt. Whence come ye foothot?
One of the new-come Elves. O Awn, O Howt!
Not past a league from hence, lies close-cropped plot,
Where purple milkworts blow, which conies haunt,
Amidst the windy heath. We saw gnomes dance
There; that not bigger been than harvest mice.
Some of their heads were deckt, as seemed to us,
With moonbeams bright: and those tonight hold feast:
Though in them there none utterance is of speech.
Awn. Be those our mothers' cousins, dainty of grace:
But seld now, in a moonlight, are they seen.
They live not longer than do humble been.
Elves. We saw of living herb, intressed with moss,
Their small wrought cabins open on the grass.
Awn. Other, in gossamer bowers, wonne underclod.
Elves. And each gnome held in hand a looking glass;
Wherein he keeked, and kissed oft the Moons face.
Awn. Are they a faery offspring, without sex,
Of the stars' rays.
Elves. They 'd wings on their flit feet;
That seemed, in their oft shining, glancing drops
Of rain, which beat on bosom of the grass:
Wherein be some congealed as adamant.
We stooped to gaze, (a neighbour tussock hid us,)
On sight so fair: their beauty being such,
That seemed us it all living thought did pass.
Yet were we spied! for looked down full upon us,

Disclosing then murk skies, Moons clear still face.
In that they shrunk back, and clapped tó their doors,
(And some in chaps and gapes sunk, of the ground;)
One roved at me, with glancing eye!
Whereof I bleed and strangle inwardly.
(*He holds his heart.*)
Heart-hurt; and every hour am like to die.

HOWT. Die foolish elf; there n'is no remedy!

AWN. Tread round now elves, in light-foot companies,
To my pipes measure.
And when you 've had enough,
Ye shall cry me *Puff!*
(*He pipes, and elves dance apace.*)

ELVES. We cry you *Puff!* We 've all, we 've all lost breath.
(AWN *ceases; and elves stand holding their panting sides.*)

HOWT. Clap hands now merrily all, above your heads,
Whilst sleep your feet, to help this labouring moon;
Whose cheerful lamp murk scudding wrack hath blotted.
(*They stand and all clap hands.*)

AWN. I swear by my fay
'T will all too soon be day.

ROBIN. The night lightens, heaven brightens!

WOOD-ELVES. We'll run, to watch for sunblinks in the wood,
And cry; when shoot the first athwart green sprays!

ELVES ALL. Gather sweet woodbines, whilst ye may!
(*Exeunt wood-elves.*)

HOWT. Run other, to the head of yond green hill:
To spy, if yet He cómeth up; to put out
The Moon.

AWN. Now almost our fair night is done.

HOWT. A riddle, a riddle! Who can say,
Be the clouds of heaven odd or even?

(TRUTH, *who has longtime remained standing in contemplation, before Britannias Image; at sound of the elves' loud hand-clapping, looks round, with grave countenance: and now he slowly returns.*)

AWN. A ringdance, a ringdance, all take hands!

TRUTH. GOD give you, elfen all, good chance!

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AWN. Round about, round about our father TRUTH.
ELVES (*to each other*). Take hands, all take hands!
AWN. A wheel a rundle, on the green heath.
ELVES. A ring will we beat, with our twinkling feet.
OTHER ELVES. Till bald shall it be, as TRUTH our Fathers pate.
(*They all join hands, and dance about* TRUTH.)
HOWT. Make a leg to Britannia, as you go by.
(*The dancing elves lout to the Sacred Image, in that they pass.*)
AWN (*piping*). Out nettle, in dock;
When heaven falls, we shall have larks!
Out of the thorn and into the briar;
Quoth the ousel to the stare.
HOWT. Stay not your nimble feet.
Skip it elves, skip it, aye higher and higher!
SOME ELVES (*desisting*). Our heads go round, and round, as the Moon doth;
If now we tumbled, we'd fall off the Earth!
HOWT. It was not so in my day: elf-kin then
Were of more mettle. (*Elves halt from the dance.*)
ELVES. We all stand idle.
AWN. Which of you madpates
Can any new mirths?
ROBIN. 'T is a mad mad World.
AWN. A fair, a wrestling,...
ELVES. And a merry-make.
HOWT. Ye elves were best be blithe and laugh upon it.
AWN. Open some hour each day to cheerful mirth,
Your careful hearts; cry holiday! and play and laugh.
AN ELF. Shall we not play, who here can loudest laugh?
ELVES. It is a match.
OTHER ELVES. All we will play at that.
HOWT. Make ready all to laugh!
ROBIN. Laugh, whoso may for me;
For over all I see,
So much of sorrow, I have left to laugh.
ANOTHER ELF. I can laugh, by my crown! thunder-loud.
HOWT. Laugh on, (I n'ot thy name,) thou fatherson.
FIRST ELF. Ten shining beans I'll wager to thy one;
I'll alder loudest laugh, heark! *hoh-hoh-hoh!*

SECOND ELF. I easily can outlaugh him, Fatherson;
Though you should shut your ears: *Ah-hoh-hoh-hoh!*
THIRD ELF. Listen elfen all to me: I wed will my pan
I alder best, of any earthly man
Can laugh. I learned it now of the horned owl,
In Claybourne ruin: *hoh-hoh-hoh, whuh-huh!*
ELVES. Howt, judge, from thy Doom-stone, this quarrel uprightly.
HOWT. Burdock, he hath it.
THE THIRD ELF. Nay, I Starshoot had it,
The prize another bears away from me:
Help Father Truth!
TRUTH. Children, your prize was what?
HOWT. That which I whistered erewhile in Awns cope.
AWN. A buffet elves Howt whispered, from all hands!
STARSHOOT. Burdock then may have all and Fatherson;
For their very own.
(*They all smite* BURDOCK, *with their elf-caps.*)
TRUTH (*holding up his hands*). 'T is somewhile children, good to play and laugh;
Else your true gold should rust, and turn to dross.
Take to you now your sober minds again.

W. H. HUDSON

W. H. HUDSON has written many volumes of nature studies in foreign lands —*The Naturalist in La Plata*, *Idle Days in Patagonia*; several volumes of similar character dealing with English life—*Birds in London*, *A Shepherd's Life*; and one or two beautiful romances—*The Purple Land*, *Green Mansions*; besides other works. The following passage is taken from a delightful fairy story called *A Little Boy Lost.*

LITTLE PEOPLE UNDERGROUND

When he awoke Martin found himself lying on a soft downy bed in a dim stone chamber, and feeling silky hair over his cheek and neck and arms, he knew that he was still with his new strange mother, the beautiful Lady of the Mountain. She, seeing him awake, took him up in her arms, and holding him against her bosom, carried him through a long winding stone passage, and out into the bright morning sunlight. There by a small spring of clearest water that gushed from the rock she washed his scratched

and bruised skin, and rubbed it with sweet-smelling unguents, and gave him food and drink. The great spotted beast sat by them all the time, purring like a cat, and at intervals he tried to entice Martin to leave the woman's lap and play with him. But she would not let him out of her arms: all day she nursed and fondled him as if he had been a helpless babe instead of the sturdy little run-away and adventurer he had proved himself to be. She also made him tell her the story of how he had got lost and of all the wonderful things that had happened to him in his wanderings in the wilderness—the people of the Mirage, and old Jacob and the savages, the great forest, the serpent, the owl, the wild horses and wild man, and the black people of the sky. But it was of the Mirage and the procession of lovely beings about which he spoke most and questioned her.

"Do you think it was all a dream?" he kept asking her, "the Queen and all those people?"

She was vexed at the question, and turning her face away, refused to answer him. For though at all other times, and when he spoke of other things, she was gentle and loving in her manner, the moment he spoke of the Queen of the Mirage and the gifts she had bestowed on him, she became impatient, and rebuked him for saying such foolish things.

At length she spoke and told him that it was a dream, a very very idle dream, a dream that was not worth dreaming; that he must never speak of it again, never think of it, but forget it, just as he had forgotten all the other vain silly dreams he had ever had. And having said this much a little sharply, she smiled again and fondled him, and promised that when he next slept he should have a good dream, one worth the dreaming, and worth remembering and talking about.

She held him away from her, seating him on her knees, to look at his face, and said, "For oh, dear little Martin, you are lovely and sweet to look at, and you are mine, my own sweet child, and so long as you live with me on the hills, and love me and call me mother, you shall be happy, and everything you see, sleeping and waking, shall seem strange and beautiful."

It was quite true that he was sweet to look at, very pretty with his rosy-white skin deepening to red on his cheeks; and his hair curling all over his head was of a bright golden chestnut colour;

and his eyes were a very bright blue, and looked keen and straight at you just like a bird's eyes, that seem to be thinking of nothing, and yet seeing everything.

After this Martin was eager to go to sleep at once and have the promised dream, but his very eagerness kept him wide awake all day, and even after going to bed in that dim chamber in the heart of the hill, it was a long time before he dropped off. But he did not know that he had fallen asleep: it seemed to him that he was very wide awake, and that he heard a voice speaking in the chamber, and that he started up to listen to it.

"Do you not know that there are things just as strange underground as above it?" said the voice.

Martin could not see the speaker, but he answered quite boldly: "No—there's nothing underground except earth and worms and roots. I've seen it when they've been digging."

"Oh, but there is!" said the voice. "You can see for yourself. All you've got to do is to find a path leading down, and to follow it. There's a path over there just in front of you; you can see the opening from where you are lying."

He looked, and sure enough there *was* an opening, and a dim passage running down through the solid rock. Up he jumped, fired at the prospect of seeing new and wonderful things, and without looking any more to see who had spoken to him, he ran over to it. The passage had a smooth floor of stone, and sloped downward into the earth, and went round and round in an immense spiral; but the circles were so wide that Martin scarcely knew that he was not travelling in a straight line. Have you by chance ever seen a buzzard, or stork, or vulture, or some other great bird, soaring upwards into the sky in wide circles, each circle taking it higher above the earth, until it looked like a mere black speck in the vast blue heavens, and at length disappeared altogether? Just in that way, going round and round in just such wide circles, lightly running all the time, with never a pause to rest, and without feeling in the least tired, Martin went on, only down and down and further down, instead of up and up like the soaring bird, until he was as far under the mountain as ever any buzzard or crane or eagle soared above it.

Thus running he came at last out of the passage to an open room or space so wide that, look which way he would, he could

see no end to it. The stone roof of this place was held up by huge stone pillars standing scattered about like groups of great rough-barked trees, many times bigger round than hogsheads. Here and there in the roof, or the stone overhead, were immense black caverns which almost frightened him to gaze up at them, they were so vast and black. And no light of sun or moon came down into that deep part of the earth: the light was from big fires, and they were fires of smithies burning all about him, sending up great flames and clouds of black smoke, which rose and floated upwards through those big black caverns in the roof. Crowds of people were gathered around the smithies, all very busy heating metal and hammering on anvils like blacksmiths. Never had he seen so many people, nor ever had he seen such busy men as these, rushing about here and there shouting and colliding with one another, bringing and carrying huge loads in baskets on their backs, and altogether the sight of them, and the racket and the smoke and dust, and the blazing fires, was almost too much for Martin; and for a moment or two he was tempted to turn and run back into the passage through which he had come. But the strangeness of it all kept him there, and then he began to look more closely at the people, for these were the little men that live under the earth, and they were unlike anything he had seen on its surface. They were very stout, strong-looking little men, dressed in coarse dark clothes, covered with dust and grime, and they had dark faces, and long hair, and rough, unkempt beards; they had very long arms and big hands, like baboons, and there was not one among them who looked taller than Martin himself. After looking at them he did not feel at all afraid of them; he only wanted very much to know who they were, and what they were doing, and why they were so excited and noisy over their work. So he thrust himself among them, going to the smithies where they were in crowds, and peering curiously at them. Then he began to notice that his coming among them created a great commotion, for no sooner would he appear than all work would be instantly suspended; down would go their baskets and loads of wood, their hammers and implements of all kinds, and they would stare and point at him, all jabbering together, so that the noise was as if a thousand cockatoos and parrots and paroquets were all screaming at once. What it was all about he could not tell, as he could not make out

what they said; he could only see, and plainly enough, that his presence astonished and upset them, for as he went about among them they fell back before him, crowding together, and all staring and pointing at him.

But at length he began to make out what they were saying; they were all exclaiming and talking about him. "Look at him! look at him!" they cried. "Who is he? What, Martin—this Martin? Never. No, no, no! Yes, yes, yes! Martin himself—Martin with nothing on! Not a shred—not a thread! Impossible—it cannot be! Nothing so strange has ever happened! *Naked*—do you say that Martin is naked? Oh, dreadful—from the crown of his head to his toes, naked as he was born! No clothes—no clothes—oh no, it can't be Martin. It is, it is!" And so on and on, until Martin could not endure it longer, for he had been naked for days and days, and had ceased to think about it, and in fact did not know that he was naked. And now hearing their remarks, and seeing how they were disturbed, he looked down at himself and saw that it was indeed so—that he had nothing on, and he grew ashamed and frightened, and thought he would run and hide himself from them in some hole in the ground. But there was no place to hide in, for now they had gathered all round him in a vast crowd, so that whichever way he turned there before him they appeared—hundreds and hundreds of dark, excited faces, hundreds of grimy hands all pointing at him. Then, all at once, he caught sight of an old rag of a garment lying on the ground among the ashes and cinders, and he thought he would cover himself with it, and picking it hastily up was just going to put it round him when a great roar of "No!" burst out from the crowd; he was almost deafened with the sound, so that he stood trembling with the old dirty rag of cloth in his hand. Then one of the little men came up to him, and snatching the rag from his hand, flung it angrily down upon the floor; then as if afraid of remaining so near Martin, he backed away into the crowd again.

Just then Martin heard a very low voice close to his ear speaking to him, but when he looked round he could see no person near him. He knew it was the same voice which had spoken to him in the cave where he slept, and had told him to go down into that place underground.

"Do not fear," said the gentle voice to Martin. "Say to the

little men that you have lost your clothes, and ask them for something to put on."

Then Martin, who had covered his face with his hands to shut out the sight of the angry crowd, took courage, and looking at them, said, half sobbing, "O, Little Men, I've lost my clothes—won't you give me something to put on?"

This speech had a wonderful effect: instantly there was a mighty rush, all the Little Men hurrying away in all directions, shouting and tumbling over each other in their haste to get away, and by-and-by it looked to Martin as if they were having a great struggle or contest over something. They were all struggling to get possession of a small closed basket, and it was like a game of football with hundreds of persons all playing, all fighting for possession of the ball. At length one of them succeeded in getting hold of the basket and escaping from all the others who opposed him, and running to Martin he threw it down at his feet, and lifting the lid displayed to his sight a bundle of the most beautiful clothes ever seen by child or man. With a glad cry Martin pulled them out, but the next moment a very important-looking Little Man, with a great white beard, sprang forward and snatched them out of his hand.

"No, no," he shouted. "These are not fit for Martin to wear! They will soil!" Saying which, he flung them down on that dusty floor with its litter of cinders and dirt, and began to trample on them as if in a great passion. Then he snatched them up again and shook them, and all could see that they were unsoiled and just as bright and beautiful as before. Then Martin tried to take them from him, but the other would not let him.

"Never shall Martin wear such poor clothes," shouted the old man. "They will not even keep out the wet," and with that he thrust them into a great tub of water, and jumping in began treading them down with his feet. But when he pulled them out again and shook them before their faces, all saw that they were as dry and bright as before.

"Give them to me!" cried Martin, thinking that it was all right now.

"Never shall Martin wear such poor clothes—they will not resist fire," cried the old man, and into the flames he flung them.

Martin now gave up all hopes of possessing them, and was ready to burst into tears at their loss, when out of the fire they were

pulled again, and it was seen that the flames had not injured or tarnished them in the least. Once more Martin put out his arms and this time he was allowed to take those beautiful clothes, and then just as he clasped them to him with a cry of delight he woke!

His head was lying on his new mother's arm, and she was awake watching him.

"O, mother, what a nice dream I had! O such pretty clothes—why did I wake so soon?"

She laughed and touched his arms, showing him that they were still clasping that beautiful suit of clothes to his breast—the very clothes of his wonderful dream!

C. H. SORLEY

Charles Hamilton Sorley of Marlborough College, captain in the Suffolk regiment, was born at Old Aberdeen in 1895. He was killed in action in France in 1915. *Barbury Camp* was written in 1913; *The Song of the Ungirt Runners* he sent home in the autumn of 1914; *All the hills and vales along*, in April 1915. These poems are printed here by kind permission of his father, Dr W. R. Sorley, Knightbridge professor of Moral Philosophy in the university of Cambridge.

BARBURY CAMP

We burrowed night and day with tools of lead,
Heaped the bank up and cast it in a ring
And hurled the earth above. And Caesar said,
"Why, it is excellent. I like the thing."
We, who are dead,
Made it, and wrought, and Caesar liked the thing.

And here we strove, and here we felt each vein
Ice-bound, each limb fast-frozen, all night long.
And here we held communion with the rain
That lashed us into manhood with its thong,
Cleansing through pain.
And the wind visited us and made us strong.

Up from around us, numbers without name,
Strong men and naked, vast, on either hand
Pressing us in, they came. And the wind came
And bitter rain, turning grey all the land.
That was our game,
To fight with men and storms, and it was grand.

For many days we fought them, and our sweat
Watered the grass, making it spring up green,
Blooming for us. And, if the wind was wet,
Our blood wetted the wind, making it keen
With the hatred
And wrath and courage that our blood had been.

So, fighting men and winds and tempests, hot
With joy and hate and battle-lust, we fell
Where we fought. And God said, "Killed at last then? What?
Ye that are too strong for heaven, too clean for hell,
(God said) stir not.
This be your heaven, or, if ye will, your hell."

So again we fight and wrestle, and again
Hurl the earth up and cast it in a ring.
But when the wind comes up, driving the rain
(Each rain-drop a fiery steed), and the mists rolling
Up from the plain,
This wild procession, this impetuous thing,

Hold us amazed. We mount the wind-cars, then
Whip up the steeds and drive through all the world,
Searching to find somewhere some brethren,
Sons of the winds and waters of the world.
We, who were men,
Have sought, and found no men in all this world.

Wind, that has blown here always ceaselessly,
Bringing, if any man can understand,
Might to the mighty, freedom to the free;
Wind, that has caught us, cleansed us, made us grand,
Wind that is we
(We that were men)—make men in all this land,

That so may live and wrestle and hate that when
They fall at last exultant, as we fell,
And come to God, God may say, "Do you come then
Mildly enquiring, is it heaven or hell?
Why! Ye were men!
Back to your winds and rains. Be these your heaven and hell!"

ALL THE HILLS AND VALES ALONG

All the hills and vales along
Earth is bursting into song,
And the singers are the chaps
Who are going to die perhaps.
O sing, marching men,
Till the valleys ring again.
Give your gladness to earth's keeping,
So be glad, when you are sleeping.

Cast away regret and rue,
Think what you are marching to.
Little live, great pass.
Jesus Christ and Barabbas
Were found the same day.
This died, that went his way.
So sing with joyful breath.
For why, you are going to death.
Teeming earth will surely store
All the gladness that you pour.

Earth that never doubts nor fears,
Earth that knows of death, not tears,
Earth that bore with joyful ease
Hemlock for Socrates,
Earth that blossomed and was glad
'Neath the cross that Christ had,
Shall rejoice and blossom too
When the bullet reaches you.
Wherefore, men marching
On the road to death, sing!
Pour your gladness on earth's head,
So be merry, so be dead.

From the hills and valleys earth
Shouts back the sound of mirth,
Tramp of feet and lilt of song
Ringing all the road along.
All the music of their going,
Ringing swinging glad song-throwing,

Earth will echo still, when foot
Lies numb and voice mute.
On, marching men, on
To the gates of death with song.
Sow your gladness for earth's reaping,
So you may be glad, though sleeping.
Strew your gladness on earth's bed,
So be merry, so be dead.

THE SONG OF THE UNGIRT RUNNERS

We swing ungirded hips,
And lightened are our eyes,
The rain is on our lips,
We do not run for prize.
We know not whom we trust
Nor whitherward we fare,
But we run because we must
Through the great wide air.

The waters of the seas
Are troubled as by storm.
The tempest strips the trees
And does not leave them warm.
Does the tearing tempest pause?
Do the tree-tops ask it why?
So we run without a cause
'Neath the big bare sky.

The rain is on our lips,
We do not run for prize.
But the storm the water whips
And the wave howls to the skies.
The winds arise and strike it
And scatter it like sand,
And we run because we like it
Through the broad bright land.

HAKLUYT

Richard Hakluyt (1553–1616) was born in Herefordshire and educated at Westminster and Oxford. He took Holy Orders and became an ardent geographer. His first published work *Divers Voyages touching the Discovery of America* (1582) was a prelude to the great collection of narratives which has made him immortal, *The Principall Navigations, Voiages, and Discoveries of the English Nation, etc.* (1598–1600). For a time he was chaplain to the English embassy in Paris and was later made a prebendary of Westminster. His unpublished manuscripts were used by Samuel Purchas (1575–1626) one of whose works is called *Hakluytus Posthumus, or Purchas his Pilgrimes*. The present narrative was written by "M. Edward Haie, gentleman, and principall actour in the same voyage" (1583). The Tudor spelling has been retained in this extract.

SIR HUMFREY GILBERT

The maner how our Admirall was lost.

Upon Tewsday the 27 of August, toward the evening, our Generall caused them in his frigat to sound, who found white sande at 35 fadome, being then in latitude about 44 degrees.

Wednesday toward night the wind came South, and wee bare with the land all that night, Westnorthwest, contrary to the mind of master Cox: neverthelesse wee followed the Admirall, deprived of power to prevent a mischiefe, which by no contradiction could be brought to hold other course, alleaging they could not make the ship to worke better, nor to lie otherwaies.

The evening was faire and pleasant, yet not without token of storme to ensue, and most part of this Wednesday night, like the Swanne that singeth before her death, they in the Admiral, or Delight, continued in sounding of Trumpets, with Drummes, and Fifes: also winding the Cornets, Haughtboyes: and in the end of their jolitie, left with the battell and ringing of dolefull knels.

Towards the evening also we caught in the Golden Hinde a very mighty Porpose, with a harping yron, having first striken divers of them, and brought away part of their flesh, sticking upon the yron, but could recover onely that one. These also passing through the Ocean, in heardes, did portend storme. I omit to recite frivolous reportes by them in the Frigat, of strange voyces, the same night, which scarred some from the helme.

Thursday the 29 of August, the wind rose, and blew vehemently at South and by East, bringing withal raine, and thicke mist, so that we could not see a cable length before us. And betimes in the morning we were altogether runne and folded in amongst flats and sands, amongst which we found shoale and deepe in every three or foure shippes length, after wee began to sound: but first we were upon them unawares, untill master Cox looking out, discerned (in his judgement) white cliffes, crying (land) withall, though we could not afterward descrie any land, it being very likely the breaking of the sea white, which seemed to be white cliffes, through the haze and thicke weather.

Immediatly tokens were given unto the Delight, to cast about to seaward, which, being the greater ship, and of burden 120 tunnes, was yet formost upon the breach, keeping so ill watch, that they knew not the danger, before they felt the same, too late to recover it: for presently the Admirall strooke a ground, and had soone after her sterne and hinder partes beaten in pieces: whereupon the rest (that is to say, the Frigat in which was the Generall and the Golden Hinde) cast about Eastsoutheast, bearing to the South, even for our lives into the windes eye, because that way caried us to the seaward. Making out from this danger, wee sounded one while seven fadome, then five fadome, then foure fadome and lesse, againe deeper, immediatly foure fadome, then but three fadome, the sea going mightily and high. At last we recovered (God be thanked) in some despaire, to sea roome enough.

In this distresse, wee had vigilant eye unto the Admirall, whom wee sawe cast away, without power to give the men succour, neither could we espie any of the men that leaped overboord to save themselves, either in the same Pinnesse or Cocke, or upon rafters, and such like meanes, presenting themselves to men in those extremities: for we desired to save the men by every possible meanes. But all in vaine, sith God had determined their ruine: yet all that day, and part of the next, we beat up and downe as neere unto the wracke as was possible for us, looking out, if by good hap we might espie any of them.

This was a heavy and grievous event, to lose at one blow our chiefe shippe fraighted with great provision, gathered together with much travell, care, long time, and difficultie. But more was the losse of our men, which perished to the number almost of a

hundreth soules. Amongst whom was drowned a learned man, an Hungarian, borne in the citie of Buda, called thereof Budæus, who of pietie and zeale to good attempts, adventured in this action, minding to record in the Latine tongue, the gests and things worthy of remembrance, happening in this discoverie, to the honour of our nation, the same being adorned with the eloquent stile of this Orator, and rare Poet of our time.

Here also perished our Saxon Refiner and Discoverer of inestimable riches, as it was left amongst some of us in undoubted hope.

No lesse heavy was the losse of the Captaine Maurice Browne, a vertuous, honest, and discreete Gentleman, overseene onely in liberty given late before to men, that ought to have bene restrained, who shewed himselfe a man resolved, and never unprepared for death, as by his last act of this tragedie appeared, by report of them that escaped this wracke miraculously, as shall bee hereafter declared. For when all hope was past of recovering the ship, and that men began to give over, and to save themselves, the Captaine was advised before to shift also for his life, by the Pinnesse at the sterne of the ship: but refusing that counsell, he would not give example with the first to leave the shippe, but used all meanes to exhort his people not to despaire, nor so to leave off their labour, choosing rather to die, then to incurre infamie, by forsaking his charge, which then might be thought to have perished through his default, shewing an ill president unto his men, by leaving the ship first himselfe. With this mind hee mounted upon the highest decke, where hee attended imminent death, and unavoidable: how long, I leave it to God, who withdraweth not his comfort from his servants at such times.

In the meane season, certaine, to the number of foureteene persons, leaped into a small Pinnesse (the bignes of a Thames barge, which was made in the New found land) cut off the rope wherewith it was towed, and committed themselves to Gods mercy, amiddest the storme, and rage of sea and windes, destitute of foode, not so much as a droppe of fresh water. The boate seeming overcharged in foule weather with company, Edward Headly a valiant souldier, and well reputed of his companie, preferring the greater to the lesser, thought better that some of them perished then all, made this motion to cast lots, and them to bee throwen

overboord upon whom the lots fell, thereby to lighten the boate, which otherwayes seemed impossible to live, offred himselfe with the first, content to take his adventure gladly: which nevertheles Richard Clarke, that was Master of the Admirall, and one of this number, refused, advising to abide Gods pleasure, who was able to save all, as well as a few.

The boate was caried before the wind, continuing sixe dayes and nights in the Ocean, and arrived at last with the men (alive, but weake) upon the New found land, saving that the foresayd Headly, (who had bene late sicke) and another called of us Brasile, of his travell into those Countreys, died by the way, famished, and lesse able to holde out, then those of better health. For such was these poore mens extremitie, in cold and wet, to have no better sustenance then their owne urine, for sixe dayes together.

Thus whom God delivered from drowning, hee appointed to bee famished, who doth give limits to mans times, and ordaineth the manner and circumstance of dying: whom againe he will preserve, neither Sea, nor famine can confound. For those that arrived upon the Newe found land, were brought into France by certaine French men, then being upon that coast.

After this heavie chance, wee continued in beating the sea up and downe, expecting when the weather would cleere up, that we might yet beare in with the land, which we judged not farre off, either the continent or some Island. For we many times, and in sundry places found ground at 50, 45, 40 fadomes, and lesse. The ground comming upon our lead, being sometimes oazie sand, and otherwhile a broad shell, with a little sand about it.

Our people lost courage dayly after this ill successe, the weather continuing thicke and blustering, with increase of cold, Winter drawing on, which tooke from them all hope of amendement, setling an assurance of worse weather to growe upon us every day. The Leeside of us lay full of flats and dangers inevitable, if the wind blew hard at South. Some againe doubted we were ingulfed in the Bay of S. Laurence, the coast full of dangers, and unto us unknowen. But above all, provision waxed scant, and hope of supply was gone, with losse of our Admirall.

Those in the Frigat were already pinched with spare allowance, and want of clothes chiefly: Whereupon they besought the

Generall to returne for England, before they all perished. And to them of the Golden Hinde, they made signes of their distresse, pointing to their mouthes, and to their clothes thinne and ragged: then immediately they also of the Golden Hinde, grew to be of the same opinion and desire to returne home.

The former reasons having also moved the Generall to have compassion of his poore men, in whom he saw no want of good will, but of meanes fit to performe the action they came for, resolved upon retire: and calling the Captaine and Master of the Hinde, he yeelded them many reasons, inforcing this unexpected returne, withall protesting himselfe, greatly satisfied with that hee had seene, and knew already.

Reiterating these words, Be content, we have seene enough, and take no care of expence past: I will set you foorth royally the next Spring, if God send us safe home. Therefore I pray you let us no longer strive here, where we fight against the elements.

Omitting circumstance, how unwillingly the Captaine & Master of the Hinde condescended to this motion, his owne company can testifie: yet comforted with the Generals promises of a speedie returne at Spring, and induced by other apparant reasons, proving an impossibilitie, to accomplish the action at that time, it was concluded on all hands to retire.

So upon Saturday in the afternoone the 31 of August, we changed our course, and returned backe for England, at which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along betweene us and towards the land which we now forsooke a very lion to our seeming, in shape, hair and colour, not swimming after the maner of a beast by mooving of his feete, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body (excepting the legs) in sight, neither yet diving under, and againe rising above the water, as the maner is, of Whales, Dolphins, Tunise, Porposes, and all other fish: but confidently shewing himselfe above water without hiding: Notwithstanding, we presented ourselves in open view and gesture to amase him, as all creatures will be commonly at a sudden gaze and sight of men. Thus he passed along turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ougly demonstration of long teeth, and glaring eies, and to bidde us a farewell (comming right against the Hinde) he sent forth a horrible voyce, roaring or bellowing as doeth a lion, which spectacle wee all beheld so farre as we were

able to discerne the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing, as this doubtlesse was, to see a lion in the Ocean sea, or fish in shape of a lion. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the Generall himselfe, I forbeare to deliver: But he tooke it for Bonum Omen, rejoycing that he was to warre against such an enemie, if it were the devill.

The wind was large for England at our returne, but very high, and the sea rough, insomuch as the Frigat wherein the Generall went was almost swalowed up.

Munday in the afternoone we passed in the sight of Cape Race, having made as much way in little more then two dayes and nights backe againe, as before wee had done in eight dayes from Cape Race, unto the place where our ship perished. Which hindrance thitherward, and speed back againe, is to be imputed unto the swift current, as well as to the winds, which we had more large in our returne.

This munday the Generall came aboord the Hind to have the Surgeon of the Hind to dresse his foote, which he hurt by treading upon a naile: At what time we comforted ech other with hope of hard successe to be all past, and of the good to come. So agreeing to cary out lights alwayes by night, that we might keepe together, he departed into his Frigat, being by no meanes to be intreated to tarie in the Hind, which had bene more for his security. Immediatly after followed a sharpe storme, which we overpassed for that time. Praysed be God.

The weather faire, the Generall came aboord the Hind againe, to make merrie together with the Captaine, Master, and company, which was the last meeting, and continued there from morning untill night. During which time there passed sundry discourses, touching affaires past, and to come, lamenting greatly the losse of his great ship, more of the men, but most of all of his bookes and notes, and what els I know not, for which hee was out of measure grieved, the same doubtles being some matter of more importance then his bookes, which I could not draw from him: yet by circumstance I gathered, the same to be ye Ore which Daniel the Saxon had brought unto him in the New found land. Whatsoever it was, the remembrance touched him so deepe, as not able to containe himselfe, he beat his boy in great rage, even at the same time, so long after the miscarying of the great ship, because upon a faire

day, when wee were becalmed upon the coast of the New found land, neere unto Cape Race, he sent his boy aboord the Admirall, to fetch certaine things: amongst which, this being chiefe, was yet forgotten and left behind. After which time he could never conveniently send againe aboord the great ship, much lesse hee doubted her ruine so neere at hand.

Herein my opinion was better confirmed diversly, and by sundry conjectures, which maketh me have the greater hope of this rich Mine. For where as the Generall had never before good conceit of these North parts of the world: now his mind was wholly fixed upon the New found land. And as before he refused not to grant assignements liberally to them that required the same into these North parts, now he became contrarily affected, refusing to make any so large grants, especially of S. Johns, which certaine English merchants made suite for, offering to imploy their money and travell upon the same: yet neither by their owne suite, nor of others of his owne company, whom he seemed willing to pleasure, it could be obtained.

Also laying downe his determination in the Spring following, for disposing of his voyage then to be reattempted: he assigned the Captaine & Master of the Golden Hind, unto the South discovery, and reserved unto himselfe the North, affirming that this voyage had wonne his heart from the South, and that he was now become a Northerne man altogether.

Last, being demanded what means he had at his arrivall in England, to compasse the charges of so great preparation as he intended to make the next Spring: having determined upon two fleetes, one for the South, another for the North: Leave that to mee (hee replied) I will aske a pennie of no man. I will bring good tidings unto her Majesty, who wil be so gracious, to lend me 10000 pounds, willing us therefore to be of good cheere: for he did thanke God (he sayd) with al his heart, for that he had seene, the same being enough for us all, and that we needed not to seeke any further. And these last words he would often repeate, with demonstration of great fervencie of mind, being himselfe very confident, and setled in beliefe of inestimable good by this voyage: which the greater number of his followers nevertheles mistrusted altogether, not being made partakers of those secrets, which the Generall kept unto himselfe. Yet all of them that are living, may be

witnesses of his words and protestations, which sparingly I have delivered.

Leaving the issue of this good hope unto God, who knoweth the trueth only, & can at his good pleasure bring the same to light: I will hasten to the end of this tragedie, which must be knit up in the person of our Generall. And as it was Gods ordinance upon him, even so the vehement preswasion and intreatie of his friends could nothing availe, to divert him from a wilfull resolution of going through in his Frigat, which was overcharged upon their deckes, with fights, nettings, and small artillerie, too cumbersome for so small a boate, that was to passe through the Ocean sea at that season of the yere, when by course we might expect much storme of foule weather, whereof indeed we had enough.

But when he was intreated by the Captaine, Master, and other his well willers of the Hinde, not to venture in the Frigat, this was his answere: I will not forsake my little company going homeward, with whom I have passed so many stormes and perils. And in very trueth, hee was urged to be so over hard, by hard reports given of him, that he was afraid of the sea, albeit this was rather rashnes, then advised resolution, to preferre the wind of a vaine report to the weight of his owne life.

Seeing he would not bend to reason, he had provision out of the Hinde, such as was wanting aboord his Frigat. And so we committed him to Gods protection, & set him aboord his Pinnesse, we being more then 300 leagues onward of our way home.

By that time we had brought the Islands of Açores South of us, yet wee then keeping much to the North, until we had got into the height and elevation of England: we met with very foule weather, and terrible seas, breaking short and high Pyramid wise. The reason whereof seemed to proceede either of hilly grounds high and low within the sea, (as we see hilles and dales upon the land) upon which the seas doe mount and fall: or else the cause proceedeth of diversitie of winds, shifting often in sundry points: al which having power to move the great Ocean, which againe is not presently setled, so many seas do encounter together, as there had bene diversitie of windes. Howsoever it commeth to passe, men which all their life time had occupied the Sea, never saw more outragious Seas. We had also upon our maine yard, an apparition of a little fire by night, which seamen doe

call Castor and Pollux. But we had onely one, which they take an evill signe of more tempest: the same is usuall in stormes.

Munday the ninth of September, in the afternoone, the Frigat was neere cast away, oppressed by waves, yet at that time recovered: and giving foorth signes of joy, the Generall sitting abaft with a booke in his hand, cried out unto us in the Hind (so oft as we did approch within hearing) We are as neere to heaven by sea as by land. Reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a souldier, resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testifie he was.

The same Monday night, about twelve of the clocke, or not long after, the Frigat being ahead of us in the Golden Hinde, suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment, we lost the sight, and withall our watch cryed, the Generall was cast away, which was too true. For in that moment, the Frigat was devoured and swallowed up of the sea. Yet still we looked out all that night, and ever after, untill wee arrived upon the coast of England: Omitting no small saile at sea, unto which we gave not the tokens betweene us, agreed upon, to have perfect knowledge of each other, if we should at any time be separated.

In great torment of weather, and perill of drowning, it pleased God to send safe home the Golden Hinde, which arrived in Falmouth, the 22 day of September, being Sonday, not without as great danger escaped in a flaw, comming from the Southeast, with such thicke mist, that we could not discerne land, to put in right with the Haven.

From Falmouth we went to Dartmouth, & lay there at anker before the Range, while the captaine went aland, to enquire if there had bene any newes of the Frigat, which sayling well, might happily have bene before us. Also to certifie Sir John Gilbert, brother unto the Generall of our hard successe, whom the Captaine desired (while his men were yet aboord him, and were witnesses of all occurrents in that voyage,) It might please him to take the examination of every person particularly, in discharge of his and their faithfull endevour. Sir John Gilbert refused so to doe, holding himselfe satisfied with report made by the Captaine: and not altogether dispairing of his brothers safetie, offered friendship and curtesie to the Captaine and his company, requiring to have his Barke brought into the harbour: in furtherance whereof, a boate was sent to helpe to tow her in.

Neverthelesse, when the Captaine returned aboord his ship, he found his men bent to depart, every man to his home: and then the winde serving to proceede higher upon the coast: they demanded money to carie them home, some to London, others to Harwich, and elsewhere, (if the barke should be caried into Dartmouth, and they discharged, so farre from home) or else to take benefite of the wind, then serving to draw neerer home, which should be a lesse charge unto the Captaine, and great ease unto the men, having els farre to goe.

Reason accompanied with necessitie perswaded the Captaine, who sent his lawfull excuse and cause of his sudden departure unto sir John Gilbert, by the boate of Dartmouth, and from thence the Golden Hind departed, and tooke harbour at Waimouth. Al the men tired with the tediousnes of so unprofitable a voiage to their seeming: in which their long expence of time, much toyle and labour, hard diet and continuall hazard of life was unrecompensed: their Captaine neverthelesse by his great charges, impaired greatly thereby, yet comforted in the goodnes of God, and his undoubted providence following him in all that voyage, as it doth alwaies those at other times, whosoever have confidence in him alone. Yet have we more neere feeling and perseverance of his powerfull hand and protection, when God doth bring us together with others into one same peril, in which he leaveth them, and delivereth us, making us thereby the beholders, but not partakers of their ruine.

Even so, amongst very many difficulties, discontentments, mutinies, conspiracies, sicknesses, mortalitie, spoylings, and wracks by sea, which were afflictions, more then in so small a Fleete, or so short a time may be supposed, albeit true in every particularitie, as partly by the former relation may be collected, and some I suppressed with silence for their sakes living, it pleased God to support this company, (of which onely one man died of a maladie inveterate, and long infested): the rest kept together in reasonable contentment and concord, beginning, continuing, and ending the voyage, which none els did accomplish, either not pleased with the action, or impatient of wants, or prevented by death.

Thus have I delivered the contents of the enterprise and last action of sir Humfrey Gilbert knight, faithfully, for so much as I

thought meete to be published: wherein may alwaies appeare, (though he be extinguished) some sparkes of his vertues, he remaining firme and resolute in a purpose by all pretence honest and godly, as was this, to discover, possesse, and to reduce unto the service of God, and Christian pietie, those remote and heathen Countreys of America, not actually possessed by Christians, and most rightly appertaining unto the Crowne of England: unto the which, as his zeale deserveth high commendation: even so, he may justly be taxed of temeritie and presumption (rather) in two respects.

First, when yet there was onely probabilitie, not a certaine & determinate place of habitation selected, neither any demonstration of commoditie there in esse, to induce his followers: nevertheles, he both was too prodigall of his owne patrimony, and too careles of other mens expences, to imploy both his and their substance upon a ground imagined good. The which falling, very like his associates were promised, and made it their best reckoning to bee salved some other way, which pleased not God to prosper in his first and great preparation.

Secondly, when by his former preparation he was enfeebled of abilitie and credit, to performe his designements, as it were impatient to abide in expectation better opportunitie and meanes, which God might raise, he thrust himselfe againe into the action, for which he was not fit, presuming the cause pretended on Gods behalfe, would carie him to the desired ende. Into which, having thus made reentrie, he could not yeeld againe to withdraw, though hee sawe no encouragement to proceed, lest his credite foyled in his first attempt, in a second should utterly be disgraced. Betweene extremities, hee made a right adventure, putting all to God and good fortune, and which was worst, refused not to entertaine every person and meanes whatsoever, to furnish out this expedition, the successe whereof hath bene declared.

But such is the infinite bountie of God, who from every evill deriveth good. For besides that fruite may growe in time of our travelling into those Northwest lands, the crosses, turmoiles, and afflictions, both in the preparation and execution of this voyage, did correct the intemperate humors, which before we noted to bee in this Gentleman, and made unsavorie, and lesse delightfull his other manifold vertues.

Then as he was refined, and made neerer drawing unto the image of God: so it pleased the divine will to resume him unto himselfe, whither both his, and every other high and noble minde, have alwayes aspired.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

Tobias George Smollett (1721–71) was born in Dumbartonshire and educated at Glasgow. He studied medicine and became a naval surgeon. Upon his experiences in the unlucky expedition of Admiral Vernon against Cartagena (1741) he drew for his novel *Roderick Random* (1748). This was followed by *Peregrine Pickle* (1751) and much general literary work, including translations, a *History of England* and journalism for the Tory *Critical Review*. His last and best novel *Humphrey Clinker* appeared in the year of his death. The passage that follows is taken from *Peregrine Pickle*. Commodore Trunnion is an old sea-dog who continues in his retirement the naval order and routine to which he has been accustomed.

THE WEDDING OF COMMODORE TRUNNION

On the day appointed for their spousals, the church was surrounded by an inconceivable multitude.

The Commodore, to give a specimen of his gallantry, by the advice of his friend Hatchway, resolved to appear on horseback on the grand occasion, at the head of all his male attendants, whom he had rigged with the white shirts and black caps formerly belonging to his barge's crew; and he bought a couple of hunters for the accommodation of himself and his lieutenant.

With this equipage, then, he set out from the garrison for the church, after having dispatched a messenger to apprise the bride that he and his company were mounted. She got immediately into the coach, accompanied by her brother and his wife, and drove directly to the place of assignation, where several pews were demolished, and divers persons almost pressed to death by the eagerness of the crowd that broke in to see the ceremony performed. Thus arrived at the altar, and the priest in attendance, they waited a whole half hour for the Commodore, at whose slowness they began to be under some apprehension, and accordingly dismissed a servant to quicken his pace.

The valet having rode something more than a mile, espied the whole troop disposed in a long field, crossing the road obliquely, and headed by the bridegroom and his friend Hatchway, who,

finding himself hindered by a hedge from proceeding farther in the same direction, fired a pistol, and stood over to the other side, making an obtuse angle with the line of his former course; and the rest of the squadron followed his example, keeping always in the rear of each other like a flight of wild geese.

Surprised at this strange method of journeying, the messenger came up, and told the Commodore that his lady and her company expected him in the church, where they had tarried a considerable time, and were beginning to be very uneasy at his delay; and therefore desired he would proceed with more expedition.

To this message Mr Trunnion replied, "Hark ye, brother, don't you see we make all possible speed? Go back, and tell those who sent you, that the wind has shifted since we weighed anchor, and that we are obliged to make very short trips in tacking, by reason of the narrowness of the channel, and that, as we lie within six points of the wind, they must make some allowance for variation and leeway."

"Lord, sir!" said the valet, "what occasion have you to go zigzag in that manner? Do but clap spurs to your horses, and ride straight forward, and I'll engage you shall be at the church porch in less than a quarter of an hour."

"What! right in the wind's eye?" answered the commander. "Ahey, brother! where did you learn your navigation? Hawser Trunnion is not to be taught at this time of day how to lie his course, or keep his own reckoning. And as for you, brother, you best know the trim of your own frigate."

The courier, finding he had to do with people who would not be easily persuaded out of their own opinions, returned to the temple, and made a report of what he had seen and heard, to the no small consolation of the bride, who had begun to discover some signs of disquiet. Composed, however, by this piece of intelligence, she exerted her patience for the space of another half-hour, during which period, seeing no bridegroom arrive, she was exceedingly alarmed; so that all the spectators could easily perceive her perturbation, which manifested itself in frequent palpitations, heart-heavings, and alterations of countenance, in spite of the assistance of a smelling-bottle, which she incessantly applied to her nostrils.

Various were the conjectures of the company on this occasion.

Some imagined he had mistaken the place of rendezvous, as he had never been at church since he first settled in that parish; others believed he had met with some accident, in consequence of which his attendants had carried him back to his own house; and a third set, in which the bride herself was thought to be comprehended, could not help suspecting that the Commodore had changed his mind.

But all these suppositions, ingenious as they were, happened to be wide of the true cause that detained him, which was no other than this. The Commodore and his crew had, by dint of turning, almost weathered the parson's house that stood to windward of the church, when the notes of a pack of hounds unluckily reached the ears of the two hunters which Trunnion and the lieutenant bestrode.

These fleet animals no sooner heard the enlivening sound than, eager for the chase, they sprung away all of a sudden, and strained every nerve to partake of the sport, flew across the fields with incredible speed, overleaped hedges and ditches, and everything in their way, without the least regard to their unfortunate riders.

The lieutenant, whose steed had got the heels of the other, finding it would be great folly and presumption in him to pretend to keep the saddle with his wooden leg, very wisely took the opportunity of throwing himself off in his passage through a field of rich clover, among which he lay at his ease; and seeing his captain advancing at full gallop hailed him with the salutation of "What cheer? ho!"

The Commodore, who was in infinite distress, eyeing him askance as he passed, replied with a faltering voice, "Oh, souse you! you are safe at an anchor. I wish to God I were as fast moored."

Nevertheless, conscious of his disabled heel, he would not venture to try the experiment which had succeeded so well with Hatchway, but resolved to stick as close as possible to his horse's back until Providence should interpose in his behalf.

With this view he dropped his whip, and with his right hand laid fast hold on the pommel, contracting every muscle in his body to secure himself in the seat, and grinning most formidably in consequence of this exertion.

In this attitude he was hurried on a considerable way, when all of a sudden his view was comforted by a five-bar gate that appeared

before him, as he never doubted that there the career of his hunter must necessarily end.

But, alas! he reckoned without his host.

Far from halting at this obstruction, the horse sprung over it with amazing agility, to the utter confusion and disorder of his owner, who lost his hat and periwig in the leap, and now began to think in good earnest that he was actually mounted on the back of the devil.

He recommended himself to God, his reflection forsook him, his eyesight and all his other senses failed, he quitted the reins, and, fastening by instinct on the mane, was in this condition conveyed into the midst of the sportsmen, who were astonished at the sight of such an apparition.

Neither was their surprise to be wondered at, if we reflect on the figure that presented itself to their view. The Commodore's person was at all times an object of admiration; much more so on this occasion, when every singularity was aggravated by the circumstances of his dress and disaster.

He had put on, in honour of his nuptials, his best coat of blue broadcloth, cut by a tailor of Ramsgate, and trimmed with five dozen of brass buttons, large and small; his breeches were of the same piece, fastened at the knees with large bunches of tape; his waistcoat was of red plush, lapelled with green velvet, and garnished with vellum holes; his boots bore an infinite resemblance, both in colour and shape, to a pair of leather buckets; his shoulder was graced with a broad buff belt, from whence depended a huge hanger with a hilt like that of a backsword; and on each side of his pommel appeared a rusty pistol, rammed in a case covered with a bearskin.

The loss of his tie-periwig, and laced hat, which were curiosities of the kind, did not at all contribute to the improvement of the picture, but, on the contrary, by exhibiting his bald pate, and the natural extension of his lantern jaws, added to the peculiarity and extravagance of the whole.

Such a spectacle could not have failed of diverting the whole company from the chase, had his horse thought proper to pursue a different route, but the beast was too keen a sporter to choose any other way than that which the stag followed; and, therefore, without stopping to gratify the curiosity of the spectators, he, in a few minutes, outstripped every hunter in the field.

There being a deep, hollow way betwixt him and the hounds, rather than ride round about the length of a furlong to a path that crossed the lane, he transported himself, at one jump, to the unspeakable astonishment and terror of a waggoner who chanced to be underneath, and saw the phenomenon fly over his carriage.

This was not the only adventure he achieved. The stag having taken a deep river that lay in his way, every man directed his course to a bridge in the neighbourhood; but our bridegroom's courser, despising all such conveniences, plunged into the stream without hesitation, and swam in a twinkling to the opposite shore.

This sudden immersion into an element, of which Trunnion was properly a native, in all probability helped to recruit the exhausted spirits of its rider, who, at his landing on the other side, gave some tokens of sensation, by hallooing aloud for assistance, which he could not possibly receive, because his horse still maintained the advantage he had gained, and would not allow himself to be overtaken.

In short, after a long chase that lasted several hours, and extended to a dozen miles at least, he was the first in at the death of the deer, being seconded by the lieutenant's gelding, which, actuated by the same spirit, had, without a rider, followed his companion's example.

Our bridegroom finding himself at last brought up, or, in other words, at the end of his career, took the opportunity of the first pause, to desire the huntsmen would lend him a hand in dismounting; and was by their condescension safely placed on the grass, where he sat staring at the company as they came in, with such wildness of astonishment in his looks, as if he had been a creature of another species, dropped among them from the clouds.

Before they had fleshed the hounds, however, he recollected himself, and seeing one of the sportsmen take a small flask out of his pocket and apply it to his mouth, judged the cordial to be no other than neat Cognac, which it really was; and expressing a desire of participation, was immediately accommodated with a moderate dose, which perfectly completed his recovery.

By this time he and his two horses had engrossed the attention of the whole crowd. While some admired the elegant proportion and uncommon spirit of the two animals, the rest contemplated the surprising appearance of their master, whom before they had

only seen *en passant*; and at length one of the gentlemen, accosting him very courteously, signified his wonder at seeing him in such an equipage, and asked him if he had not dropped his companion by the way.

"Why, look ye, brother," replied the Commodore, "mayhap you think me an odd sort of a fellow, seeing me in this trim, especially as I have lost part of my rigging; but this here is the case, d'ye see. I weighed anchor from my own house this morning at ten A.M., with fair weather and a favourable breeze at south-south-east, being bound to the next church on the voyage of matrimony; but howsomever, we had not run down a quarter of a league, when the wind shifting, blowed directly in our teeth; so that we were forced to tack all the way, d'ye see, and had almost beat up within sight of the port, when these sons of guns of horses, which I had bought but two days before (for my own part, I believe they are devils incarnate), luffed round in a trice, and then refusing the helm, drove away like lightning with me and my lieutenant, who soon came to anchor in an exceeding good berth. As for my own part, I have been carried over rocks, and flats, and quicksands; among which I have pitched away a special good tie-periwig, and an iron-bound hat; and at last, thank Heaven, am got into smooth water and safe riding; but if ever I venture my carcase upon such a hare'em scare'em blood of a pig again, my name is not Hawser Trunnion, slice my eyes!"

SONGS OF THE SEA

Songs of and poems about the sea have been common in English literature from the days of the Old English poem called *The Seafarer* onwards. The sea has cast a spell on all Englishmen, the most of whom, "inhabitants of our Island," at one time or another, in the language of *The Book of Common Prayer*, "pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions" while, in times of grave stress, they turn to "the navy, whereon, under the good Providence of God, the wealth, safety and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend." The following songs are specimens of ballad literature famous among sea-folk. Some of these (*The Defeat of the Spanish Armada*, *The Mermaid*, *The Goulden Vanitie*, *The Spanish Ladies*) are to be found in various forms in song-books or on "broadsides" (as single leaves of paper, with a ballad, a proclamation, a "dying speech and confession" printed on one side, were called, a common form of publication in the 16th and 17th centuries). *The Captain stood on the Carronade* is by Captain Frederick Marryat (1792–1848),

one of the best of our naval novelists, who began service afloat as a midshipman in 1806. His best tales are *Peter Simple*, *Jacob Faithful*, *Japhet in search of a Father*, *Mr Midshipman Easy*, and *Snarleyyow*, in the last of which this song appears. Prince Hoare (1755–1834), a dramatic author and artist, wrote *Arethusa* to be sung on the stage. The song relates, with poetic exaggeration, a fight off Ushant in 1778. The deeds of a recent boat of the same name are fresh in our memories. Charles Dibdin (1745–1814) was a singer, actor and writer for the stage. Of his many works only a few survive, of which *Tom Bowling* is the best known.

ANONYMOUS

THE SPANISH LADIES

Farewell and adieu to you fine Spanish ladies;
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain!
For we've received orders to sail for old England.
And perhaps we may never more see you again.

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of England;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

Then we hove our ship to with the wind at sou'-west, boys,
We hove our ship to for to strike soundings clear;
We got soundings in ninety-five fathom, and boldly
Up the Channel of England our course we did steer.

The first land we made it was calléd the Deadman,
Next, Ram's head off Plymouth, Start, Portland and Wight;
We passéd by Beachy, by Fairleigh, and Dungeness,
And hove our ship to off the South Foreland light.

Then a signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
All in the Downs that night for to sleep;
Then stand by your stoppers, let go your shank-painters,
Haul all your clew-garnets, stick out tacks and sheets.

So let every man toss off a full bumper,
Let every man toss off his full bowl;
For we will be jolly, and drown melancholy,
So here's a good health to each true-hearted soul!

THE MERMAID

One Friday morn as we set sail,
Not very far from land,
We there did espy a fair pretty maid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

The stormy winds did blow,
And the raging seas did roar,
While we jolly sailors boys were up into the top,
And the land lubbers lying down below.

Then up starts the captain of our gallant ship,
And a brave young man was he,
"I've a wife and a child in fair Bristol town,
But a widow I fear she will be."

Then up stands the mate of our gallant ship,
And a bold young man was he,
"Oh! I have a wife in fair Portsmouth town,
But a widow I fear she will be."

Then up starts the cook of our gallant ship,
And a gruff old soul was he,
"Oh! I have a wife in fair Plymouth town,
But a widow I fear she will be."

And then up spoke the little cabin-boy,
And a pretty little boy was he,
"Oh! I am more grieved for my daddy and my mammy,
Than you for your wives all three."

Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she,
For want of a life-boat they all went down,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

The stormy, &c.

THE GOULDEN VANITIE

I have a ship in the North Countrie,
And she goes by the name of the *Goulden Vanitie;*
I'm afraid she will be taken by some Turkish gallee,
As she sails on the Low Lands Low.

Then up starts our little cabin boy,
Saying, "Master, what will you give me if I do them destroy?"
"I will give you gold, I will give you store;
You shall have my daughter when I return on shore,
If you sink them in the Low Lands Low."

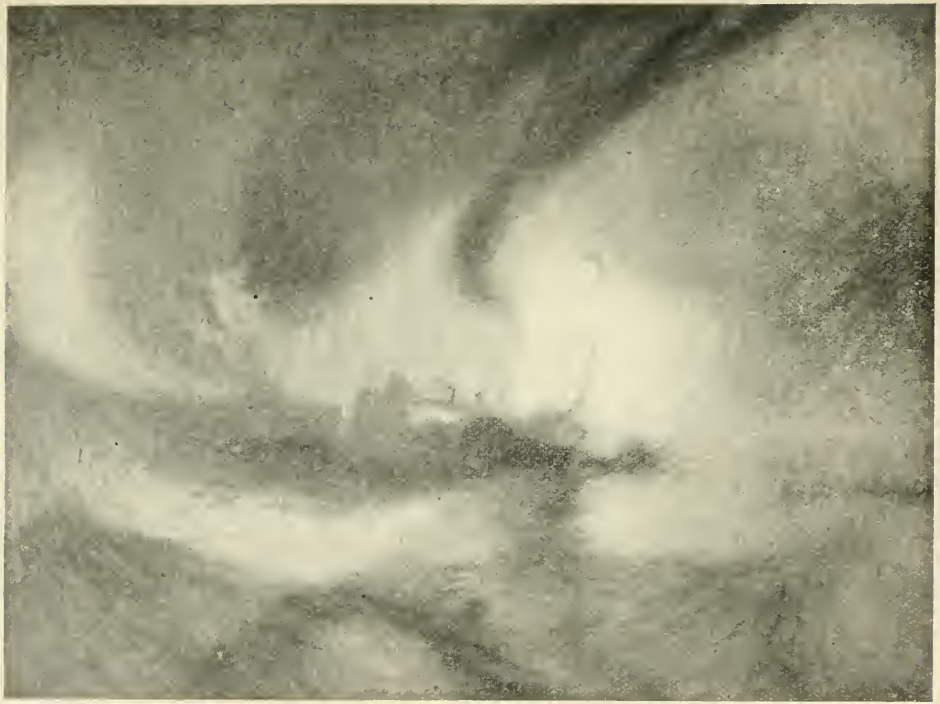
The boy bent his breast, and away he jumpt in;
He swam till he came to this Turkish galleon,
As she laid on the Low Lands Low.

The boy he had an auger to bore holes two at twice;
While some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,
He let the water in, and it dazzled in their eyes,
And he sunk them in the Low Lands Low.

The boy he bent his breast, and away he swam back again,
Saying, "Master, take me up, or I shall be slain,
For I have sunk them in the Low Lands Low."

"I'll not take you up," the master he cried,
"I'll not take you up," the master replied;
"I will kill you, I will shoot you, I will send you with the tide,
I will sink you in the Low Lands Low."

The boy he swam round all by the starboard side;
They laid him on the deck, and it's there he soon died:
Then they sewed him up in an old cow's hide,
And they threw him overboard to go down with the tide,
And they sunk him in the Low Lands Low.



SNOWSTORM: STEAMBOAT OFF A HARBOUR'S MOUTH
Turner

THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

Some years of late, in eighty-eight, as I do well remember;
It was, some say, on the ninth of May, and some say in September,
And some say in September.

The Spanish train lanched forth amain, with many a fine bravado,
Their (as they thought, but it proved not) Invincible Armado,
Invincible Armado.

There was a little man that dwelt in Spain, who shot well in a gun-a,
Don Pedro hight, as black a wight as the Knight of the Sun-a,
As the Knight of the Sun-a.

King Philip made him admiral, and bid him not to stay-a,
But to destroy both man and boy, and so to come away-a,
And so to come away-a.

Their navy was well victualled with biscuit, pease and bacon;
They brought two ships, well fraught with whips, but I think they were mistaken,
But I think they were mistaken.

Their men were young, munition strong, and, to do us more harm-a,
They thought it meet to join the fleet, all with the Prince of Parma,
All with the Prince of Parma.

They coasted round about our land, and so came in to Dover;
But we had men, set on them, then, and threw the rascals over,
And threw the rascals over.

The queen was then at Tilbury, what could we more desire-a?
And sir Francis Drake, for her sweet sake, did set them all on fire-a,
Did set them all on fire-a.

Then straight they fled, by sea and land, and one man killed three score-a;
And had not they all ran away, in truth he had killed more-a,
In truth he had kill'd more-a.

Then let them neither brag nor boast, but if they come again-a,
Let them take heed they do not speed, as they did, you know when-a.
As they did, you know when-a.

PRINCE HOARE

THE ARETHUSA

Come all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While England's glory I unfold,
Huzza to the Arethusa.
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave;
Her men are staunch
To their fav'rite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we'll all expire,
On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring-fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruize about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The fam'd *Belle Poule* straight ahead did lie,
The Arethusa seem'd to fly,
Not a sheet, or a tack,
Or a brace did she slack;
Tho' the French men laugh'd, and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France,
We, with two hundred, did advance,
On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho!
The Frenchman then cry'd out hallo!
"Bear down, d'ye see
To our Admiral's lee."
"No, no," says the Frenchman, "that can't be."
"Then I must lug you along with me,"
Says the Saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forc'd them back upon their strand;
For we fought till not a stick would stand
Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glass
To his favorite lass!
A health to our captain, and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew,
On board of the Arethusa!

MARRYAT

THE CAPTAIN STOOD ON THE CARRONADE

The captain stood on the carronade: "First lieutenant," says he,
"Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me:
I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred to the sea,
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory.

That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we*;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys, so each man to his gun,
If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory."

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough,
"I little thought," said he, "that your men were of such stuff";
The captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to he,
"I haven't the gift of the gab, Mounsieur, but polite I wish to be.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory."

Our captain sent for all of us; "My merry men," said he,
"I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be;
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun,
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged each mother's son.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory."

CHARLES DIBDIN

TOM BOWLING

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful, below, he did his duty;
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd:
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft.

THE FIGHTING *TÉMÉRAIRE* TOWED TO HER LAST BERTH

Turner

THACKERAY

The following passage is taken from a description of the picture show of 1839, written in the form of a letter to a supposed Monsieur Bricabrac; first published in *Fraser's Magazine*, June 1839.

THE FIGHTING *TÉMÉRAIRE*

I must request you to turn your attention to a noble river-piece by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A., "The Fighting *Téméraire*"—as grand a painting as ever figured on the walls of any academy, or came from the easel of any painter. The old *Téméraire* is dragged to her last home by a little, spiteful, diabolical steamer. A mighty red sun, amidst a host of flaring clouds, sinks to rest on one side of the picture, and illumines a river that seems interminable, and a countless navy that fades away into such a wonderful distance as never was painted before. The little demon of a steamer is belching out a volume (why do I say a volume? not a hundred volumes could express it) of foul, lurid, red-hot, malignant smoke, paddling furiously, and lashing up the water round about it; while behind it (a cold grey moon looking down on it), slow, sad, and majestic, follows the brave old ship, with death, as it were, written on her. I think, my dear Bricabrac (although, to be sure, your nation would be somewhat offended by such a collection of trophies), that we ought not, in common gratitude, to sacrifice entirely these noble old champions of ours, but that we should have somewhere a museum of their skeletons, which our children might visit, and think of the brave deeds which were done in them. The bones of the *Agamemnon* and the *Captain*, the *Vanguard*, the *Culloden*, and the *Victory*, ought to be sacred relics, for Englishmen to worship almost. Think of them when alive, and braving the battle and the breeze, they carried Nelson and his heroes victorious by the Cape of St Vincent, in the dark waters of Aboukir, and through the fatal conflict of Trafalgar. All these things, my dear Bricabrac, are, you will say, absurd, and not to the purpose. Be it so: but Bowbellites as we are, we Cockneys feel our hearts leap up when we recall them to memory; and every clerk in

Threadneedle Street feels the strength of a Nelson, when he thinks of the mighty actions performed by him.

It is absurd, you will say (and with a great deal of reason), for Titmarsh, or any other Briton, to grow so politically enthusiastic about a four-foot canvas, representing a ship, a steamer, a river, and a sunset. But herein surely lies the power of the great artist. He makes you see and think of a great deal more than the objects before you; he knows how to soothe or to intoxicate, to fire or to depress, by a few notes, or forms, or colours, of which we cannot trace the effect to the source, but only acknowledge the power. I recollect, some years ago, at the theatre at Weimar, hearing Beethoven's "Battle of Vittoria," in which, amidst a storm of glorious music, the air of "God save the King" was introduced. The very instant it began, every Englishman in the house was bolt upright, and so stood reverently until the air was played out. Why so? From some such thrill of excitement as makes us glow and rejoice over Mr Turner and his "Fighting *Téméraire*"; which I am sure, when the art of translating colours into music or poetry shall be discovered, will be found to be a magnificent national ode or piece of music.

TOM TAYLOR

Tom Taylor (1817–80) was born at Bishop Wearmouth and educated there and at Cambridge, becoming a Fellow of Trinity. He wrote many plays, one of which, *Still Waters Run Deep* yet holds the stage. Another, *Our American Cousin*, contains the famous character Lord Dundreary. He was for some time editor of *Punch*, which had often attacked the great anti-slavery leader Abraham Lincoln, deriding his ability and jeering at his appearance. After the President's tragic death, *Punch* made its recantation in the lines that follow.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Foully assassinated, April 14, 1865

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain:
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril-jester, is there room for *you?*

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble yet how hopeful he could be:
How in good fortune and in ill the same:
Not bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear--
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood:
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-labouring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

ST MICHAEL

Dürer

JULIA WARD HOWE

Julia Ward Howe (1819–1910), an American poetess, is well remembered by this fine hymn, inspired by the struggle between the North and South in the United States.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

SYDNEY DOBELL

Sydney Dobell (1824–74), an English poet, born in Kent. He wrote two long works, *The Roman* and *Balder*, as well as a volume of shorter poems called *England in Time of War*—that is, the Crimean War. Special interest attaches to the two sonnets here printed. Written in 1855, when relations between Great Britain and the United States were very strained, they now appear wonderfully prophetic of the present friendship between the two great English-speaking nations.

AMERICA

I

Men say, Columbia, we shall hear thy guns.
But in what tongue shall be thy battle-cry?
Not that our sires did love in years gone by,
When all the Pilgrim Fathers were little sons
In merry homes of England? Back, and see
Thy satchell'd ancestor! Behold, he runs
To mine, and, clasp'd, they tread the equal lea
To the same village-school, where side by side
They spell "Our Father." Hard by, the twin-pride
Of that grey hall whose ancient oriel gleams
Thro' yon baronial pines, with looks of light
Our sister-mothers sit beneath one tree.
Meanwhile our Shakespeare wanders past and dreams
His Helena and Hermia. Shall we fight?

II

Nor force nor fraud shall sunder us! O ye
Who north or south, on east or western land,
Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,
Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God
For God; Oh ye who in eternal youth
Speak with a living and creative blood
This universal English, and do stand
Its breathing book; live worthy of that grand
Heroic utterance—parted, yet a whole,
Far, yet unsever'd,—Children brave and free
Of the great Mother-tongue, and ye shall be
Lords of an Empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,
Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's dream.

CHARLES LAMB

Charles Lamb (1775–1834) was born in the Temple, London, and educated at Christ's Hospital—the Bluecoat School, where he was a schoolfellow of Coleridge, long his friend. Charles was a clerk in the India House, and devoted his spare time to the joys of literature. He read deeply in the works of our older writers. His own early writings in prose and verse are not important; but, later, he and his sister Mary wrote together one of the most popular of English books, *Tales from Shakespeare*. Lamb's finest work is contained in two series of *Essays of Elia*, delightful, whimsical papers, unequalled save by his own Letters. He died at Edmonton. In life, Lamb was the centre of a circle of friends; since his death he has become the most beloved of all writers. Cousin Bridget in the following autobiographical essay is, of course, his sister Mary. Their life together is one of the most beautiful stories in literary history.

OLD CHINA

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture-gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have? to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on tea-cups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing

foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here—a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson (which we are old-fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon) some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to over-shade the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean, that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state"—so she was pleased to ramble on—"in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

"Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so thread-bare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards)

lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity, with which you flaunted it about in that over-worn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

"When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the 'Lady Blanch'; when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi's and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you?

"Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holyday—holydays, and all other fun, are gone, now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savoury cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at noon-tide for some decent house, where we might go in, and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth—and wish for such another honest hostess, as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a fishing—and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now, when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we *ride* part of the way—and go into a fine inn, and

order the best of dinners, never debating the expense—which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

"You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the Battle of Hexham, and the Surrender of Calais, and Bannister and Mrs Bland in the Children in the Wood—when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the Court of Illyria? You used to say, that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays,—were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient stair-cases was bad enough,—but there was still a law of civility to women recognised to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money, and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

"There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear —to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the

actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologises, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves, in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

"I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet,—and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first night of December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found our slender capital decreasing—but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now), we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with 'lusty brimmers' (as you used to quote it out of *hearty cheerful Mr Cotton*, as you called him), we used to welcome in the 'coming guest.' Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us."

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor —— hundred pounds a year. "It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened, and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power—those natural dilations of the youthful

spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth; a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked: live better, and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return—could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a day—could Bannister and Mrs Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them—could the good old one-shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my cousin, now—but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our well-carpeted fire-side, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient stair-cases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours—and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in than Crœsus had, or the great Jew R—— is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half Madonna-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer-house."

I

LETTER TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

January 30, 1801.

I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang anywhere; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead Nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers,

coaches, waggons, playhouses; all the bustle... round about Covent Garden;... the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old bookstalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?

My attachments are all local, purely local. I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) for groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog, (only exceeding him in knowledge), wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school,—these are my mistresses. Have I not enough, without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind: and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men in this great city. I should certainly have laughed with dear Joanna.

Give my kindest love, and my sister's, to D. and yourself; and a kiss from me to little Barbara Lewthwaite. Thank you for liking my play.

II

LETTER TO THOMAS MANNING

September 24, 1802.

My dear Manning—Since the date of my last letter I have been a traveller. A strong desire seized me of visiting remote regions. My first impulse was to go and see Paris. It was a trivial objection to my aspiring mind, that I did not understand a word of the language, since I certainly intend some time in my life to see Paris, and equally certainly intend never to learn the language; therefore that could be no objection. However, I am very glad I did not go, because you had left Paris (I see) before I could have set out. I believe, Stoddart promising to go with me another year, prevented that plan. My next scheme (for to my restless, ambitious mind London was become a bed of thorns) was to visit the far-famed Peak in Derbyshire, where the Devil sits, they say....And my final resolve was, a tour to the Lakes. I set out with Mary to Keswick, without giving Coleridge any notice, for my time, being precious, did not admit of it. He received us with all the hospitality in the world, and gave up his time to show us all the wonders of the country. He dwells upon a small hill by the side of Keswick, in a comfortable house, quite enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains: great floundering bears and monsters they seemed, all couchant and asleep. We got in in the evening, travelling in a post-chaise from Penrith, in the midst of a gorgeous sunshine, which transmuted all the mountains into colours, purple, etc. etc. We thought we had got into fairyland. But that went off (as it never came again; while we stayed we had no more fine sunsets), and we entered Coleridge's comfortable study just in the dusk, when the mountains were all dark with clouds upon their heads. Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose I can ever again. Glorious creatures, fine old fellows, Skiddaw, etc. I never shall forget ye, how ye lay about that night, like an intrenchment; gone to bed, as it seemed for the night, but promising that ye were to be seen in the morning. Coleridge had got a blazing fire in his study; which is a large antique, ill-shaped room, with an old-fashioned organ, never played upon, big enough for a church, shelves of scattered folios, an Æolian harp, and an old sofa, half bed, etc. And all looking out upon the last fading view

of Skiddaw, and his broad-breasted brethren: what a night! Here we stayed three full weeks, in which time I visited Wordsworth's cottage, where we stayed a day or two with the Clarksons (good people, and most hospitable, at whose house we tarried one day and night), and saw Lloyd. The Wordsworths were gone to Calais. They have since been in London, and past much time with us: he is now gone into Yorkshire to be married. So we have seen Keswick, Grasmere, Ambleside, Ulswater (where the Clarksons live), and a place at the other end of Ulswater; I forget the name; to which we travelled on a very sultry day, over the middle of Helvellyn. We have clambered up to the top of Skiddaw, and I have waded up the bed of Lodore. In fine, I have satisfied myself that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before: they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give as dim a light as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination. Mary was excessively tired when she got about half-way up Skiddaw, but we came to a cold rill (than which nothing can be imagined more cold, running over cold stones), and with the reinforcement of a draught of cold water she surmounted it most manfully. Oh, its fine black head, and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out, like a mountain, I am sure, in my life. But I am returned (I have now been come home near three weeks; I was a month out), and you cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first, from being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being controlled by any one, to come home and *work*. I felt very *little*. I had been dreaming I was a very great man. But that is going off, and I find I shall conform in time to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. Besides, after all, Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all than amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about, participating in their greatness. After all, I could not *live* in Skiddaw. I could spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away, I know. Still, Skiddaw is a fine

creature. My habits are changing, I think, *i.e.* from drunk to sober. Whether I shall be happier or not remains to be proved. I shall certainly be more happy in a morning; but whether I shall not sacrifice the fat, and the marrow, and the kidneys, *i.e.* the night, glorious care-drowning night, that heals all our wrongs, pours wine into our mortifications, changes the scene from indifferent and flat to bright and brilliant! O Manning, if I should have formed a diabolical resolution, by the time you come to England, of not admitting any spirituous liquors into my house, will you be my guest on such shameworthy terms? Is life, with such limitations, worth trying? The truth is, that my liquors bring a nest of friendly harpies about my house, who consume me. This is a pitiful tale to be read at St Gothard, but it is just now nearest my heart.... Things come crowding in to say, and no room for 'em. Some things are too little to be told, *i.e.* to have a preference; some are too big and circumstantial. Thanks for yours, which was most delicious. Would I had been with you, benighted, etc.! I fear my head is turned with wandering. I shall never be the same acquiescent being. Farewell. Write again quickly, for I shall not like to hazard a letter, not knowing where the fates have carried you. Farewell, my dear fellow.

C. Lamb.

E. V. LUCAS

Edward Verrall Lucas (b. 1868) is the author of many volumes of essays and stories—*London Lavender*, *Mr Ingleside*, *Character and Comedy*, *Loiterer's Harvest* and others, as well as of unusually interesting anthologies, and guide books to famous cities. He has edited the complete works of Charles and Mary Lamb and written a biography of them both. The paper that follows is taken from the volume entitled *Old Lamps for New*.

THE EMBARRASSED ELIMINATORS

We were talking about Lamb.

Some one suddenly asked: "Supposing that by some incredible chance all the Essays except one were to be demolished, which one would you keep?"

This kind of question is always interesting, no matter to what author's work or to what picture gallery it is applied. But for

CHARLES LAMB AS A VENETIAN SENATOR

William Hazlitt

the best resulting literary talk it must be applied to Shakespeare, Dickens or Elia.

"Why, of course," at once said H., whose pleasant habit it is to rush in with a final opinion on everything at a moment's notice, with no shame whatever in changing it immediately afterwards, "there's no doubt about it at all—Mrs Battle. Absolutely impossible to give up Mrs Battle. Or, wait a minute, I'd forgotten Bo-Bo,—'The Dissertation on Roast Pig,' you know. Either Mrs Battle or that."

The man who had propounded the question laughed. "I saw that second string coming," he said. "That's what every one wants: one *or* another. But the whole point of the thing is that one essay and one only is to remain: everything else goes by the board. Now? Let's leave H. to wrestle it out with himself. What do *you* say, James?"

"It's too difficult," said James. "I was going to say 'The Old Actors' until I remembered several others. But I'm not sure that that is not my choice. It stands alone in literature: it is Lamb inimitable. His literary descendants have done their best and worst with most of his methods, but here, where knowledge of the world, knowledge of the stage, love of mankind, gusto, humour, style and imaginative understanding unite, the mimics, the assiduous apes, are left behind. Miles behind. Yes, I vote for 'The Old Actors.'"

"But, my dear James," said L., "think a moment. Remember James Elia in 'My Relations'; remember Cousin Bridget in 'Mackery End.' You are prepared deliberately to have these for ever blotted out of your consciousness? Because, as I understand it, that is what the question means: utter elimination."

James groaned. "It's too serious," he said. "It's not to be thought of really. It reminds me of terrible nights at school when I lay awake trying to understand eternity—complete negation—until I turned giddy with the immensity of dark nothingness."

Our host laughed. "You were very positive just now," he said. "But have you forgotten a wistful little trifle called 'Old China'?"

"Or, more on your own lines," said W., who hates actors and acting, "the 'South-Sea House' or the 'Old Benchers'? I will grant you the perfection—there is no other word—of the full-lengths of Dicky Suett and Bannister and Bensley's Malvolio.

There is nothing like it—you are quite right. Not even Hazlitt comes near it. One can see oneself with a great effort doing something passably Hazlittian in dramatic criticism, if one were put to it; but Lamb, Lamb reconstructs life and dignifies and enriches it as he does so. That essay in my opinion is the justification of footlights, grease-paint and all the tawdry business. And yet"—W.'s face glowed with his eloquence, as it always does sooner or later every evening—"and yet if I were restricted to one Elia essay—dreadful thought!—it would not be 'The Old Actors' that I should choose, but—I can't help it—'Captain Jackson.' I know there are far more beautiful things in Elia; deeper, sweeter, rarer. But the Captain and I are such old friends that it comes to this, I couldn't now do without him."

"Of course," cried H., "I had forgotten. You remind me of something I simply must keep—the Elliston." He snatched the "Essays" from our host's hands and read the following passage, while we all laughed—a double laughter—overtly with him, and covertly at him, for if there is one man living who might be the hero to-day of a similar story it is H. himself, who has a capriciousness, an impulsiveness, a forgetfulness, and a grandiosity that are Ellistonian or nothing.

"'Those who knew Elliston,'" he read, "'will know the manner in which he pronounced the latter sentence of the few words I am about to record. One proud day to me he took his roast mutton with us in the Temple, to which I had superadded a haddock. After a rather plentiful partaking of the meagre banquet, not unrefreshed with the humbler sorts of liquors, I made a sort of apology for the humility of the fare, observing that for my own part I never ate but of one dish at dinner. "I too never eat but one thing at dinner,"—was his reply—then after a pause—"reckoning fish as nothing." The manner was all. It was as if by one peremptory sentence he had decreed the annihilation of all the savoury esculents which the pleasant and nutritious-food-giving Ocean pours forth upon poor humans from her watery bosom. This was greatness, tempered with considerate tenderness to the feelings of his scanty but welcoming entertainer.'"

"Well," said our host, reclaiming the book, "my vote if I had one would be for 'Mackery End in Hertfordshire'; and I make the declaration quite calmly, knowing that we are all safe to retain what

we will. James will of course disagree with the choice; but then you see I am a sentimentalist and when Lamb writes about his sister and his childhood I am lost. And 'Mackery End' delights me in two ways, for it not only has the wonderful picture of Bridget Elia in it but we see Lamb also on one of his rapturous walks in his own county. I never see a field of wheat without recalling his phrase of Hertfordshire as 'that fine corn country.'"

"All very well," said James, "but if you talk like this how are you going to let 'Dream Children' go?"

"Ah, yes," sighed our host, "'Dream Children'—of course! How could I let that go? No, it's too difficult."

"What about this?" said the grave incisive voice of K., who had not yet spoken, and he began to read:—

"'In proportion as the years both lessen, and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle." Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets.'

"Who is going to forswear that passage?" K. asked sternly, fixing his eyes on us as if we were one and all guilty of damnable heresy.

We all sighed.

K. searched the book again, and again began to read:—

"'In sober verity I will confess a truth to thee, reader. I love a Fool—as naturally as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with child-like apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those Parables—not guessing at the involved wisdom—I had more yearnings towards that simple architect, that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more cautious neighbour; I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and—prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat unfeminine wariness of their competitors—I felt a kindliness, that almost amounted to a *tendre*, for those five thoughtless virgins.'

"Who is going to turn his back for ever on that passage? No," K. went on, "it won't do. It is not possible to name one essay and one only. But I have an amendment to propose. Instead of being permitted to retain only one essay, why should we not be allowed a series of passages equal in length to the longest essay—say 'The Old Actors'? Then we should not be quite so hopeless. That, for example, would enable one to keep the page on Bensley's Malvolio, the description of Bridget Elia, a portion of the 'Mrs Battle,' Ralph Bigod, a portion of 'Captain Jackson,' the passages I have read, and—what I personally should insist upon including, earlier almost than anything—the Fallacies on rising with the Lark and retiring with the Lamb."

"Well," said the suggester of the original problem, "it's a compromise and therefore no fun. But you may play with it if you like. The sweepingness of the first question was of course its merit. James is the only one of you with the courage really to make a choice."

"Oh, no," said our host. "I chose one and one only instantly—'Old China.'"

"Nonsense!" said James; "you chose 'Mackery End.'"

"There you are," said K. "That shows."

"Well, I refuse to be deprived of 'Old China' anyway," said our host, "even if I named 'Mackery End.' How could one live without 'Old China'? Our discussion reminds me," he added, "of a very pretty poem—a kind of poem that is no longer written. It is by an American who came nearer Lamb in humour and 'the tact of humanity' than perhaps any writer—The Autocrat. Let me read it to you."

He reached for a volume and read as follows:—

Oh for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
Than reign, a grey-beard king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!
Away with Learning's crown!
Tear out Life's Wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

. . . . . .

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And, calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track,
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

"Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take—my—precious—wife!"

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!

"And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years."

"Why, yes"; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
"I could not bear to leave them all—
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys."

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

. . . . . .

And so I laughed,—my laughter woke
The household with its noise,—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the grey-haired boys.

—"We," said our host, as he closed the book and laid it aside, "are like that: we would eliminate most of Elia and have our Elia too."

"Yes," said W. "Exactly. We want them all and we value them the more as we grow older and they grow truer and better. For that is Lamb's way. He sat down—often in his employers' time—to amuse the readers of a new magazine and earn a few of those extra guineas which made it possible to write 'Old China,' and behold he was shedding rådiance on almost every fact of life, no matter how spiritually recondite or remote from his own practical experience. No one can rise from Elia without being deepened and enriched; and no one having read Elia can ever say either off-hand or after a year's thought which one essay he would retain to the loss of all the others."

B. hitherto had been a silent listener. Here he spoke, and, as so often, said the final thing. "Yes," he said, "it is vain (but good sport) to take any one of the essays and argue that it is the best. Just as the best thing in a garden is not any particular flower but the scent of all the flowers that are there, so the best of Lamb is not any single essay but the fragrance of them all. It is for this that those gentle paths have been trodden by so much good company.

"Yes," he added meditatively. "'The scent of Elia's garden'! That is the best essay, if you like, and 'Charles (and Mary) Lamb' its title."

OLD TESTAMENT LEGEND

THIS is a story out of one of the less-known apocryphal books of the Old Testament, taken from *Old Testament Legends* by Montague Rhodes James, Provost of King's College, Cambridge (1905–18), now Provost of Eton, who has kindly permitted its appearance here.

THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM

Abraham had lived out the measure of his days. He was now a hundred and seventy-five years old, and all the days of his life he had lived in kindness and meekness and uprightness: and especially was he hospitable and courteous to strangers. He dwelt by the cross-roads near the oak of Mamre, and entertained all the wayfarers who came that way, rich and poor, lame and sound, friends or strangers. But at last to him, as to all other men,

there came the bitter cup of death, which none can put away. So when the time was come, the Most High called to him the archangel Michael and said to him, "Michael, prince of the host, go down to Abraham and speak to him concerning his death, that he may set his house in order: for his possessions are great. Announce to him therefore that he is to depart speedily out of the earthly life, and come to his Lord in peace and happiness."

Michael therefore went forth from the presence of the Lord and went down to Abraham at the oak of Mamre, and found him in the fields hard by, watching his husbandmen ploughing with their oxen. And Abraham lifted up his eyes and saw Michael coming towards him in the dress and fashion of a soldier—for he was the captain of the Lord's host—very beautiful to look upon. And Abraham rose and went to meet him, as was his custom with all strangers; and when they had saluted one another, Abraham asked Michael whence he came; and Michael answered, "I come from the Great City, and my errand is to fetch a certain friend of the Great King, whom He is inviting to come to Him." Then said Abraham, "My lord, come with me to my house." And when Michael consented, Abraham called one of his men and bade him fetch two quiet horses that he and the stranger might ride home on them. But Michael refused, for he knew that no earthly horse could bear him; so he said, "Nay, but rather let us go on foot to your house."

And as they went up from the fields, they came to a cypress-tree growing by the wayside; and as they passed by it there came from it a human voice, which said, "Holy is the Lord who calleth to Himself them that love Him." Now this happened by the commandment of God, to be a sign to Abraham, and he marvelled; but when he looked at his companion and saw that he seemed to take no notice of it, he said nothing, thinking that only he had heard the voice. Soon after they came to the house, and Isaac and Sarah came to greet them, and they sat down in the court-yard of the house. But Isaac said to his mother Sarah, "Mother, I am sure that the man who is sitting with my father is not of the race of men that live on the earth." Just then Abraham called to Isaac, "Isaac, my son, draw water from the well, and bring it to me in a basin, that we may wash the stranger's feet, for he has come a long journey." So Isaac ran and fetched the water to his

father; and Abraham said to him secretly, "My child, something says to me that this will be the last time that I shall wash the feet of any stranger coming to this house." And Isaac was greatly distressed and said, "What mean you, father, by these words?" Abraham said nothing, but stooped down and began to wash the feet of Michael; and Isaac wept. Abraham too shed tears, and Michael seeing it, was moved with pity, and wept also; and his tears fell into the basin of water and became precious pearls. When Abraham saw that, he marvelled; but he gathered up the pearls secretly and said nothing.

After that he told Isaac to go and prepare the banqueting-room, spread two couches, light the lamps, burn sweet odours, and fetch fragrant herbs and flowers from the garden. "For," said he, "this man who is come to us is worthy of all the honour we can do him." So Isaac went to make ready the room, and Sarah also set about preparing a feast. Then, while they were all busying themselves with preparation, the sun began to set, and the hour came at which all the angels appear before God and worship Him; and Michael also flew up into the heavens in the twinkling of an eye, and stood before the Lord. And when all the angels had done their worship and gone forth again, Michael remained and said to the Lord, "Lord, I cannot speak to Abraham about his death; for I have never seen his like upon the earth, kind, courteous, hospitable, fearing God, and keeping himself pure from all evil. I cannot grieve his heart by telling him that he is to die." And the Lord said, "Go down again to My friend Abraham, and whatsoever he would have thee do, do it; and I will put the thought of his death into the mind of his son Isaac in a dream. Then Isaac shall tell the dream, and thou shalt interpret it, and so Abraham shall be certified of his death."

So Michael returned to Abraham's house, and sat at meat with him, and Isaac waited on them; and after supper, Abraham offered up prayer as he was wont, and the archangel prayed with him, and they went to their beds. Isaac also asked his father if he might sleep with them, for he desired exceedingly to be near the wonderful stranger and to hear his words; but Abraham said, "Nay, my son, lest we be burdensome to the stranger." Therefore Isaac bowed down and received his father's blessing, and went to his own chamber.

And about the third hour of the night Isaac dreamed a dream, and it frightened him, so that he leapt out of bed and ran hastily to the room where Abraham and Michael were sleeping, and beat upon the door and said, "Father, open to me quickly! let me kiss you once again before they take you away from me." Then Abraham opened the door, and Isaac ran in and hung upon his neck, weeping loudly. And Sarah was awakened by the noise of the weeping, and came quickly to them; and she also wept and said, "What is the matter? Has our brother who is come to us brought you evil tidings of Lot, your nephew?" But Michael said, "No, lady, it is not so; but, as I think, your son Isaac has dreamed a dream which has troubled him, so he came to us weeping, and we were moved at the sight of his tears, and wept with him."

Now Sarah, when she heard the sound of the voice of Michael, became sure in her own mind that it was an angel of God who was speaking. She beckoned therefore to Abraham to come to her at the door of the house, and took him aside and said to him, "Do you know who this man is?" and he said, "No." "Do you remember," said she, "the three men who came to us once at the oak of Mamre; and how you killed a calf and prepared a feast for them; and how when the calf was eaten, it suddenly became whole again and sprang up and ran and suckled its mother? I am sure that this is one of those three men." Abraham answered, "Sarah, you have hit the truth; praised be God for His wonders. Now I tell you that last night when I was washing the feet of this man, I said to myself, 'Surely these are the feet that I washed long ago under the oak-tree?' And furthermore, he shed tears, and they fell into the water and became these pearls." And he drew the pearls out of his bosom and showed them to her, and she bowed her head and praised God and said, "Be sure, Abraham, that he is come to reveal some matter to us, whether for evil or for good."

Then Abraham left Sarah and went in and said to Isaac, "Come here, my child, and tell me what you saw, and what caused you to come to us in such haste?" And Isaac said, "It was this, father. I saw in a dream this night the sun and the moon upon my head, and the rays of the sun were all about me and enlightened me, and I rejoiced in them; then I saw the heavens opening, and a shining man, brighter than seven suns, came down; and he

approached me and took the sun from off my head and carried it up into heaven; and again after a little while, as I was sorrowing over it, he came and took the moon from me. Then I was greatly distressed, and I besought him, saying, 'Nay, my lord, do not take all my glory from me; have pity upon me; if thou must needs take the sun, yet leave me the moon.' But he said, 'Suffer them to be taken up to the King above, for He desires them to be with Him.' So he took them away, saying, 'They are removed from toil unto rest, and from darkness unto light.' But their glory he left upon me. Then I awoke." And Isaac ceased speaking.

Then Michael said, "Hear me, righteous Abraham. The sun which Isaac saw is you, his father; the moon likewise is Sarah, his mother; and the shining one who came down out of heaven and took them away is myself. And now be it known to you that the time is come for you to leave this earthly life and go to God." But Abraham said, "Why, here is a marvel indeed! And are you the one appointed to take my soul from me?" He answered, "I am Michael, the captain of the host of God, and I am sent to speak to you concerning your death." Then said Abraham, "I know that you are an angel of God, and that you are sent to take away my soul. But I shall not follow you!"

When Michael heard that word he vanished away from them and went up to the heavens and stood before the Lord, and told Him what Abraham had said; and the Lord answered, "Return to Abraham My friend and speak yet again to him, Thus saith the Lord: 'I brought thee out of thy father's house into the land of promise: I have blessed thee and increased thee more than the sands of the seashore and more than the stars of heaven. Why dost thou resist My decree? Knowest thou not that Adam and Eve died, and all their offspring; none of the forefathers escaped death; they are all of them gone unto the place of spirits, all of them have been gathered by the sickle of death. And I have not suffered the angel of death to approach thee: I have not permitted any evil disease to come upon thee, but instead I have sent mine own prince Michael to speak peaceably unto thee, that thou mayest set thine house in order and bless thy son Isaac and depart in peace; and now thou sayest, "I will in nowise follow him." Knowest thou not that if I send Death unto thee, thou must needs come whether thou wilt or no?'" So Michael returned to

Abraham, and found him weeping, and told him all these words; and Abraham besought him, saying, "Speak yet once again to my Lord and say to Him, 'Thus saith Abraham Thy servant: Lord, Thou hast been gracious to me all my life long, and now, behold, I do not resist Thy word, for I know that I am a mortal man; but this one thing I ask of Thee, that while I am yet in my body Thou wouldst suffer me to see Thy world and all the creatures that Thou hast made. Then shall I depart out of this life without any trouble of mind.'" And Michael returned and spake all these words before the Lord, and the Lord said, "Take a cloud of light and angels that have power over the chariots, and bear Abraham in the chariot of the cherubim into the air of heaven and let him see all the world before he dies."

And it was done; and Michael showed Abraham all the regions of the world. He saw men ploughing and carting, keeping flocks, dancing, sporting, and playing the harp, wrestling, going to law, weeping, dying, and being carried out to burial: even all the things that are done in the earth, both good and evil. And in one place they saw men with swords in their hands, and Abraham asked Michael, "Who are these?" And Michael said, "These are thieves who are going out to steal and to kill and to destroy." Then Abraham said, "O that God would hear me and send evil beasts out of the forest to devour them!" And in that moment wild beasts rushed out upon them and tore them to pieces. Then in another place he saw men and women feasting and drinking before their idols, and he said, "O that the earth might open and swallow them up!" And immediately it happened as he had said. And in yet another place he saw men breaking through the wall of a house to enter it and rob it; and he prayed again, and fire fell from heaven and burnt them up. Then there came a voice which said, "Michael, prince of My host, turn the chariot and bring Abraham back, lest, if he sees any more of the sinners upon earth, he destroy the whole race of men. For he is a righteous man, and has no compassion upon sinners. But I created the world, and I would not have any perish. Bring Abraham therefore to the entering in of the gate of heaven, that he may see the judgment and the recompensing of men, and may have pity upon the souls whom he has blotted out."

Michael therefore turned the chariot and brought Abraham

across the great river of Ocean to the entering in of the gate of heaven, and showed him the judgments. And Abraham saw the narrow gate of life and the broad gate of destruction, and between the gates he saw our father Adam sitting upon a throne, and clad in a glorious robe of many colours; and he saw how Adam lamented when the souls went in through the broad gate, and how he rejoiced when they attained to the narrow gate, and how his weeping exceeded his rejoicing. Moreover, Michael showed him how the souls of men are examined concerning their works and how their acts are recorded and weighed. But when he saw how hard it is to enter in at the strait gate, it repented him that he had prayed for the punishment of the sinners, and he said to Michael, "O prince of the host, let us entreat the Lord that He would have mercy upon the souls of the men whom I cursed in my anger; for now I know that I sinned before God when I prayed against them." Then they both prayed earnestly to God; and after a long time there came a voice saying, "Abraham, I have heard thy prayer, and I have given back life to the men whom thou didst destroy."

Moreover, the voice bade Michael take Abraham back to his house. And when he was come thither, he went up to the great chamber, and sat upon the couch; and Sarah and Isaac came and fell on his neck, and all his servants gathered about him, rejoicing at his return. And Michael said, "Hearken, Abraham: here is Sarah your wife and Isaac your son, and here are all your man-servants and maidservants about you. Now therefore set in order your house and bless them, and make ready to depart with me, for your hour is come." Abraham answered, "Did the Lord command you to say this, or do you say it of yourself?" Michael said, "The Lord commanded me, and I give the message to you." Yet for all that Abraham answered, "I will not follow you." So Michael went forth and stood before the Most High again and told Him the words of Abraham; and he said besides, "I cannot lay hands upon him, for there is not his like upon the earth, no, not even the righteous Job. Tell me therefore, Lord, what I must do."

And God saith, "Call Death, and bid him come hither." Michael went and found Death, and said to him, "Come, for the Lord of all things, the Immortal King, calleth for thee." And Death

trembled and feared exceedingly when he heard that; but he followed Michael and came and stood before the Lord, quivering and shaking with fear, awaiting the commands of his Master. And God said to him, "Hide thy hideous appearance, cover up thy corruption, put away from thee all thy terror, and put on a glorious and beautiful aspect, and go down to Abraham My friend and take him and bring him to Me: only see that thou make him not afraid, but bring him peaceably, for he is My friend." So Death went forth from the presence of God, and made himself like an angel of light, beautiful to look upon, and departed to seek Abraham. Now Abraham had come down from his chamber and was sitting under the trees of Mamre, leaning his head upon his hand, expecting the return of Michael the archangel. And suddenly he was aware of a sweet perfume, and of a light shining near him; and he turned round and saw Death coming towards him in a form of great glory and beauty, and rose to meet him, supposing him to be an angel of God. And they greeted one another, and Abraham said, "Whence come you to me, and who are you?" Death answered, "Abraham, I tell you the truth: I am the bitter cup of death." Abraham said, "Rather you are the beauty of the world; a fairer than you I have never seen, and how say you, 'I am the bitter cup of death'?" He answered, "I have told you the truth; the name by which God named me is that which I have spoken." Abraham said, "And why have you come to this place?" Death answered, "I am come to take your soul, O righteous one." Abraham said, "I hear what you say, but I shall not come with you." But Death was silent and answered him not a word.

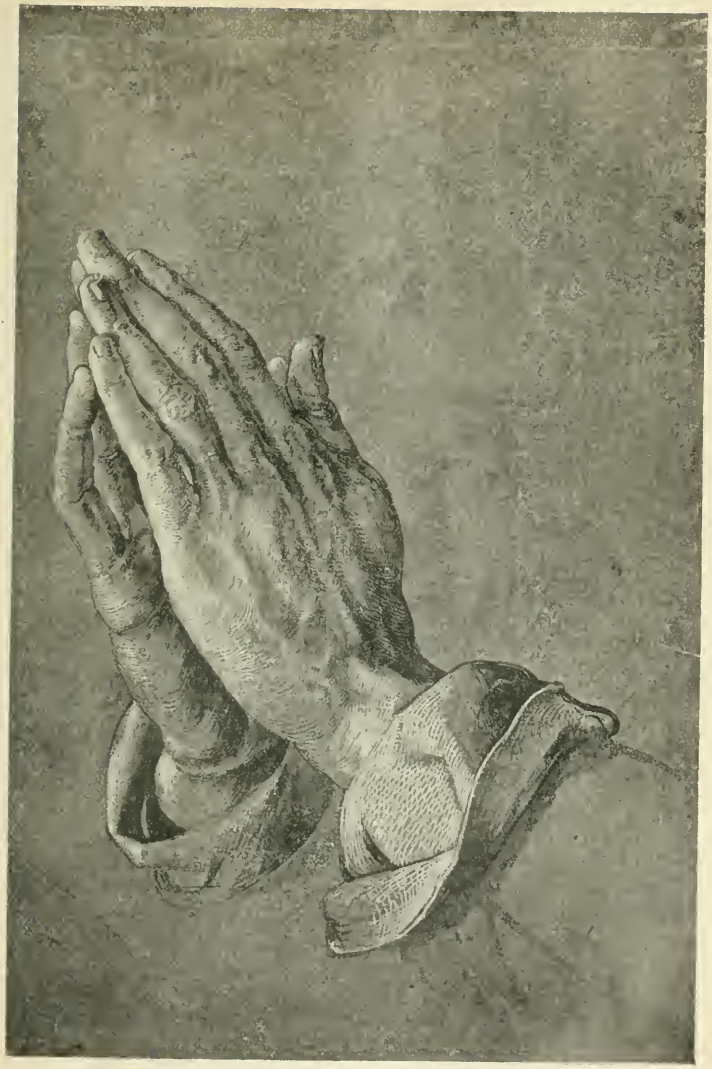
Then Abraham rose up and went towards his house: and Death followed him. And he went up into his chamber: and Death went with him; and he laid himself on his bed: and Death came and sat by his feet. And Abraham said, "Go, depart from me: I wish to rest here on my couch." Death answered, "I shall not depart till I have taken thy soul from thy body." Abraham said, "I adjure thee by the living God: art thou in very truth Death?" He said, "I am." Then said Abraham, "Comest thou to all men in such a beautiful shape as this?" He said, "Nay, my lord Abraham; it is thy righteousness and thy good deeds which make as it were a crown of glory upon my head; it is only to such as

thou art that I come thus peaceably, but to sinners I show myself much otherwise." "Show me then," said Abraham, "in what form thou comest to them: let me see all thy fierceness and bitterness." "No," said Death, "for thou couldst not bear to look upon it." "Verily, I am able to bear it," he said, "for the strength of the God of heaven is with me."

Then Death let fall from him all his beauty, and Abraham saw him as he was. And where there had been a shining angel, he saw a cloud of darkness, and in it the shapes of horrible wild beasts and all unclean creatures; and he saw the heads of fiery dragons, and flames of consuming fire darting out; and he seemed to see a dreadful precipice before him, and then a rushing river, and flashes of lightning, and crackling of thunder, and thereafter a tempestuous raging sea; and again weapons brandished, and venomous basilisks and serpents, and bowls of poison; and there came a horrible odour, so that all the servants of Abraham that were in the chamber fainted and died, and Abraham himself swooned and his senses left him.

When he came to himself, Death had hidden his terrible aspect and put on his beautiful form again. And Abraham saw his servants lying dead, and said to Death, "How is it that thou hast slain these?" And Death said, "They died at the sight of my countenance, and in truth it is a marvel that thou also didst not die with them." "Yea," said Abraham, "now I know how it was that I came by this faintness of spirit that is upon me; but I pray thee, Death, inasmuch as these have been cut off before their time, let us entreat God that he would raise them up again." So Abraham and Death prayed together; and the spirit of life returned into the servants that had been killed, and they rose up again. After that Abraham conversed with Death.

Then Sarah and Isaac came in and talked with Abraham as he lay on his bed. And Abraham said to Death, "I beseech thee, depart from me for a little, for since I looked upon thee weakness is come upon me, and my breath labours and my heart is troubled." Then said Death, "Kiss my right hand and thy strength will return to thee, and thou wilt be filled with joy." So Abraham kissed the hand of Death, and the soul of Abraham clave to the hand of Death and left his body; and straightway Michael was there and a multitude of angels with him, and they accompanied



HANDS IN PRAYER
Dürer

the holy soul of Abraham and brought it into the heavens into the presence of the Most High, there to abide everlastingly in gladness and brightness in the place from which all sorrow and sighing are fled away.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822–88), eldest son of Dr Arnold of Rugby, was born at Laleham on the Thames, and educated at Winchester, Rugby and Oxford. He became an inspector of schools and did much for education. His literary fame rests upon his poetry and essays, both of which had, and still have, much influence.

THE SCHOLAR GIPSY

Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill;
Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes!
No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,
Nor the cropp'd herbage shoot another head.
But when the fields are still,
And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd green,
Come, shepherd, and again begin the quest!

Here, where the reaper was at work of late—
In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,
Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use—
Here will I sit and wait,
While to my ear from uplands far away
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—
All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,
And here till sun-down, shepherd! will I be.
Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see

Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep;
And air-swept lindens yield
Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,
And bower me from the August sun with shade;
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers.

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book—
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again!
The story of the Oxford scholar poor,
Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,
Who, tired of knocking at preferment's door,
One summer-morn forsook
His friends, and went to learn the gipsy-lore,
And roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood,
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

But once, years after, in the country-lanes,
Two scholars, whom at college erst he knew,
Met him, and of his way of life enquired;
Whereat he answer'd, that the gipsy-crew,
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired
The workings of men's brains,
And they can bind them to what thoughts they will.
"And I," he said, "the secret of their art,
When fully learn'd, will to the world impart;
But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill."

This said, he left them, and return'd no more.—
But rumours hung about the country-side,
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,
In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,
The same the gipsies wore.
Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring;
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,
On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd boors
Had found him seated at their entering,

VAGRANTS

Frederick Walker

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly.
And I myself seem half to know thy looks,
And put the shepherds, wanderer! on thy trace;
And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks
I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet place;
Or in my boat I lie
Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer-heats,
'Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,
And watch the warm, green-muffled Cumner hills,
And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground!
Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer-nights, have met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
As the punt's rope chops round;
And leaning backward in a pensive dream,
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream.

And then they land, and thou art seen no more!—
Maidens, who from the distant hamlets come
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,
Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,
Or cross a stile into the public way.
Oft thou hast given them store
Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemony,
Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves—
But none hath words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass
Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames,
To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,
Have often pass'd thee near

Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown;
Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air—
But, when they came from bathing, thou wast gone!

At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,
Where at her open door the housewife darns,
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
Children, who early range these slopes and late
For cresses from the rills,
Have known thee eying, all an April-day,
The springing pastures and the feeding kine;
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,
Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood—
Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see
With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of grey,
Above the forest-ground called Thessaly—
The blackbird, picking food,
Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all;
So often has he known thee past him stray,
Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,
And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill
Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,
Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge,
Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,
Thy face tow'rd Hinksey and its wintry ridge?
And thou hast climb'd the hill,
And gain'd the white brow of the Cumner range;
Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snowflakes fall,
The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall—
Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange.

But what—I dream! Two hundred years are flown
Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,
And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe
That thou wert wander'd from the studious walls
To learn strange arts, and join a gipsy-tribe;
And thou from earth art gone
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid—
Some country-nook, where o'er thy unknown grave
Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave,
Under a dark, red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

—No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours!
For what wears out the life of mortal men?
'Tis that from change to change their being rolls;
'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls
And numb the elastic powers.
Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen,
And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit,
To the just-pausing Genius we remit
Our worn-out life, and are—what we have been.

Thou hast not lived, why should'st thou perish, so?
Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* desire;
Else wert thou long since number'd with the dead!
Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire!
The generations of thy peers are fled,
And we ourselves shall go;
But thou possessest an immortal lot,
And we imagine thee exempt from age
And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,
Because thou hadst—what we, alas! have not.

For early didst thou leave the world, with powers
Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
Firm to their mark, not spent on other things;
Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,
Which much to have tried, in much been baffled, brings.
O life unlike to ours!

Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives,
And each half lives a hundred different lives;
Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from heaven! and we,
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd;
For whom each year we see
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—
Ah! do not we, wanderer! await it too?

Yes, we await it!—but it still delays,
And then we suffer! and amongst us one,
Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
His seat upon the intellectual throne;
And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days;
Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,
And all his hourly varied anodynes.

This for our wisest! and we others pine,
And wish the long unhappy dream would end,
And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear;
With close-lipp'd patience for our only friend,
Sad patience, too near neighbour to despair—
But none has hope like thine!
Thou through the fields and through the woods dost stray,
Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,
Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,
And every doubt long blown by time away.

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;
Before this strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife—
Fly hence, our contact fear!
Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood!
Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern
From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,
Wave us away, and keep thy solitude!

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,
With a free, onward impulse brushing through,
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—
Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,
On some mild pastoral slope
Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales
Freshen thy flowers as in former years
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales!

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!
For strong the infection of our mental strife,
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
Like us distracted, and like us unblest.
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers,
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made;
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles!
—As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
The fringes of a southward-facing brow
Among the Ægean isles;

And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
Green, bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine—
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted masters of the waves—
And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail;
And day and night held on indignantly
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
To where the Atlantic raves
Outside the western straits; and unbent sails
There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,
Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;
And on the beach undid his corded bales.

THYRSIS

A Monody, *to commemorate the author's friend,*
Arthur Hugh Clough, *who died at Florence,* 1861.

How changed is here each spot man makes or fills!
In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same;
The village street its haunted mansion lacks,
And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,
And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks—
Are ye too changed, ye hills?
See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men
To-night from Oxford up your pathway strays!
Here came I often, often, in old days—
Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,
Past the high wood, to where the elm-tree crowns
The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames?
The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,
The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful Thames?—
This winter-eve is warm,

Humid the air! leafless, yet soft as spring,
The tender purple spray on copse and briers!
And that sweet city with her dreaming spires,
She needs not June for beauty's heightening,

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night!—
Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power
Befalls me wandering through this upland dim.
Once pass'd I blindfold here, at any hour;
Now seldom come I, since I came with him.
That single elm-tree bright
Against the west—I miss it! is it gone?
We prized it dearly; while it stood, we said,
Our friend, the Gipsy-Scholar, was not dead;
While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here,
But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick;
And with the country-folk acquaintance made
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.
Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd.
Ah me! this many a year
My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday!
Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart
Into the world and wave of men depart;
But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy the country yields,
He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,
For that a shadow lour'd on the fields,
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.
Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.
He went; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;
He could not wait their passing, he is dead.

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden-walks and all the grassy floor
With blossoms red and white of fallen May
And chestnut-flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom I go!

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

He hearkens not! light comer, he is flown!
What matters it? next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,
And scent of hay new-mown.
But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see;
See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—
For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee!

Alack, for Corydon no rival now!—
But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
Some good survivor with his flute would go,
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate;
And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,
And relax Pluto's brow,

And make leap up with joy the beauteous head
Of Proserpine, among whose crowned hair
Are flowers first open'd on Sicilian air,
And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace
When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!
For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,
She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,
She knew each lily white which Enna yields,
Each rose with blushing face;
She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.
But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!
Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirr'd;
And we should tease her with our plaint in vain!

Well! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,
Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour
In the old haunt, and find our tree-topp'd hill!
Who, if not I, for questing here hath power?
I know the wood which hides the daffodil,
I know the Fyfield tree,
I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,
And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries;

I know these slopes; who knows them if not I?—
But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,
With thorns once studded, old, white-blossom'd trees,
Where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried
High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises,
Hath since our day put by
The coronals of that forgotten time;
Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's team,
And only in the hidden brookside gleam
Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Where is the girl, who by the boatman's door,
Above the locks, above the boating throng,
Unmoor'd our skiff when through the Wytham flats,
Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among
And darting swallows and light water-gnats,
We track'd the shy Thames shore?
Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell
Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,
Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass?—
They all are gone, and thou art gone as well!

Yes, thou art gone! and round me too the night
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.
I see her veil draw soft across the day,
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with grey;
I feel her finger light
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train;—
The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short
To the less practised eye of sanguine youth;
And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,
Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare!
Unbreachable the fort
Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall;
And strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,
And near and real the charm of thy repose,
And night as welcome as a friend would fall.

But hush! the upland hath a sudden loss
Of quiet!—Look, adown the dusk hill-side,
A troop of Oxford hunters going home,
As in old days, jovial and talking, ride!
From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they come.
Quick! let me fly, and cross

Into yon farther field!—'Tis done; and see,
Back'd by the sunset, which doth glorify
The orange and pale violet evening-sky,
Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree! the Tree!

I take the omen! Eve lets down her veil,
The white fog creeps from bush to bush about,
The west unflushes, the high stars grow bright,
And in the scatter'd farms the lights come out.
I cannot reach the signal-tree to-night,
Yet, happy omen, hail!
Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno-vale
(For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep
The morningless and unawakening sleep
Under the flowery oleanders pale),

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our tree is there!—
Ah, vain! These English fields, this upland dim,
These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,
That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not for him;
To a boon southern country he is fled,
And now in happier air,
Wandering with the great Mother's train divine
(And purer or more subtle soul than thee,
I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see)
Within a folding of the Apennine,

Thou hearest the immortal chants of old!—
Putting his sickle to the perilous grain
In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king,
For thee the Lityerses-song again
Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing;
Sings his Sicilian fold,
His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes—
And how a call celestial round him rang,
And heavenward from the fountain-brink he sprang,
And all the marvel of the golden skies.

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here
Sole in these fields! yet will I not despair.
Despair I will not, while I yet descry
Neath the mild canopy of English air
That lonely tree against the western sky.
Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear,
Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee!
Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the hay,
Woods with anemonies in flower till May,
Know him a wanderer still; then why not me?

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
Shy to illumine; and I seek it too.
This does not come with houses or with gold,
With place, with honour, and a flattering crew;
'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold—
But the smooth-slipping weeks
Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired;
Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,
He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone;
Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Thou too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wast bound;
Thou wanderedst with me for a little hour!
Men gave thee nothing; but this happy quest,
If men esteem'd thee feeble, gave thee power,
If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest.
And this rude Cumner ground,
Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields,
Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful time,
Here was thine height of strength, thy golden prime!
And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields.

What though the music of thy rustic flute
Kept not for long its happy, country tone;
Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note
Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,
Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat—
It fail'd, and thou wast mute!

Yet hadst thou alway visions of our light,
And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,
And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,
Left human haunt, and on alone till night.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!
'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore,
Thyrsis! in reach of sheep-bells is my home.
—Then through the great town's harsh, heart-wearying roar,
Let in thy voice a whisper often come,
To chase fatigue and fear:
Why faintest thou? I wander'd till I died.
Roam on! The light we sought is shining still.
Dost thou ask proof? Our tree yet crowns the hill,
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side.

A. H. CLOUGH

Arthur Hugh Clough (1819–61) was educated at Rugby and Oxford. He became warden of University Hall, London, and numbered Carlyle and Walter Bagehot among his friends. He became an official in the Education Department, and travelled much in the course of his work. He is remembered by his own *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* a humorous account in hexameter verse of a Long Vacation reading party, by several short poems like that here given and perhaps most of all by Matthew Arnold's elegiac poem *Thyrsis* lamenting his untimely death.

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

BYRON

Lord Byron (1788–1824) was born in London, of an old family, and was educated at Harrow and Cambridge. His first volume of poems appeared when he was nineteen. He travelled far in Europe and put much that he saw and experienced into his poem *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. The first part of this appeared in 1812 and at once made him famous. His handsome appearance added much to the interest aroused by his writings and by his romantic character. Other long poems of his are *Mazeppa*, *The Corsair*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *Lara* and *Don Juan*. He also wrote plays in verse—*Manfred*, *Sardanapalus*, and others. Byron left England in 1816 and never returned. He lived much in Italy and in later years took up with great enthusiasm the cause of the Greeks who were struggling against the Turks for independence. He died at Missolonghi in Greece whither he had gone to render what help he could. Byron's work was greatly admired abroad and influenced the literature of every European country. The following poem should be read in connection with chapters 18 and 19 of the second book of Kings describing how the great war-lord Sennacherib and his minister Rabshakeh proposed to destroy the little nation of Judah, and what befell their great army.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

Benjamin Disraeli (1804–81) was born in London. The boy came of Jewish race but was baptised in the Christian faith. He began writing novels at an early age, and gained much notice for his rather affected manner of writing and his very elaborate costumes. He was greatly influenced by a year of travel in Southern Europe and the East. As he grew older his style of writing improved, and his best work is brilliant and witty. He was already famous as a "dandy" and a novelist when he entered parliament in 1837. His Jewish blood, his affected manners and his foreign appearance were all obstacles to success in politics: but beneath his affectations and his languid manner he concealed high spirit, courage and a powerful will, which he steadily exerted till he forced his way into the front rank of statesmen. He became Chancellor of the Exchequer and was twice Prime Minister. He received the title "Earl of Beaconsfield" in 1876. His best novels are *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, *Henrietta Temple*, *Lothair* and *Endymion*. The passage that follows is taken from *Tancred*.

JERUSALEM

The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendour, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills, far more famous than those of Rome: for all Europe has heard of Sion and of Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are as ignorant of the Capitolian and Aventine Mounts as they are of the Malvern or the Chiltern Hills.

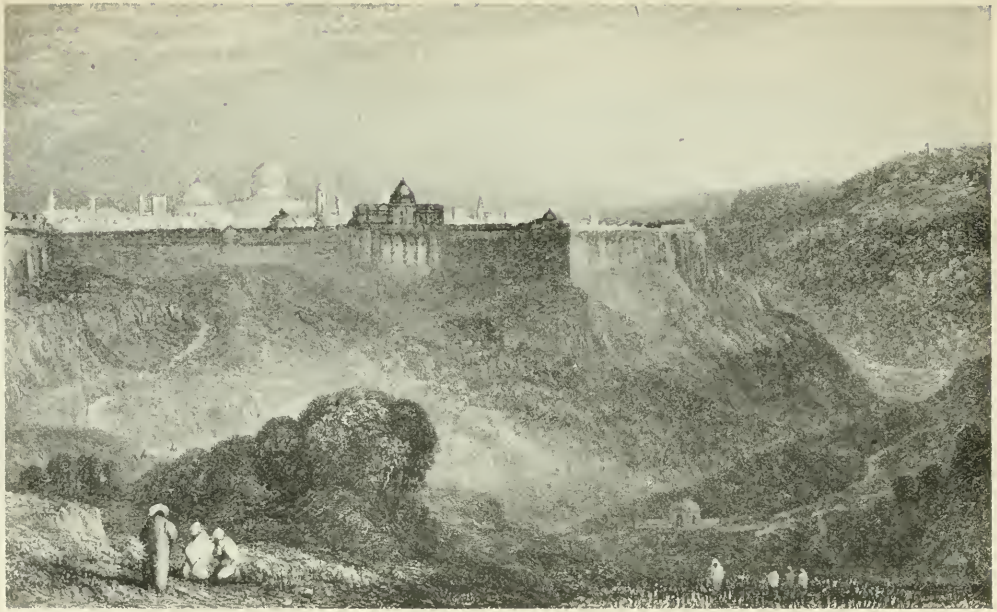
The broad steep of Sion crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool;

further on, entered by the gate of St Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary, called the Street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human, as well as of the Hebrew, race, the descendant of King David, and the divine Son of the most favoured of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honour; passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs, or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedek built his mystic citadel; and still remains the hill of Scopas, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judæa has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob is now worshipped before every altar in Rome.

Jerusalem by moonlight! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail; and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivalled scene. A fortified city, almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land!

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze that seems to have travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea?

Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this Mount! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble



JERUSALEM

Turner

A LANDSCAPE IN FLANDERS
Autumn, with a view of the Château de Steen

Rubens

to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city? There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch, whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher, whose doctrines have modelled civilised Europe; the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers; what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these!

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopas can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

LESLIE COULSON

Leslie Coulson, Sergeant, London Battalion, Royal Fusiliers, was a young journalist of much distinction who joined the New Army as a private on the outbreak of war. He fell in a charge near Lesbœufs, 7 October 1916. In a letter sent home the year before, he put into words what many lads from English countrysides have felt all along the front line: "This shattering of little old churches and homesteads brings the tragedy home to me more acutely. I think to find an English village like this would almost break my heart."

WHEN I COME HOME

When I come home, dear folk o' mine,
We'll drink a cup of olden wine;
And yet, however rich it be,
No wine will taste so good to me
As English air. How I shall thrill
To drink it in on Hampstead Hill
When I come home!

When I come home, and leave behind
Dark things I would not call to mind,
I'll taste good ale and home-made bread,
And see white sheets and pillows spread.
And there is one who'll softly creep
To kiss me ere I fall asleep,
And tuck me 'neath the counterpane,
And I shall be a boy again
When I come home!

When I come home, from dark to light,
And tread the roadways long and white,
And tramp the lanes I tramped of yore,
And see the village greens once more,
The tranquil farms, the meadows free,
The friendly trees that nod to me,
And hear the lark beneath the sun,
'Twill be good pay for what I've done,
When I come home!

FROM THE SOMME

In other days I sang of simple things,
Of summer dawn, and summer noon and night,
The dewy grass, the dew-wet fairy rings,
The lark's long golden flight.

Deep in the forest I made melody
While squirrels cracked their hazel nuts on high,
Or I would cross the wet sand to the sea
And sing to sea and sky.

When came the silvered silence of the night
I stole to casements over scented lawns,
And softly sang of love and love's delight
To mute white marble fauns.

Oft in the tavern parlour I would sing
Of morning sun upon the mountain vine,
And, calling for a chorus, sweep the string
In praise of good red wine.

I played with all the toys the gods provide,
I sang my songs and made glad holiday.
Now I have cast my broken toys aside
And flung my lute away.

A singer once, I now am fain to weep.
Within my soul I feel strange music swell,
Vast chants of tragedy too deep—too deep
For my poor lips to tell.

IVOR GURNEY

THESE two poems, by Ivor Gurney, "private, of the Gloucesters," were published in 1917, and are reprinted here by kind permission of the writer of them. Love of country is love of a particular bit of country, familiar from boyhood's days; and these verses show that, to "a Gloucestershire lad," "images of beauty in the mind were always of Gloucester, county of Cotswold and Severn, and a plain rich, blossomy, and sweet of airs—as the wise Romans knew, who made their homes in exile by the brown river, watching the further bank for signs of war."

I

THE FIRE KINDLED

God, that I might see
Framilode once again!
Redmarley, all renewed,
Clear shining after rain.

And Cranham, Cranham trees,
And blaze of Autumn hues.
Portway under the moon,
Silvered with freezing dews.

May Hill that Gloster dwellers
'Gainst every sunset see;
And the wide Severn river
Homing again to the sea.

The star of afterglow,
Venus, on western hills;
Dymock in spring: O spring
Of home! O daffodils!

And Malvern's matchless huge
  Bastions of ancient fires—
These will not let me rest,
  So hot my heart desires....

Here we go sore of shoulder,
  Sore of foot, by quiet streams;
But these are not my rivers....
  And these are useless dreams.

II

STRANGE SERVICE

Little did I dream, England, that you bore me
Under the Cotswold hills beside the water meadows,
To do you dreadful service, here, beyond your borders
And your enfolding seas.

I was a dreamer ever, and bound to your dear service,
Meditating deep, I thought on your secret beauty,
As through a child's face one may see the clear spirit
Miraculously shining.

Your hills not only hills, but friends of mine and kindly,
Your tiny knolls and orchards hidden beside the river
Muddy and strongly-flowing, with shy and tiny streamlets
Safe in its bosom.

Now these are memories only, and your skies and rushy sky-pools
Fragile mirrors easily broken by moving airs....
In my deep heart for ever goes on your daily being,
And uses consecrate.

Think on me too, O Mother, who wrest my soul to serve you
In strange and fearful ways beyond your encircling waters;
None but you can know my heart, its tears and sacrifice;
None, but you, repay.

ERIC WILKINSON

Eric Fitzwater Wilkinson. M.C., Lieutenant, West Yorks. (Leeds Rifles), won his military cross "for bringing in wounded under fire in 1915." He was killed in action two years later. The following lines tell how his north-country school was with him when he passed through the valley and under the shadow of death in Flanders. His verses have been published in a little book called *Sunrise Dreams*.

THE SONG OF THE FIXTURE CARD

(Written on receiving the Football Match List from Ilkley Grammar School.)

You came by last night's mail
To my strange little mud-built house,
At a time when the blues were on my trail
And I'd little to do but grouse.
For the world seemed a-swim with ooze,
With everything going wrong,
And though I knew that we couldn't lose,
Yet the end of it all seemed long.
The sandbag bed felt hard,
And exceedingly cold the rain,
But you sang to me, little green card,
And gave me courage again;
For at sight of the old green back
And the dear familiar crest,
I was off and away on memory's track,
Where Rumbold's Moor stands bleak and black
And the plaintive curlews nest.
Then, thin and clear, I seemed to hear—
Now low and sweet, now high and strong—
A note of cheer to banish fear;
The little card sang thus his song.

The Song

There's a broad green field in a broad green vale,
There's a bounding ball and a straining pack;
There's a clean cold wind blowing half a gale,
There's a strong defence and a swift attack.

There's a roar from the "touch" like an angry sea,
As the struggle wavers from goal to goal;
But the fight is clean as a fight should be,
And they're friends when the ball has ceased to roll.
Clean and keen is the grand old rule,
And heart and courage must never fail.
They are making men where the grey stone school
Looks out on the broad green vale.
Can you hear the call? Can you hear the call?
Now, School! Now, School! Play up!
There's many a knock and many a fall
For those who follow a Rugger ball;
But hark!—can you hear it? Over all—
Now, School! Now, School! Play up!

She makes her men and she sends them forth,
O proud old mother of many sons!
The Ilkley breed has proved its worth
Wherever the bond of Empire runs;
But near or far the summons clear
Has sought them out from town and heath,
They've met the foeman with a cheer,
And face to face have smiled on death.
They are fighting still to the grand old rule,
That heart and courage must never fail—
If they fall, there are more where the grey stone school
Looks out on the broad green vale.
Can you hear the call? Can you hear the call
That drowns the roar of Krupp?
There are many who fight and many who fall
Where the big guns play at the Kaiser's ball,
But hark!—can you hear it? Over all—
Now, School! Now, School! Play up!

So when old age has won the fight
That godlike youth can never win,
The mind turns from the coming night,
To boyish visions flooding in;
And by the hearth the old man dreams
Of school and all it meant to him,

Till in the firelight's kindly beams
The wise old eyes grow very dim.
But he's lived his life to the grand old rule
That heart and courage must never fail;
So he lifts his glass to the grey stone school
That looks on the broad green vale.
Can you hear the call? Can you hear the call?
Here's a toast, now! Fill the cup!
Though the shadow of fate is on the wall,
Here's a final toast ere the darkness fall—
"The days of our boyhood—best of all!"
Now, School! Now, School! Play up!

G. K. CHESTERTON

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON (b. 1874), a living writer, is the author of many volumes of essays, and a few novels and poems. The passage that follows is Chapter X of a short historical sketch called *The Crimes of England.*

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

The impression produced by the first week of war was that the British contingent had come just in time for the end of the world. Or rather, for any sensitive and civilised man, touched by the modern doubt but by the equally modern mysticism, that old theocratic vision fell far short of the sickening terror of the time. For it was a day of judgment in which upon the throne in heaven and above the cherubim, sat not God, but another.

The British had been posted at the extreme western end of the allied line in the north. The other end rested on the secure city and fortress of Namur; their end rested upon nothing. It is not wholly a sentimental fancy to say that there was something forlorn in the position of that loose end in a strange land, with only the sad fields of Northern France between them and the sea. For it was really round that loose end that the foe would probably fling the lasso of his charge; it was here that death might soon be present upon every side. It must be remembered that many critics, including many Englishmen, doubted whether a rust had not eaten into this as into other parts of the national life, feared that England had too long neglected both the ethic and the technique of war, and would prove a weak link in the chain. The

enemy was absolutely certain that it was so. To these men, standing disconsolately amid the hedgeless plains and poplars, came the news that Namur was gone, which was to their captains one of the four corners of the earth. The two armies had touched; and instantly the weaker took an electric shock which told of electric energy, deep into deep Germany, battery behind battery of abysmal force. In the instant it was discovered that the enemy was more numerous than they had dreamed. He was actually more numerous even than they discovered. Every oncoming horseman doubled as in a drunkard's vision; and they were soon striving without speech in a nightmare of numbers. Then all the allied forces at the front were overthrown in the tragic battle of Mons; and began that black retreat, in which so many of our young men knew war first and at its worst in this terrible world; and so many never returned.

In that blackness began to grow strange emotions, long unfamiliar to our blood. Those six dark days are as full of legends as the six centuries of the Dark Ages. Many of these may be exaggerated fancies, one was certainly an avowed fiction, others are quite different from it and more difficult to dissipate into the daylight. But one curious fact remains about them if they were all lies, or even if they were all deliberate works of art. Not one of them referred to those close, crowded, and stirring three centuries which are nearest to us, and which alone are covered in this sketch, the centuries during which the Teutonic influence had expanded itself over our islands. Ghosts were there perhaps, but they were the ghosts of forgotten ancestors. Nobody saw Cromwell or even Wellington; nobody so much as thought about Cecil Rhodes. Things were either seen or said among the British which linked them up, in matters deeper than any alliance, with the French, who spoke of Joan of Arc in heaven above the fated city; or the Russians who dreamed of the Mother of God with her hand pointing to the west. They were the visions or the inventions of a mediæval army; and a prose poet was in line with many popular rumours when he told of ghostly archers crying "Array, Array," as in that long-disbanded yeomanry in which I have fancied Cobbett as carrying a bow. Other tales, true or only symptomatic, told of one on a great white horse who was not the victor of Blenheim or even the Black Prince, but a faint figure out of far-off martyrologies—St George. One soldier is asserted to have claimed

to identify the saint because he was "on every quid." On the coins, St George is a Roman soldier.

But these fancies, if they were fancies, might well seem the last sickly flickerings of an old-world order now finally wounded to the death. That which was coming on, with the whole weight of a new world, was something that had never been numbered among the Seven Champions of Christendom. Now, in more doubtful and more hopeful days, it is almost impossible to repicture what was, for those who understood, the gigantic finality of the first German strides. It seemed as if the forces of the ancient valour fell away to right and left; and there opened a grand, smooth granite road right to the gate of Paris, down which the great Germania moved like a tall, unanswerable sphinx, whose pride could destroy all things and survive them. In her train moved, like moving mountains, cyclopean guns that had never been seen among men, before which walled cities melted like wax, their mouths set insolently upwards as if threatening to besiege the sun. Nor is it fantastic to speak so of the new and abnormal armaments; for the soul of Germany was really expressed in colossal wheels and cylinders; and her guns were more symbolic than her flags. Then and now, and in every place and time, it is to be noted that the German superiority has been in a certain thing and of a certain kind. It is *not* unity; it is not, in the moral sense, discipline. Nothing can be more united in a moral sense than a French, British, or Russian regiment. Nothing, for that matter, could be more united than a Highland clan at Killiecrankie or a rush of religious fanatics in the Soudan. What such engines, in such size and multiplicity, really meant was this: they meant a type of life naturally intolerable to happier and more healthy-minded men, conducted on a larger scale and consuming larger populations than had ever been known before. They meant cities growing larger than provinces, factories growing larger than cities; they meant the empire of the slum. They meant a degree of detailed repetition and dehumanised division of labour, to which no man born would surrender his brief span in the sunshine, if he could hope to beat his ploughshare into a sword. The nations of the earth were not to surrender to the Kaiser; they were to surrender to Krupp, his master and theirs; the French, the British, the Russians were to surrender to Krupp as the Germans themselves, after a few swiftly broken strikes, had already surrendered to

Krupp. Through every cogwheel in that incomparable machinery, through every link in that iron and unending chain, ran the mastery and the skill of a certain kind of artist; an artist whose hands are never idle through dreaming or drawn back in disgust or lifted in wonder or in wrath; but sure and tireless in their touch upon the thousand little things that make the invisible machinery of life. That artist was there in triumph; but he had no name. The ancient world called him the Slave.

From this advancing machine of millions, the slighter array of the Allies, and especially the British at their ultimate outpost, saved themselves by a succession of hair's-breadth escapes and what must have seemed to the soldiers the heartrending luck of a mouse before a cat. Again and again Von Kluck's cavalry, supported by artillery and infantry, clawed round the end of the British force, which eluded it as by leaping back again and again. Sometimes the pursuer was, so to speak, so much on top of his prey that it could not even give way to him; but had to hit such blows as it could in the hope of checking him for the instant needed for escape. Sometimes the oncoming wave was so close that a small individual accident, the capture of one man, would mean the washing out of a whole battalion. For day after day this living death endured. And day after day a certain dark truth began to be revealed, bit by bit, certainly to the incredulous wonder of the Prussians, quite possibly to the surprise of the French, and quite as possibly to the surprise of themselves; that there was something singular about the British soldiers. That singular thing may be expressed in a variety of ways; but it would be almost certainly expressed insufficiently by anyone who had not had the moral courage to face the facts about his country in the last decades before the war. It may perhaps be best expressed by saying that some thousands of Englishmen were dead: and that England was not.

The fortress of Maubeuge had gaped, so to speak, offering a refuge for the unresting and tormented retreat; the British Generals had refused it and continued to fight a losing fight in the open for the sake of the common plan. At night an enormous multitude of Germans had come unexpectedly through the forest and caught a smaller body of the British in Landrecies; failed to dislodge them and lost a whole battalion in that battle of the darkness. At the extreme end of the line Smith-Dorrien's division,

ST GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

Carpaccio

ST DENIS (AND CHARLEMAGNE)

15th century French artist

who seemed to be nearly caught or cut off, had fought with one gun against four, and so hammered the Germans that they were forced to let go their hold; and the British were again free. When the blowing up of a bridge announced that they had crossed the last river, something other than that battered remnant was saved; it was the honour of the thing by which we live.

The driven and defeated line stood at last almost under the walls of Paris; and the world waited for the doom of the city. The gates seemed to stand open; and the Prussian was to ride into it for the third and the last time: for the end of its long epic of liberty and equality was come. And still the very able and very French individual on whom rested the last hope of the seemingly hopeless Alliance stood unruffled as a rock, in every angle of his sky-blue jacket and his bulldog figure. He had called his bewildered soldiers back when they had broken the invasion at Guise; he had silently digested the responsibility of dragging on the retreat, as in despair, to the last desperate leagues before the capital; and he stood and watched. And even as he watched the whole huge invasion swerved.

Out through Paris and out and round beyond Paris, other men in dim blue coats swung out in long lines upon the plain, slowly folding upon Von Kluck like blue wings. Von Kluck stood an instant; and then, flinging a few secondary forces to delay the wing that was swinging round on him, dashed across the Allies' line at a desperate angle, to smash it in the centre as with a hammer. It was less desperate than it seemed; for he counted, and might well count, on the moral and physical bankruptcy of the British line and the end of the French line immediately in front of him, which for six days and nights he had chased before him like autumn leaves before a whirlwind. Not unlike autumn leaves, red-stained, dust-hued, and tattered, they lay there as if swept into a corner. But even as their conquerors wheeled eastwards, their bugles blew the charge; and the English went forward through the wood that is called Creçy, and stamped it with their seal for the second time, in the highest moment of all the secular history of man.

But it was not now the Creçy in which English and French knights had met in a more coloured age, in a battle that was rather a tournament. It was a league of all knights for the remains of all knighthood, of all brotherhood in arms or in arts,

against that which is and has been radically unknightly and radically unbrotherly from the beginning. Much was to happen after—murder and flaming folly and madness in earth and sea and sky; but all men knew in their hearts that the third Prussian thrust had failed, and Christendom was delivered once more. The empire of blood and iron rolled slowly back towards the darkness of the northern forests; and the great nations of the West went forward; where side by side as after a long lover's quarrel, went the ensigns of St Denys and St George.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

MANY of the poems of Mrs Rosamund Marriott Watson (wife of the writer of romances) were published in the eighties and nineties, under the name Graham Tomson, in English journals under the editorship of Andrew Lang and W. E. Henley. A collected edition was published in 1912.

ON THE DOWNS

Broad and bare to the skies
The great Down-country lies,
Green in the glance of the sun,
Fresh with the clean salt air;
Screaming the gulls rise from the fresh-turned mould,
Where the round bosom of the wind-swept wold
Slopes to the valley fair.

Where the pale stubble shines with golden gleam
The silver ploughshare cleaves its hard-won way
Behind the patient team,
The slow black oxen toiling through the day
Tireless, impassive still,
From dawning dusk and chill
To twilight grey.

Far off, the pearly sheep
Along the upland steep
Follow their shepherd from the wattled fold,
With tinkling bell-notes falling sweet and cold
As a stream's cadence, while a skylark sings
High in the blue, with eager, outstretched wings,
Till the strong passion of his joy be told.

But when the day grows old,
And night cometh fold on fold,
Dulling the western gold,
Blackening bush and tree,
Veiling the ranks of cloud,
In their pallid pomp and proud,
That hasten home from the sea,

Listen—now and again, if the night be still enow,
You may hear the distant sea range to and fro
Tearing the shingly bourne of his bounden track,
Moaning with hate as he fails and falleth back;

The Downs are peopled then;
Fugitive, low-browed men
Start from the slopes around;
Over the murky ground
Crouching they run with rough-wrought bow and spear,
Now seen, now hid, they rise and disappear,
Lost in the gloom again.

Soft on the dew-fall damp
Scarce sounds the measured tramp
Of bronze-mailed sentinels,
Dark on the darkened fells
Guarding the camp.

The Roman watch-fires glow
Red on the dusk; and harsh
Cries a heron flitting slow
Over the valley marsh
Where the sea-mist gathers low.

Closer, and closer yet
Draweth the night's dim net
Hiding the troubled dead:
No more to see or know
But a black waste lying below,
And a glimmering blank o'erhead.

DE QUINCEY

Thomas de Quincey (1785–1859) was born at Manchester. He went to various schools, where he distinguished himself specially in Greek, and, after a period of wandering, including a time of great hardship in London, he passed on to Oxford. He made the acquaintance of such great literary persons as Wordsworth, Coleridge and Lamb, and presently settled in the Lake district where he wrote many articles for the magazines. He had begun to take opium for medicinal purposes, and the habit grew on him. A set of articles called *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater* made him famous. Among his other writings may be mentioned *The English Mail Coach*, *Suspiria de Profundis*, an *Autobiography* and some sketches of the literary persons he had known. He settled ultimately in Scotland, where he died. The passage that follows is one section of *The English Mail Coach*. It gives an excellent picture of coaching at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

GOING DOWN WITH VICTORY

But the grandest chapter of our experience within the whole mail-coach service was on those occasions when we went down from London with the news of victory. A period of about ten years stretched from Trafalgar to Waterloo; the second and third years of which period (1806 and 1807) were comparatively sterile; but the other nine (from 1805 to 1815 inclusively) furnished a long succession of victories, the least of which, in such a contest of Titans, had an inappreciable value of position: partly for its absolute interference with the plans of our enemy, but still more from its keeping alive through central Europe the sense of a deep-seated vulnerability in France. Even to tease the coasts of our enemy, to mortify them by continual blockades, to insult them by capturing if it were but a baubling schooner under the eyes of their arrogant armies, repeated from time to time a sullen proclamation of power lodged in one quarter to which the hopes of Christendom turned in secret. How much more loudly must this proclamation have spoken in the audacity of having bearded the *élite* of their troops, and having beaten them in pitched battles! Five years of life it was worth paying down for the privilege of an outside place on a mail-coach, when carrying down the first tidings of any such event. And it is to be noted that, from our insular situation, and the multitude of our frigates disposable for the rapid transmission of intelligence, rarely did

any unauthorised rumour steal away a prelibation from the first aroma of the regular despatches. The government news was generally the earliest news.

From eight P.M. to fifteen or twenty minutes later imagine the mails assembled on parade in Lombard Street; where, at that time, and not in St Martin's-le-Grand, was seated the General Post-office. In what exact strength we mustered I do not remember; but, from the length of each separate *attelage*, we filled the street, though a long one, and though we were drawn up in double file. On *any* night the spectacle was beautiful. The absolute perfection of all the appointments about the carriages and the harness, their strength, their brilliant cleanliness, their beautiful simplicity—but, more than all, the royal magnificence of the horses—were what might first have fixed the attention. Every carriage on every morning in the year was taken down to an official inspector for examination: wheels, axles, linchpins, pole, glasses, lamps, were all critically probed and tested. Every part of every carriage had been cleaned, every horse had been groomed, with as much rigour as if they belonged to a private gentleman; and that part of the spectacle offered itself always. But the night before us is a night of victory; and, behold! to the ordinary display what a heart-shaking addition!—horses, men, carriages, all are dressed in laurels and flowers, oak-leaves and ribbons. The guards, as being officially his Majesty's servants, and of the coachmen such as are within the privilege of the post-office, wear the royal liveries of course; and, as it is summer (for all the *land* victories were naturally won in summer), they wear, on this fine evening, these liveries exposed to view, without any covering of upper coats. Such a costume, and the elaborate arrangement of the laurels in their hats, dilate their hearts, by giving to them openly a personal connexion with the great news in which already they have the general interest of patriotism. That great national sentiment surmounts and quells all sense of ordinary distinctions. Those passengers who happen to be gentlemen are now hardly to be distinguished as such except by dress; for the usual reserve of their manner in speaking to the attendants has on this night melted away. One heart, one pride, one glory, connects every man by the transcendent bond of his national blood. The spectators, who are numerous beyond precedent, express their

sympathy with these fervent feelings by continual hurrahs. Every moment are shouted aloud by the post-office servants, and summoned to draw up, the great ancestral names of cities known to history through a thousand years—Lincoln, Winchester, Portsmouth, Gloucester, Oxford, Bristol, Manchester, York, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen—expressing the grandeur of the empire by the antiquity of its towns, and the grandeur of the mail establishment by the diffusive radiation of its separate missions. Every moment you hear the thunder of lids locked down upon the mail-bags. That sound to each individual mail is the signal for drawing off; which process is the finest part of the entire spectacle. Then come the horses into play. Horses! can these be horses that bound off with the action and gestures of leopards? What stir!—what sea-like ferment!—what a thundering of wheels!—what a trampling of hoofs!—what a sounding of trumpets!—what farewell cheers—what redoubling peals of brotherly congratulation, connecting the name of the particular mail—"Liverpool for ever!"—with the name of the particular victory—"Badajoz for ever!" or "Salamanca for ever!" The half-slumbering consciousness that all night long, and all the next day—perhaps for even a longer period—many of these mails, like fire racing along a train of gunpowder, will be kindling at every instant new successions of burning joy, has an obscure effect of multiplying the victory itself, by multiplying to the imagination into infinity the stages of its progressive diffusion. A fiery arrow seems to be let loose, which from that moment is destined to travel, without intermission, westwards for three hundred miles—northwards for six hundred; and the sympathy of our Lombard Street friends at parting is exalted a hundredfold by a sort of visionary sympathy with the yet slumbering sympathies which in so vast a succession we are going to awake.

Liberated from the embarrassments of the city, and issuing into the broad uncrowded avenues of the northern suburbs, we soon begin to enter upon our natural pace of ten miles an hour. In the broad light of the summer evening, the sun, perhaps, only just at the point of setting, we are seen from every storey of every house. Heads of every age crowd to the windows; young and old understand the language of our victorious symbols; and rolling volleys of sympathising cheers run along us, behind us, and

before us. The beggar, rearing himself against the wall, forgets his lameness—real or assumed—thinks not of his whining trade, but stands erect, with bold exulting smiles, as we pass him. The victory has healed him, and says, Be thou whole! Women and children, from garrets alike and cellars, through infinite London, look down or look up with loving eyes upon our gay ribbons and our martial laurels; sometimes kiss their hands; sometimes hang out, as signals of affection, pocket-handkerchiefs, aprons, dusters, anything that, by catching the summer breezes, will express an aerial jubilation. On the London side of Barnet, to which we draw near within a few minutes after nine, observe that private carriage which is approaching us. The weather being so warm, the glasses are all down; and one may read, as on the stage of a theatre, everything that goes on within. It contains three ladies—one likely to be "mamma," and two of seventeen or eighteen, who are probably her daughters. What lovely animation, what beautiful unpremeditated pantomime, explaining to us every syllable that passes, in these ingenuous girls! By the sudden start and raising of the hands on first discovering our laurelled equipage, by the sudden movement and appeal to the elder lady from both of them, and by the heightened colour on their animated countenances, we can almost hear them saying, "See, see! Look at their laurels! Oh, mamma! there has been a great battle in Spain; and it has been a great victory." In a moment we are on the point of passing them. We passengers—I on the box, and the two on the roof behind me—raise our hats to the ladies; the coachman makes his professional salute with the whip; the guard even, though punctilious on the matter of his dignity as an officer under the crown, touches his hat. The ladies move to us, in return, with a winning graciousness of gesture; all smile on each side in a way that nobody could misunderstand, and that nothing short of a grand national sympathy could so instantaneously prompt. Will these ladies say that we are nothing to *them*? Oh no; they will not say *that*. They cannot deny—they do not deny—that for this night they are our sisters; gentle or simple, scholar or illiterate servant, for twelve hours to come, we on the outside have the honour to be their brothers. Those poor women, again, who stop to gaze upon us with delight at the entrance of Barnet, and seem, by their air of weariness, to be returning from labour—do you

mean to say that they are washerwomen and charwomen? Oh, my poor friend, you are quite mistaken. I assure you they stand in a far higher rank; for this one night they feel themselves by birthright to be daughters of England, and answer to no humbler title.

Every joy, however, even rapturous joy—such is the sad law of earth—may carry with it grief, or fear of grief, to some. Three miles beyond Barnet, we see approaching us another private carriage, nearly repeating the circumstances of the former case. Here, also, the glasses are all down; here, also, is an elderly lady seated; but the two daughters are missing; for the single young person sitting by the lady's side seems to be an attendant—so I judge from her dress, and her air of respectful reserve. The lady is in mourning; and her countenance expresses sorrow. At first she does not look up; so that I believe she is not aware of our approach, until she hears the measured beating of our horses' hoofs. Then she raises her eyes to settle them painfully on our triumphal equipage. Our decorations explain the case to her at once; but she beholds them with apparent anxiety, or even with terror. Some time before this, I, finding it difficult to hit a flying mark when embarrassed by the coachman's person and reins intervening, had given to the guard a *Courier* evening paper, containing the gazette, for the next carriage that might pass. Accordingly he tossed it in, so folded that the huge capitals expressing some such legend as GLORIOUS VICTORY might catch the eye at once. To see the paper, however, at all, interpreted as it was by our ensigns of triumph, explained everything; and, if the guard were right in thinking the lady to have received it with a gesture of horror, it could not be doubtful that she had suffered some deep personal affliction in connexion with this Spanish war.

Here, now, was the case of one who, having formerly suffered, might, erroneously perhaps, be distressing herself with anticipations of another similar suffering. That same night, and hardly three hours later, occurred the reverse case. A poor woman, who too probably would find herself, in a day or two, to have suffered the heaviest of afflictions by the battle, blindly allowed herself to express an exultation so unmeasured in the news and its details as gave to her the appearance which amongst Celtic Highlanders is called *fey*. This was at some little town where we changed

horses an hour or two after midnight. Some fair or wake had kept the people up out of their beds, and had occasioned a partial illumination of the stalls and booths, presenting an unusual but very impressive effect. We saw many lights moving about as we drew near; and perhaps the most striking scene on the whole route was our reception at this place. The flashing of torches and the beautiful radiance of blue lights (technically, Bengal lights) upon the heads of our horses; the fine effect of such a showery and ghostly illumination falling upon our flowers and glittering laurels; whilst all around ourselves, that formed a centre of light, the darkness gathered on the rear and flanks in massy blackness: these optical splendours, together with the prodigious enthusiasm of the people, composed a picture at once scenical and affecting, theatrical and holy. As we staid for three or four minutes, I alighted; and immediately from a dismantled stall in the street, where no doubt she had been presiding through the earlier part of the night, advanced eagerly a middle-aged woman. The sight of my newspaper it was that had drawn her attention upon myself. The victory which we were carrying down to the provinces on *this* occasion was the imperfect one of Talavera—imperfect for its results, such was the virtual treachery of the Spanish general, Cuesta, but not imperfect in its ever-memorable heroism. I told her the main outline of the battle. The agitation of her enthusiasm had been so conspicuous when listening, and when first applying for information, that I could not but ask her if she had not some relative in the Peninsular army. Oh yes; her only son was there. In what regiment? He was a trooper in the 23d Dragoons. My heart sank within me as she made that answer. This sublime regiment, which an Englishman should never mention without raising his hat to their memory, had made the most memorable and effective charge recorded in military annals. They leaped their horses—*over* a trench where they could; *into* it, and with the result of death or mutilation, when they could *not*. What proportion cleared the trench is nowhere stated. Those who *did* closed up and went down upon the enemy with such divinity of fervour (I use the word *divinity* by design: the inspiration of God must have prompted this movement to those whom even then He was calling to His presence) that two results followed. As regarded the enemy, this 23d Dragoons, not, I believe, originally

three hundred and fifty strong, paralysed a French column six thousand strong, then ascended the hill, and fixed the gaze of the whole French army. As regarded themselves, the 23d were supposed at first to have been barely not annihilated; but eventually, I believe, about one in four survived. And this, then, was the regiment—a regiment already for some hours glorified and hallowed to the ear of all London, as lying stretched, by a large majority, upon one bloody aceldama—in which the young trooper served whose mother was now talking in a spirit of such joyous enthusiasm. Did I tell her the truth? Had I the heart to break up her dreams? No. To-morrow, said I to myself—to-morrow, or the next day, will publish the worst. For one night more wherefore should she not sleep in peace? After to-morrow the chances are too many that peace will forsake her pillow. This brief respite, then, let her owe to *my* gift and *my* forbearance. But, if I told her not of the bloody price that had been paid, not therefore was I silent on the contributions from her son's regiment to that day's service and glory. I showed her not the funeral banners under which the noble regiment was sleeping. I lifted not the overshadowing laurels from the bloody trench in which horse and rider lay mangled together. But I told her how these dear children of England, officers and privates, had leaped their horses over all obstacles as gaily as hunters to the morning's chase. I told her how they rode their horses into the mists of death,—saying to myself, but not saying to *her*, "and laid down their young lives for thee, O mother England! as willingly—poured out their noble blood as cheerfully—as ever, after a long day's sport, when infants, they had rested their wearied heads upon their mother's knees, or had sunk to sleep in her arms." Strange it is, yet true, that she seemed to have no fears for her son's safety, even after this knowledge that the 23d Dragoons had been memorably engaged; but so much was she enraptured by the knowledge that *his* regiment, and therefore that *he*, had rendered conspicuous service in the dreadful conflict—a service which had actually made them, within the last twelve hours, the foremost topic of conversation in London—so absolutely was fear swallowed up in joy—that, in the mere simplicity of her fervent nature, the poor woman threw her arms round my neck, as she thought of her son, and gave to *me* the kiss which secretly was meant for *him*.

THE CAMBRIDGE TELEGRAPH COACH

James Pollard.

GEORGE ELIOT

MARY ANN EVANS (1819–80), who wrote under the pen name "George Eliot" was the daughter of a Warwickshire land-agent, and her novels *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner* and *Middlemarch* give vivid pictures of English rural life and character in the first half of the nineteenth century. The passage that follows is taken from the introduction to one of her lesser novels, *Felix Holt*. It describes coaching at the time when the railway was first beginning to threaten the supremacy of "the Mail"—a generation later than De Quincey's sketch and a few years later than Mr Pickwick.

THE MAIL COACH

Five-and-thirty years ago the glory had not yet departed from the old coach-roads: the great roadside inns were still brilliant with well-polished tankards, the smiling glances of pretty barmaids, and the repartees of jocose ostlers; the mail still announced itself by the merry notes of the horn; the hedge-cutter or the rick-thatcher might still know the exact hour by the unfailing yet otherwise meteoric apparition of the pea-green Tally-ho or the yellow Independent; and elderly gentlemen in pony-chaises, quartering nervously to make way for the rolling swinging swiftness, had not ceased to remark that times were finely changed since they used to see the pack-horses and hear the tinkling of their bells on this very highway.

In those days there were pocket boroughs, a Birmingham unrepresented in Parliament and compelled to make strong representations out of it, unrepealed corn-laws, three-and-sixpenny letters, a brawny and many-breeding pauperism, and other departed evils; but there were some pleasant things too, which have also departed. *Non omnia grandior ætas quæ fugiamus habet*, says the wise goddess: you have not the best of it in all things, O youngsters! the elderly man has his enviable memories, and not the least of them is the memory of a long journey in midspring or autumn on the outside of a stage-coach. Posterity may be shot, like a bullet through a tube, by atmospheric pressure

from Winchester to Newcastle: that is a fine result to have among our hopes; but the slow old-fashioned way of getting from one end of our country to the other is the better thing to have in the memory. The tube-journey can never lend much to picture and narrative; it is as barren as an exclamatory O! Whereas the happy outside passenger seated on the box from the dawn to the gloaming gathered enough stories of English life, enough of English labours in town and country, enough aspects of earth and sky, to make episodes for a modern Odyssey. Suppose only that his journey took him through that central plain, watered at one extremity by the Avon, at the other by the Trent. As the morning silvered the meadows with their long lines of bushy willows marking the watercourses, or burnished the golden corn-ricks clustered near the long roofs of some midland homestead, he saw the full-uddered cows driven from their pasture to the early milking. Perhaps it was the shepherd, head-servant of the farm, who drove them, his sheep-dog following with a heedless unofficial air as of a beadle in undress. The shepherd with a slow and slouching walk, timed by the walk of grazing beasts, moved aside, as if unwillingly, throwing out a monosyllabic hint to his cattle; his glance, accustomed to rest on things very near the earth, seemed to lift itself with difficulty to the coachman. Mail or stage coach for him belonged to that mysterious distant system of things called "Gover'ment," which, whatever it might be, was no business of his, any more than the most out-lying nebula or the coal-sacks of the southern hemisphere: his solar system was the parish; the master's temper and the casualties of lambing-time were his region of storms. He cut his bread and bacon with his pocket-knife, and felt no bitterness except in the matter of pauper labourers and the bad-luck that sent contrarious seasons and the sheep-rot. He and his cows were soon left behind, and the home-stead too, with its pond overhung by elder-trees, its untidy kitchen garden and cone-shaped yew-tree arbour. But everywhere the bushy hedgerows wasted the land with their straggling beauty, shrouded the grassy borders of the pastures with catkined hazels, and tossed their long blackberry branches on the corn-fields. Perhaps they were white with May, or starred with pale pink dogroses; perhaps the urchins were already nutting amongst them, or gathering the plenteous crabs. It was worth the journey only

to see those hedgerows, the liberal homes of unmarketable beauty—of the purple-blossomed ruby-berried nightshade, of the wild convolvulus climbing and spreading in tendrilled strength till it made a great curtain of pale-green hearts and white trumpets, of the many-tubed honeysuckle which, in its most delicate fragrance, hid a charm more subtle and penetrating than beauty. Even if it were winter the hedgerows showed their coral, the scarlet haws, the deep-crimson hips, with lingering brown leaves to make a resting-place for the jewels of the hoar-frost. Such hedgerows were often as tall as the labourers' cottages dotted along the lanes, or clustered into a small hamlet, their little dingy windows telling, like thick-filmed eyes, of nothing but the darkness within. The passenger on the coach-box, bowled along above such a hamlet, saw chiefly the roofs of it: probably it turned its back on the road, and seemed to lie away from everything but its own patch of earth and sky, away from the parish church by long fields and green lanes, away from all intercourse except that of tramps. If its face could be seen, it was most likely dirty; but the dirt was Protestant dirt, and the big, bold, gin-breathing tramps were Protestant tramps. There was no sign of superstition near, no crucifix or image to indicate a misguided reverence: the inhabitants were probably so free from superstition that they were in much less awe of the parson than of the overseer. Yet they were saved from the excesses of Protestantism by not knowing how to read, and by the absence of handlooms and mines to be the pioneers of Dissent: they were kept safely in the *via media* of indifference, and could have registered themselves in the census by a big black mark as members of the Church of England.

But there were trim cheerful villages too, with a neat or handsome parsonage and grey church set in the midst; there was the pleasant tinkle of the blacksmith's anvil, the patient cart-horses waiting at his door; the basket-maker peeling his willow wands in the sunshine; the wheelwright putting the last touch to a blue cart with red wheels; here and there a cottage with bright transparent windows showing pots full of blooming balsams or geraniums, and little gardens in front all double daisies or dark wallflowers; at the well, clean and comely women carrying yoked buckets, and towards the free school small Britons dawdling on, and handling their marbles in the pockets of unpatched corduroys adorned with

brass buttons. The land around was rich and marly, great corn-stacks stood in the rick-yards—for the rick-burners had not found their way hither; the homesteads were those of rich farmers who paid no rent, or had the rare advantage of a lease, and could afford to keep their corn till prices had risen. The coach would be sure to overtake some of them on their way to their outlying fields or to the market-town, sitting heavily on their well-groomed horses, or weighing down one side of an olive-green gig. They probably thought of the coach with some contempt, as an accommodation for people who had not their own gigs, or who, wanting to travel to London and such distant places, belonged to the trading and less solid part of the nation. The passenger on the box could see that this was the district of protuberant optimists, sure that old England was the best of all possible countries, and that if there were any facts which had not fallen under their own observation, they were facts not worth observing: the district of clean little market-towns without manufactures, of fat livings, an aristocratic clergy, and low poor-rates. But as the day wore on the scene would change: the land would begin to be blackened with coal-pits, the rattle of handlooms to be heard in hamlets and villages. Here were powerful men walking queerly with knees bent outward from squatting in the mine, going home to throw themselves down in their blackened flannel and sleep through the daylight, then rise and spend much of their high wages at the ale-house with their fellows of the Benefit Club; here the pale eager faces of handloom-weavers, men and women, haggard from sitting up late at night to finish the week's work, hardly begun till the Wednesday. Everywhere the cottages and the small children were dirty, for the languid mothers gave their strength to the loom; pious Dissenting women, perhaps, who took life patiently, and thought that salvation depended chiefly on predestination, and not at all on cleanliness. The gables of Dissenting chapels now made a visible sign of religion, and of a meeting-place to counterbalance the ale-house, even in the hamlets; but if a couple of old termagants were seen tearing each other's caps, it was a safe conclusion that, if they had not received the sacraments of the Church, they had not at least given in to schismatic rites, and were free from the errors of Voluntaryism. The breath of the manufacturing town, which made a cloudy day and a red gloom

by night on the horizon, diffused itself over all the surrounding country, filling the air with eager unrest. Here was a population not convinced that old England was as good as possible; here were multitudinous men and women aware that their religion was not exactly the religion of their rulers, who might therefore be better than they were, and who, if better, might alter many things which now made the world perhaps more painful than it need be, and certainly more sinful. Yet there were the grey steeples too, and the churchyards, with their grassy mounds and venerable headstones, sleeping in the sunlight; there were broad fields and homesteads, and fine old woods covering a rising ground, or stretching far by the roadside, allowing only peeps at the park and mansion which they shut in from the working-day world. In these midland districts the traveller passed rapidly from one phase of English life to another: after looking down on a village dingy with coal-dust, noisy with the shaking of looms, he might skirt a parish all of fields, high hedges, and deep-rutted lanes; after the coach had rattled over the pavement of a manufacturing town, the scene of riots and trades-union meetings, it would take him in another ten minutes into a rural region, where the neighbourhood of the town was only felt in the advantages of a near market for corn, cheese, and hay, and where men with a considerable banking account were accustomed to say that "they never meddled with politics themselves." The busy scenes of the shuttle and the wheel, of the roaring furnace, of the shaft and the pulley, seemed to make but crowded nests in the midst of the large-spaced, slow-moving life of homesteads and far-away cottages and oak-sheltered parks. Looking at the dwellings scattered amongst the woody flats and the ploughed uplands, under the low grey sky which overhung them with an unchanging stillness as if Time itself were pausing, it was easy for the traveller to conceive that town and country had no pulse in common, except where the handlooms made a far-reaching straggling fringe about the great centres of manufacture; that till the agitation about the Catholics in '29, rural Englishmen had hardly known more of Catholics than of the fossil mammals; and that their notion of Reform was a confused combination of rick-burners, trades-unions, Nottingham riots, and in general whatever required the calling-out of the yeomanry. It was still easier to see that, for the most part, they

resisted the rotation of crops and stood by their fallows: and the coachman would perhaps tell how in one parish an innovating farmer, who talked of Sir Humphrey Davy, had been fairly driven out by popular dislike, as if he had been a confounded Radical; and how, the parson having one Sunday preached from the words, "Break up your fallow-ground," the people thought he had made the text out of his own head, otherwise it would never have come "so pat" on a matter of business; but when they found it in the Bible at home, some said it was an argument for fallows (else why should the Bible mention fallows?), but a few of the weaker sort were shaken, and thought it was an argument that fallows should be done away with, else the Bible would have said, "Let your fallows lie"; and the next morning the parson had a stroke of apoplexy, which, as coincident with a dispute about fallows, so set the parish against the innovating farmer and the rotation of crops, that he could stand his ground no longer, and transferred his lease.

The coachman was an excellent travelling companion and commentator on the landscape: he could tell the names of sites and persons, and explain the meaning of groups, as well as the shade of Virgil in a more memorable journey; he had as many stories about parishes, and the men and women in them, as the Wanderer in the "Excursion," only his style was different. His view of life had originally been genial, and such as became a man who was well warmed within and without, and held a position of easy, undisputed authority; but the recent initiation of Railways had embittered him: he now, as in a perpetual vision, saw the ruined country strewn with shattered limbs, and regarded Mr Huskisson's death as a proof of God's anger against Stephenson. "Why, every inn on the road would be shut up!" and at that word the coachman looked before him with the blank gaze of one who had driven his coach to the outermost edge of the universe, and saw his leaders plunging into the abyss. Still he would soon relapse from the high prophetic strain to the familiar one of narrative. He knew whose the land was wherever he drove; what noblemen had half-ruined themselves by gambling; who made handsome returns of rent; and who was at daggers-drawn with his eldest son. He perhaps remembered the fathers of actual baronets, and knew stories of their extravagant or stingy housekeeping; whom they had married, whom they had horsewhipped, whether they were

particular about preserving their game, and whether they had had much to do with canal companies. About any actual landed proprietor he could also tell whether he was a Reformer or an Anti-Reformer. That was a distinction which had "turned up" in latter times, and along with it the paradox, very puzzling to the coachman's mind, that there were men of old family and large estate who voted for the Bill. He did not grapple with the paradox; he let it pass, with all the discreetness of an experienced theologian or learned scholiast, preferring to point his whip at some object which could raise no questions.

No such paradox troubled our coachman when, leaving the town of Treby Magna behind him, he drove between the hedges for a mile or so, crossed the queer long bridge over the river Lapp, and then put his horses to a swift gallop up the hill by the low-nestled village of Little Treby, till they were on the fine level road, skirted on one side by grand larches, oaks, and wych elms, which sometimes opened so far as to let the traveller see that there was a park behind them.

Dr JOHN BROWN

John Brown (1810–82) was born at Biggar and educated at the High school and the university of Edinburgh. He became a doctor but gave to art and literature the "leisure hours"—*Horae Subsecivae*—which he chose as the title of his essays. Like Sir Walter, John Brown was a famous dog-lover, and the hero of his best-known essay, *Rab and his Friends*, is a great dog. The combined pathos and humour of his work attracted much loving admiration—best expressed in Swinburne's fine sonnet which desires for the spirit of the writer

> Some happier island in the Elysian sea
> Where Rab may lick the hand of Marjorie.

MARJORIE FLEMING

One November afternoon in 1810—the year in which *Waverley* was resumed and laid aside again, to be finished off, its last two volumes in three weeks, and made immortal in 1814, and when its author, by the death of Lord Melville, narrowly escaped getting a civil appointment in India—three men, evidently lawyers, might

have been seen escaping like schoolboys from the Parliament House, and speeding arm-in-arm down Bank Street and the Mound, in the teeth of a surly blast of sleet.

The three friends sought the *bield* of the low wall old Edinburgh boys remember well, and sometimes miss now, as they struggle with the stout west wind.

The three were curiously unlike each other. One, "a little man of feeble make, who would be unhappy if his pony got beyond a foot pace," slight, with "small, elegant features, hectic cheek, and soft hazel eyes, the index of the quick, sensitive spirit within, as if he had the warm heart of a woman, her genuine enthusiasm, and some of her weaknesses." Another, as unlike a woman as a man can be; homely, almost common, in look and figure; his hat and his coat, and indeed his entire covering, worn to the quick, but all of the best material; what redeemed him from vulgarity and meanness, were his eyes, deep set, heavily thatched, keen, hungry, shrewd, with a slumbering glow far in, as if they could be dangerous; a man to care nothing for at first glance, but somehow, to give a second and not-forgetting look at. The third was the biggest of the three, and though lame, nimble, and all rough and alive with power; had you met him anywhere else, you would say he was a Liddesdale store-farmer, come of gentle blood; "a stout, blunt carle," as he says of himself, with the swing and stride and the eye of a man of the hills—a large, sunny, out-of-door air all about him. On his broad and somewhat stooping shoulders, was set that head which, with Shakespeare's and Bonaparte's, is the best known in all the world.

He was in high spirits, keeping his companions and himself in roars of laughter, and every now and then seizing them and stopping, that they might take their fill of the fun; there they stood shaking with laughter, "not an inch of their body free" from its grip. At George Street they parted, one to Rose Court, behind St Andrew's Church, one to Albany Street, the other, our big and limping friend, to Castle Street.

We need hardly give their names. The first was William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinnedder, chased out of the world by a calumny, killed by its foul breath,—

> And at the touch of wrong, without a strife,
> Slipped in a moment out of life.

There is nothing in literature more beautiful or more pathetic than Scott's love and sorrow for this friend of his youth.

The second was William Clerk,—the *Darsie Latimer* of *Redgauntlet;* "a man," as Scott says, "of the most acute intellects and powerful apprehension," but of more powerful indolence, so as to leave the world with little more than the report of what he might have been,—a humorist as genuine, though not quite so savagely Swiftian as his brother Lord Eldin, neither of whom had much of that commonest and best of all the humours, called good.

The third we all know. What has he not done for every one of us? Who else ever, except Shakespeare, so diverted mankind, entertained and entertains a world so liberally, so wholesomely? We are fain to say, not even Shakespeare, for his is something deeper than diversion, something higher than pleasure, and yet who would care to split this hair?

Had any one watched him closely before and after the parting, what a change he would see! The bright, broad laugh, the shrewd jovial word, the man of the Parliament House and of the world, and next step, moody, the light of his eye withdrawn, as if seeing things that were invisible; his shut mouth, like a child's, so impressionable, so innocent, so sad; he was now all within, as before he was all without; hence his brooding look. As the snow blattered in his face, he muttered, "How it raves and drifts! On-ding o' snaw—ay, that's the word—on-ding." He was now at his own door, "Castle Street, No. 39." He opened the door, and went straight to his den; that wondrous workshop, where, in one year, 1823, when he was fifty-two, he wrote *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, and *St Ronan's Well*, besides much else. We once took the foremost of our novelists, the greatest, we would say, since Scott, into this room, and could not but mark the solemnizing effect of sitting where the great magician sat so often and so long, and looking out upon that little shabby bit of sky and that back green, where faithful Camp lies[1].

[1] This favourite dog "died about January 1809, and was buried in a fine moonlight night in the little garden behind the house in Castle Street. My wife tells me she remembers the whole family in tears about the grave as her father himself smoothed the turf above Camp, with the saddest face she had ever seen. He had been engaged to dine abroad that day, but apologized, on account of the death of 'a dear old friend.'"—Lockhart's *Life of Scott.*

He sat down in his large, green morocco elbow-chair, drew himself close to his table, and glowered and gloomed at his writing apparatus, "a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink-bottles, taper-stand, etc., in silver, the whole in such order, that it might have come from the silversmith's window half-an-hour before." He took out his paper, then starting up angrily, said, "'Go spin, you jade, go spin.' No, d— it, it won't do,—

My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't wunna stand, sir,
To keep the temper-pin in tiff
Employs ower aft my hand, sir.

I am off the fang[1]. I can make nothing of *Waverley* to-day; I'll awa' to Marjorie. Come wi' me, Maida, you thief." The great creature rose slowly, and the pair were off, Scott taking a *maud* (a plaid) with him. "White as a frosted plum-cake, by jingo!" said he, when he got to the street. Maida gambolled and whisked among the snow, and his master strode across to Young Street, and through it to 1, North Charlotte Street, to the house of his dear friend, Mrs William Keith of Corstorphine Hill, niece of Mrs Keith of Ravelston, of whom he said at her death, eight years after, "Much tradition, and that of the best, has died with this excellent old lady, one of the few persons whose spirits and *cleanliness* and freshness of mind and body made old age lovely and desirable."

Sir Walter was in that house almost every day, and had a key, so in he and the hound went, shaking themselves in the lobby. "Marjorie! Marjorie!" shouted her friend, "where are ye, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?" In a moment a bright, eager child of seven was in his arms, and he was kissing her all over. Out came Mrs Keith. "Come yer ways in, Wattie." "No, not now. I am going to take Marjorie wi' me, and you may come to your tea in Duncan Roy's sedan, and bring the bairn home in your lap." "Tak' Marjorie, and it *on-ding o' snaw!*" said Mrs Keith. He said to himself, "On-ding—that's odd—that is the very word." "Hoot, awa! look here," and he displayed the corner of his plaid,

[1] Applied to a pump when it is dry, and its valve has lost its "fang"; from the German, *fangen*, to hold.

made to hold lambs—(the true shepherd's plaid, consisting of two breadths sewed together, and uncut at one end, making a poke or *cul de sac*). "Tak' yer lamb," said she, laughing at the contrivance, and so the Pet was first well happit up, and then put, laughing silently, into the plaid-neuk, and the shepherd strode off with his lamb,—Maida gambolling through the snow, and running races in his mirth.

Didn't he face "the angry airt," and make her bield his bosom, and into his own room with her, and lock the door, and out with the warm, rosy, little wifie, who took it all with great composure! There the two remained for three or more hours, making the house ring with their laughter; you can fancy the big man's and Maidie's laugh. Having made the fire cheery, he set her down in his ample chair, and standing sheepishly before her, began to say his lesson, which happened to be—"Ziccoty, diccoty, dock, the mouse ran up the clock, the clock struck wan, down the mouse ran, ziccoty, diccoty, dock." This done repeatedly till she was pleased, she gave him his new lesson, gravely and slowly, timing it upon her small fingers,—he saying it after her,—

> Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven;
> Alibi, crackaby, ten, and eleven;
> Pin, pan, musky, dan;
> Tweedle-um, twoddle-um,
> Twenty-wan; eerie, orie, ourie,
> You, are, out.

He pretended to great difficulty, and she rebuked him with most comical gravity, treating him as a child. He used to say that when he came to Alibi Crackaby he broke down, and Pin-Pan, Musky-Dan, Tweedle-um Twoddle-um made him roar with laughter. He said *Musky-Dan* especially was beyond endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his hat fresh from the Spice Islands and odoriferous Ind; she getting quite bitter in her displeasure at his ill behaviour and stupidness.

Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over *Gil Morrice* or the *Baron of Smailholm;* and he would take her on his knee, and make her repeat Constances's speeches in *King John*, till he swayed to and

fro, sobbing his fill. Fancy the gifted little creature, like one possessed, repeating—

> For I am sick and capable of fears,
> Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore, full of fears;
> A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
> A woman, naturally born to fears.
>
> If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,
> Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
> Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious—.

Or, drawing herself up "to the height of her great argument"—

> I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
> For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout....
> Here I and sorrow sit.

Scott used to say that he was amazed at her power over him, saying to Mrs Keith, "She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does."

Thanks to the unforgetting sister of this dear child, who has much of the sensibility and fun of her who has been in her small grave these fifty and more years, we have now before us the letters and journals of Pet Marjorie—before us lies and gleams her rich brown hair, bright and sunny as if yesterday's, with the words on the paper, "Cut out in her last illness," and two pictures of her by her beloved Isabella, whom she worshipped; there are the faded old scraps of paper, hoarded still, over which her warm breath and her warm little heart had poured themselves; there is the old water-mark, "Lingard, 1808." The two portraits are very like each other, but plainly done at different times; it is a chubby, healthy face, deep-set, brooding eyes, as eager to tell what is going on within as to gather in all the glories from without; quick with the wonder and the pride of life; they are eyes that would not be soon satisfied with seeing; eyes that would devour their object, and yet childlike and fearless; and that is a mouth that will not be soon satisfied with love; it has a curious likeness to Scott's own, which has always appeared to us his sweetest, most mobile and speaking feature.

There she is, looking straight at us as she did at him—fearless and full of love, passionate, wild, wilful, fancy's child. One cannot look at it without thinking of Wordsworth's lines on poor Hartley Coleridge:

> O blessed vision, happy child!
> Thou art so exquisitely wild,
> I thought of thee with many fears,
> Of what might be thy lot in future years.
> I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
> Lord of thy house and hospitality;
> And Grief, uneasy lover! ne'er at rest,
> But when she sat within the touch of thee.
> Oh, too industrious folly!
> Oh, vain and causeless melancholy!
> Nature will either end thee quite,
> Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
> Preserve for thee by individual right,
> A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flock.

And we can imagine Scott, when holding his warm plump little playfellow in his arms, repeating that stately friend's lines:—

> Loving she is, and tractable, though wild,
> And Innocence hath privilege in her,
> To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes,
> And feats of cunning; and the pretty round
> Of trespasses, affected to provoke
> Mock chastisement and partnership in play.
> And as a fagot sparkles on the hearth,
> Not less if unattended and alone,
> Than when both young and old sit gathered round,
> And take delight in its activity,
> Even so this happy creature of herself
> Is all sufficient; solitude to her
> Is blithe society; she fills the air
> With gladness and involuntary songs.

But we will let her disclose herself. We need hardly say that all this is true, and that these letters are as really Marjorie's as was this light brown hair; indeed you could as easily fabricate the one as the other.

There was an old servant—Jeanie Robertson—who was forty years in her grandfather's family. Marjorie Fleming, or, as she is called in the letters, and by Sir Walter, Maidie, was the last child she kept. Jeanie's wages never exceeded £3 a year, and, when she left service, she had saved £40. She was devotedly attached to Maidie, rather despising and ill-using her sister Isabella—a beautiful and gentle child. This partiality made Maidie apt at times to domineer over Isabella. "I mention this" (writes her surviving sister) "for the purpose of telling you an instance of Maidie's generous justice. When only five years old—when walking in Raith grounds, the two children had run on before, and old Jeanie remembered they might come too near a dangerous mill-lade. She called to them to turn back. Maidie heeded her not, rushed all the faster on, and fell, and would have been lost, had her sister not pulled her back, saving her life, but tearing her clothes. Jeanie flew on Isabella to 'give it her' for spoiling her favourite's dress; Maidie rushed in between crying out, 'pay (whip) Maidjie as much as you like, and I'll not say one word; but touch Isy, and I'll roar like a bull!" Years after Maidie was resting in her grave, my mother used to take me to the place, and told the story always in the exact same words." This Jeanie must have been a character. She took great pride in exhibiting Maidie's brother William's Calvinistic acquirements when nineteen months old, to the officers of a militia regiment then quartered in Kirkcaldy. This performance was so amusing that it was often repeated, and the little theologian was presented by them with a cap and feathers. Jeanie's glory was "putting him through the carritch" (catechism) in broad Scotch, beginning at the beginning with "Wha made ye, ma bonnie man?" For the correctness of this and the three next replies, Jeanie had no anxiety, but the tone changed to menace, and the closed *nieve* (fist) was shaken in the child's face as she demanded, "Of what are you made?" "DIRT" was the answer uniformly given. "Wull ye never learn to say *dust*, ye thrawn deevil?" with a cuff from the opened hand, was the as inevitable rejoinder.

Here is Maidie's first letter before she was six: the spelling unaltered, and there are no "commoes."

"MY DEAR ISA,—I now sit down to answer all your kind and beloved letters which you were so good as to write to me. This

is the first time I ever wrote a letter in my Life. There are a great many Girls in the Square and they cry just like a pig when we are under the painful necessity of putting it to Death. Miss Potune a Lady of my acquaintance praises me dreadfully. I repeated something out of Dean Swift, and she said I was fit for the stage, and you may think I was primmed up with majestick Pride, but upon my word I felt myselfe turn a little birsay—birsay is a word which is a word that William composed which is as you may suppose a little enraged. This horrid fat simpliton says that my Aunt is beautifull which is intirely impossible for that is not her nature."

What a peppery little pen we wield! What could that have been out of the Sardonic Dean? what other child of that age would have used "beloved" as she does? This power of affection, this faculty of *be*loving, and wild hunger to be beloved, comes out more and more. She perilled her all upon it, and it may have been as well—we know, indeed, that it was far better—for her that this wealth of love was so soon withdrawn to its one only infinite Giver and Receiver. This must have been the law of her earthly life. Love was, indeed "her Lord and King"; and it was perhaps well for her that she found so soon that her and our only Lord and King, Himself is Love.

Here are bits from her Diary at Braehead:—"The day of my existence here has been delightful and enchanting. On Saturday I expected no less than three well made Bucks the names of whom is here advertised. Mr Geo. Crakey (Craigie), and Wm. Keith and Jn. Keith—the first is the funniest of every one of them. Mr Crakey and walked to Crakyhall (Craigiehall) hand in hand in Innocence and matitation (meditation) sweet thinking on the kind love which flows in our tender hearted mind which is overflowing with majestic pleasure no one was ever so polite to me in the hole state of my existence. Mr Craky you must know is a great Buck and pretty good-looking.

"I am at Ravelston enjoying nature's fresh air. The birds are singing sweetly—the calf doth frisk and nature shows her glorious face."

Here is a confession:—"I confess I have been very more like a little young divil than a creature for when Isabella went up stairs to teach me religion and my multiplication and to be good

and all my other lessons I stamped with my foot and threw my new hat which she had made on the ground and was sulky and was dreadfully passionate, but she never whiped me but said Marjory go into another room and think what a great crime you are committing letting your temper git the better of you. But I went so sulkily that the Devil got the better of me but she never never never whips me so that I think I would be the better of it and the next time that I behave ill I think she should do it for she never never does it....Isabella has given me praise for checking my temper for I was sulky even when she was kneeling an hole hour teaching me to write."

Our poor little wifie, *she* has no doubts of the personality of the Devil! "Yesterday I behave extremely ill in God's most holy church for I would never attend myself nor let Isabella attend which was a great crime for she often, often tells me that when to or three are geathered together God is in the midst of them, and it was the very same Divil that tempted Job that tempted me I am sure; but he resisted Satan though he had boils and many many other misfortunes which I have escaped....I am now going to tell you the horible and wretched plaege (plague) that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself cant endure."

This is delicious; and what harm is there in her "Devilish"? it is strong language merely; even old Rowland Hill used to say "he grudged the Devil those rough and ready words." "I walked to that delightful place Crakyhall with a delightful young man beloved by all his friends espacially by me his loveress, but I must not talk any more about him for Isa said it is not proper for to speak of gentalmen but I will never forget him!...I am very very glad that satan has not given me boils and many other misfortunes—In the holy bible these words are written that the Devil goes like a roaring lyon in search of his pray but the lord lets us escape from him but we" (*pauvre petite!*) "do not strive with this awfull Spirit....To-day I pronunced a word which should never come out of a lady's lips it was that I called John a Impudent Bitch. I will tell you what I think made me in so bad a humor is I got one or two of that bad bad sina (senna) tea to-day,"—a better excuse for bad humour and bad language than most.

She has been reading the Book of Esther: "It was a dreadful thing that Haman was hanged on the very gallows which he had prepared for Mordeca to hang him and his ten sons thereon and it was very wrong and cruel to hang his sons for they did not commit the crime; *but then Jesus was not then come to teach us to be merciful.*" This is wise and beautiful—has upon it the very dew of youth and of holiness. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He perfects His praise.

"This is Saturday and I am very glad of it because I have play half the Day and I get money too but alas I owe Isabella 4 pence for I am finned 2 pence whenever I bite my nails. Isabella is teaching me to make simme colings nots of interrigations peorids commoes, etc.... As this is Sunday I will meditate upon Senciable and Religious subjects. First I should be very thankful I am not a begger."

This amount of meditation and thankfulness seems to have been all she was able for.

"I am going to-morrow to a delightfull place, Braehead by name, belonging to Mrs Crraford, where there is ducks cocks hens bubblyjocks 2 dogs 2 cats and swine which is delightful.... I cam here to enjoy natures delightful breath it is sweeter than a fial (phial) of rose oil."

Braehead is the farm the historical Jock Howison asked and got from our gay James the Fifth, "the gudeman o' Ballengiech," as a reward for the services of his flail when the King had the worst of it at Cramond Brig with the gipsies. The farm is unchanged in size from that time, and still in the unbroken line of the ready and victorious thrasher. Braehead is held on the condition of the possessor being ready to present the King with a ewer and basin to wash his hands, Jock having done this for his unknown king after the *splore*, and when George the Fourth came to Edinburgh this ceremony was performed in silver at Holyrood. It is a lovely neuk this Braehead, preserved almost as it was 200 years ago. "Lot and his wife" mentioned by Maidie—two quaintly cropped yew-trees—still thrive, the burn runs as it did in her time, and sings the same quiet tune—as much the same and as different as *Now* and *Then*. The house full of old family relics and pictures, the sun shining on them through the small deep windows with their plate glass; and there, blinking at the sun,

and chattering contentedly, is a parrot, that might, for its looks of eld, have been in the ark, and domineered over and *deaved* the dove. Everything about the place is old and fresh.

This is beautiful:—"I am very sorry to say that I forgot God—that is to say I forgot to pray to-day and Isabella told me that I should be thankful that God did not forget me—if he did, O what become of me if I was in danger and God not friends with me—I must go to unquenchable fire and if I was tempted to sin—how could I resist it O no I will never do it again—no no—if I can help it." (Canny wee wifie!) "My religion is greatly falling off because I dont pray with so much attention when I am saying my prayers, and my charecter is lost among the Braehead people. I hope I will be religious again—but as for regaining my charecter I despare for it." (Poor little "habit and repute!")

Her temper, her passion, and her "badness" are almost daily confessed and deplored:—"I will never again trust to my own power, for I see that I cannot be good without God's assistance—I will not trust in my own selfe, and Isa's health will be quite ruined by me—it will indeed." "Isa has given me advice, which is, that when I feal Satan beginning to tempt me, that I flea him and he would flea me." "Remorse is the worst thing to bear, and I am afraid that I will fall a marter to it."

Poor dear little sinner!—Here comes the world again:—"In my travels I met with a handsome lad named Charles Balfour Esq., and from him I got ofers of marage—offers of marage, did I say? Nay plenty heard me." A fine scent for "breach of promise!"

This is abrupt and strong:—"The Divil is curced and all works. 'Tis a fine work *Newton on the profecies*. I wonder if there is another book of poems comes near the Bible. The Divil always girns at the sight of the Bible." "Miss Potune" (her "simpliton" friend) "is very fat; she pretends to be very learned. She says she saw a stone that dropt from the skies; but she is a good Christian." Here come her views on church government:—"An Annibabtist is a thing I am not a member of—I am a Pisplekan (Episcopalian) just now, and" (Oh you little Laodicean and Latitudinarian!) "a Prisbeteran at Kirkcaldy!"—(*Blandula! Vagula! cœlum et animum mutas quæ trans mare* (i.e., *trans Bodotriam*) *curris!*)—"my native town." "Sentiment is not

what I am acquainted with as yet, though I wish it, and should like to practise it" (!). "I wish I had a great, great deal of gratitude in my heart, in all my body." "There is a new novel published, named *Self-Control*" (Mrs Brunton's) "a very good maxim forsooth!" This is shocking: "Yesterday a marrade man, named Mr John Balfour, Esq., offered to kiss me, and offered to marry me, though the man" (a fine directness this!) "was espused, and his wife was present and said he must ask her permission; but he did not. I think he was ashamed and confounded before 3 gentelmen—Mr Jobson and 2 Mr Kings." "Mr Banester's" (Bannister's) "Budjet is to-night; I hope it will be a good one. A great many authors have expressed themselves too sentimentally." You are right, Marjorie. "A Mr Burns writes a beautiful song on Mr Cunhaming, whose wife desarted him—truly it is a most beautiful one." "I like to read the Fabulous historys, about the histerys of Robin, Dickey, flapsay, and Peccay, and it is very amusing, for some were good birds and others bad, but Peccay was the most dutiful and obedient to her parients." "Thomson is a beautiful author, and Pope, but nothing to Shakespear, of which I have a little knolege. *Macbeth* is a pretty composition, but awful one." "The *Newgate Calendar* is very instructive" (!). "A sailor called here to say farewell; it must be dreadful to leave his native country when he might get a wife; or perhaps me, for I love him very much. But O I forgot, Isabella forbid me to speak about love." This antiphlogistic regimen and lesson is ill to learn by our Maidie, for here she sins again:—"Love is a very papithatick thing" (it is almost a pity to correct this into pathetic), "as well as troublesome and tiresome—but O Isabella forbid me to speak of it." Here are her reflections on a pine-apple:—"I think the price of a pine-apple is very dear: it is a whole bright goulden guinea, that might have sustained a poor family." Here is a new vernal simile:—"The hedges are sprouting like chicks from the eggs when they are newly hatched, or, as the vulgar say, *clacked*." "Doctor Swift's works are very funny; I got some of them by heart." "Moreheads sermons are I hear much praised, but I never read sermons of any kind; but I read novelettes and my Bible, and I never forget it, or my prayers." Bravo Marjorie!

She seems now, when still about six, to have broken out into song:—

EPHIBOL (EPIGRAM OR EPITAPH—WHO KNOWS WHICH?)
ON MY DEAR LOVE ISABELLA.

Here lies sweet Isabell in bed,
With a night-cap on her head;
Her skin is soft, her face is fair,
And she has very pretty hair;
She and I in bed lies nice,
And undisturbed by rats or mice;
She is disgusted with Mr Worgan,
Though he plays upon the organ.
Her nails are neat, her teeth are white,
Her eyes are very, very bright;
In a conspicuous town she lives,
And to the poor her money gives:
Here ends sweet Isabella's story,
And may it be much to her glory.

Here are some bits at random:—

Of summer I am very fond,
And love to bathe into a pond;
The look of sunshine dies away,
And will not let me out to play;
I love the morning's sun to spy
Glittering through the casement's eye,
The rays of light are very sweet,
And puts away the taste of meat;
The balmy breeze comes down from heaven,
And makes us like for to be living.

"The casawary is an curious bird, and so is the gigantic crane, and the pelican of the wilderness, whose mouth holds a bucket of fish and water. Fighting is what ladies is not qualyfied for, they would not make a good figure in battle or in a duel. Alas! we females are of little use to our country. The history of all the malcontents as ever was hanged is amusing." Still harping on the *Newgate Calendar*!

"Braehead is extremely pleasant to me by the companie of swine, geese, cocks, &c., and they are the delight of my soul."

"I am going to tell you of a melancholy story. A young turkie of 2 or 3 months old, would you believe it, the father broke its

leg, and he killed another! I think he ought to be transported or hanged."

"Queen Street is a very gay one, and so is Princes Street, for all the lads and lasses, besides bucks and beggars, parade there."

"I should like to see a play very much, for I never saw one in all my life, and don't believe I ever shall; but I hope I can be content without going to one. I can be quite happy without my desire being granted."

"Some days ago Isabella had a terrible fit of the toothake, and she walked with a long night-shift at dead of night like a ghost, and I thought she was one. She prayed for nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep—but did not get it—a ghostly figure indeed she was, enough to make a saint tremble. It made me quiver and shake from top to toe. Superstition is a very mean thing, and should be despised and shunned."

Here is her weakness and her strength again:—"In the love-novels all the heroines are very desperate. Isabella will not allow me to speak about lovers and heroins, and 'tis too refined for my taste." "Miss Egward's (Edgeworth's) tails are very good, particularly some that are very much adapted for youth (!) as *Laz Laurance* and *Tarelton*, *False Keys*, &c. &c."

"*Tom Jones* and Grey's *Elegey in a country churchyard* are both excellent, and much spoke of by both sex, particularly by the men." Are our Marjories now-a-days better or worse because they cannot read *Tom Jones* unharmed? More better than worse; but who among them can repeat Gray's *Lines on a distant prospect of Eton College* as could our Maidie?

Here is some more of her prattle:—"I went into Isabella's bed to make her smile like the Genius Demedicus" (the Venus de Medicis) "or the statute in an ancient Greece, but she fell asleep in my very face, at which my anger broke forth, so that I awoke her from a comfortable nap. All was now hushed up again, but again my anger burst forth at her biding me get up."

She begins thus loftily:—

> Death the righteous love to see,
> But from it doth the wicked flee.

Then suddenly breaks off (as if with laughter)—

> I am sure they fly as fast as their legs can carry them!

There is a thing I love to see,
That is our monkey catch a flee.

I love in Isa's bed to lie,
Oh, such a joy and luxury!
The bottom of the bed I sleep,
And with great care within I creep;
Oft I embrace her feet of lillys,
But she has goton all the pillys.
Her neck I never can embrace,
But I do hug her feet in place.

How childish and yet how strong and free is her use of words!—"I lay at the foot of the bed because Isabella said I disturbed her by continial fighting and kicking, but I was very dull, and continially at work reading the *Arabian Nights*, which I could not have done if I had slept at the top. I am reading the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. I am much interested in the fate of poor, poor Emily."

Here is one of her swains—

Very soft and white his cheeks,
His hair is red, and grey his breeks;
His tooth is like the daisy fair,
His only fault is in his hair.

This is a higher flight:—

DEDICATED TO MRS H. CRAWFORD BY THE AUTHOR, M. F.

Three turkeys fair their last have breathed,
And now this world for ever leaved;
Their father, and their mother too,
They sigh and weep as well as you;
Indeed, the rats their bones have crunched,
Into eternity theire laanched.
A direful death indeed they had,
As wad put any parent mad;
But she was more than usual calm,
She did not give a single dam.

This last word is saved from all sin by its tender age, not to speak of the want of the *n*. We fear "she" is the abandoned mother, in spite of her previous sighs and tears.

"Isabella says when we pray we should pray fervently, and not

rattel over a prayer—for that we are kneeling at the footstool of our Lord and Creator, who saves us from eternal damnation, and from unquestionable fire and brimston."

She has a long poem on Mary Queen of Scots:—

Queen Mary was much loved by all,
Both by the great and by the small,
But hark! her soul to heaven doth rise!
And I suppose she has gained a prize—
For I do think she would not go
Into the *awful* place below;
There is a thing that I must tell,
Elizabeth went to fire and hell;
He who would teach her to be civil,
It must be her great friend the divil!

She hits off Darnley well:—

A noble's son, a handsome lad,
By some queer way or other, had
Got quite the better of her heart,
With him she always talked apart;
Silly he was, but very fair,
A greater buck was not found there.

"By some queer way or other"; is not this the general case and the mystery, young ladies and gentlemen? Goethe's doctrine of "elective affinities" discovered by our Pet Maidie.

SONNET TO A MONKEY.

O lively, O most charming pug
Thy graceful air, and heavenly mug;
The beauties of his mind do shine,
And every bit is shaped and fine.
Your teeth are whiter than the snow,
Your a great buck, your a great beau;
Your eyes are of so nice a shape,
More like a Christian's than an ape;
Your cheek is like the rose's blume,
Your hair is like the raven's plume;
His nose's cast is of the Roman,
He is a very pretty woman.
I could not get a rhyme for Roman,
So was obliged to call him woman.

This last joke is good. She repeats it when writing of James the Second being killed at Roxburgh:—

> He was killed by a cannon splinter,
> Quite in the middle of the winter;
> Perhaps it was not at that time,
> But I can get no other rhyme!

Here is one of her last letters, dated Kirkcaldy, 12th October 1811. You can see how her nature is deepening and enriching:—"MY DEAR MOTHER,—You will think that I entirely forget you but I assure you that you are greatly mistaken. I think of you always and often sigh to think of the distance between us two loving creatures of nature. We have regular hours for all our occupations first at 7 o'clock we go to the dancing and come home at 8 we then read our Bible and get our repeating and then play till ten then we get our music till 11 when we get our writing and accounts we sew from 12 till 1 after which I get my gramer and then work till five. At 7 we come and knit till 8 when we dont go to the dancing. This is an exact description. I must take a hasty farewell to her whom I love, reverence and doat on and who I hope thinks the same of

"MARJORY FLEMING.

"*P.S.*—An old pack of cards (!) would be very exeptible."

This other is a month earlier:—"MY DEAR LITTLE MAMA,—I was truly happy to hear that you were all well. We are surrounded with measles at present on every side, for the Herons got it, and Isabella Heron was near Death's Door, and one night her father lifted her out of bed, and she fell down as they thought lifeless. Mr Heron said, 'That lassie's deed noo'—'I'm no deed yet.' She then threw up a big worm nine inches and a half long. I have begun dancing, but am not very fond of it, for the boys strikes and mocks me.—I have been another night at the dancing; I like it better. I will write to you as often as I can; but I am afraid not every week. *I long for you with the longings of a child to embrace you—to fold you in my arms. I respect you with all the respect due to a mother. You dont know how I love you. So I shall remain, your loving child*—M. FLEMING."

What rich involution of love in the words marked! Here are some lines to her beloved Isabella, in July 1811:—

There is a thing that I do want,
With you these beauteous walks to haunt,
We would be happy if you would
Try to come over if you could.
Then I would all quite happy be
Now and for all eternity.
My mother is so very sweet,
And checks my appetite to eat;
My father shows us what to do;
But O I'm sure that I want you.
I have no more of poetry;
O Isa do remember me,
And try to love your Marjory.

In a letter from "Isa" to

Miss Muff Maidie Marjory Fleming,
favored by Rare Rear-Admiral Fleming,

she says—"I long much to see you, and talk over all our old stories together, and to hear you read and repeat. I am pining for my old friend Cesario, and poor Lear, and wicked Richard. How is the dear Multiplication table going on? are you still as much attached to 9 times 9 as you used to be?"

But this dainty, bright thing is about to flee—to come "quick to confusion." The measles she writes of seized her, and she died on the 19th of December 1811. The day before her death, Sunday, she sat up in bed, worn and thin, her eye gleaming as with the light of a coming world, and with a tremulous old voice repeated the following lines by Burns—heavy with the shadow of death, and lit with the phantasy of the judgment-seat—the publican's prayer in paraphrase:—

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill between,
Some gleam of sunshine mid renewing storms;

Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for GUILT, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
Again in folly's path might go astray;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man.
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan,
Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
If I might dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
And still the tumult of the raging sea;
With that controlling power assist even me
Those headstrong furious passions to confine,
For all unfit I feel my powers to be
To rule their torrent in the allowed line;
O aid me with thy help, OMNIPOTENCE DIVINE!

It is more affecting than we care to say to read her mother's and Isabella Keith's letters written immediately after her death. Old and withered, tattered and pale they are now: but when you read them, how quick, how throbbing with life and love! how rich in that language of affection which only women, and Shakespeare, and Luther can use—that power of detaining the soul over the beloved object and its loss.

K. Philip to Constance—
You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Const.—Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
Then I have reason to be fond of grief.

What variations cannot love play on this one string!

In her first letter to Miss Keith, Mrs Fleming says of her dead Maidie:—"Never did I behold so beautiful an object. It resembled the finest wax-work. There was in the countenance an expression of sweetness and serenity which seemed to indicate that the pure spirit had anticipated the joys of heaven ere it quitted the mortal frame. To tell you what your Maidie said of you would fill volumes; for you was the constant theme of her discourse, the subject of her thoughts, and ruler of her actions. The last time she mentioned you was a few hours before all sense save that of suffering was suspended, when she said to Dr Johnstone, 'If you will let me out at the New Year, I will be quite contented.' I asked what made her so anxious to get out then? 'I want to purchase a New Year's gift for Isa Keith with the sixpence you gave me for being patient in the measles; and I would like to choose it myself.' I do not remember her speaking afterwards, except to complain of her head, till just before she expired, when she articulated, 'O, mother! mother!'"

Do we make too much of this little child, who has been in her grave in Abbotshall Kirkyard these fifty and more years? We may of her cleverness—not of her affectionateness, her nature. What a picture the *animosa infans* gives us of herself, her vivacity, her passionateness, her precocious love-making, her passion for nature, for swine, for all living things, her reading, her turn for expression, her satire, her frankness, her little sins and rages, her great repentances! We don't wonder Walter Scott carried her off in the neuk of his plaid, and played himself with her for hours.

The year before she died, when in Edinburgh, she was at a Twelfth Night supper at Scott's, in Castle Street. The company had all come—all but Marjorie. Scott's familiars, whom we all know, were there—all were come but Marjorie; and all were dull because Scott was dull. "Where's that bairn? what can have come over her? I'll go myself and see." And he was getting up, and would have gone; when the bell rang, and in came Duncan Roy and his henchman Tougald, with the sedan chair, which was brought right into the lobby, and its top raised. And there, in its darkness and dingy old cloth, sat Maidie in white, her eyes gleaming, and Scott bending over her in ecstasy—"hung over her enamoured." "Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you"; and forthwith he

brought them all. You can fancy the scene. And he lifted her up and marched to his seat with her on his stout shoulder, and set her down beside him; and then began the night, and such a night! Those who knew Scott best said, that night was never equalled; Maidie and he were the stars; and she gave them Constance's speeches and *Helvellyn*, the ballad then much in vogue—and all her *répertoire*—Scott showing her off, and being ofttimes rebuked by her for his intentional blunders.

We are indebted for the following—and our readers will not be unwilling to share our obligations—to her sister:—"Her birth was 15th January 1803; her death 19th December 1811. I take this from her Bibles[1]. I believe she was a child of robust health, of much vigour of body, and beautifully formed arms, and until her last illness, never was an hour in bed. She was niece to Mrs Keith, residing in No. 1, North Charlotte Street, who was *not* Mrs Murray Keith, although very intimately acquainted with that old lady. My aunt was a daughter of Mr James Rae, surgeon, and married the younger son of old Keith of Ravelstone. Corstorphine Hill belonged to my aunt's husband; and his eldest son, Sir Alexander Keith, succeeded his uncle to both Ravelstone and Dunnottar. The Keiths were not connected by relationship with the Howisons of Braehead, but my grandfather and grandmother (who was), a daughter of Cant of Thurston and Giles-Grange, were on the most intimate footing with *our* Mrs Keith's grandfather and grandmother; and so it has been for three generations, and the friendship consummated by my cousin William Keith marrying Isabella Craufurd.

"As to my aunt and Scott, they were on a very intimate footing. He asked my aunt to be godmother to his eldest daughter Sophia Charlotte. I had a copy of Miss Edgeworth's *Rosamund*, and *Harry and Lucy* for long, which was 'a gift to Marjorie from Walter Scott,' probably the first edition of that attractive series, for it wanted 'Frank,' which is always now published as part of the series, under the title of *Early Lessons*. I regret to say these little volumes have disappeared.

"Sir Walter was no relation of Marjorie's, but of the Keiths, through the Swintons; and, like Marjorie, he stayed much at

[1] "Her Bible is before me; *a pair*, as then called; the faded marks are just as she placed them. There is one at David's lament over Jonathan."

Ravelstone in his early days, with his grand-aunt Mrs Keith; and it was while seeing him there as a boy, that another aunt of mine composed, when he was about fourteen, the lines prognosticating his future fame that Lockhart ascribes in his Life to Mrs Cockburn, authoress of 'The Flowers of the Forest':—

> Go on, dear youth, the glorious path pursue
> Which bounteous Nature kindly smooths for you;
> Go bid the seeds her hands have sown arise,
> By timely culture, to their native skies;
> Go, and employ the poet's heavenly art,
> Not merely to delight, but mend the heart.

Mrs Keir was my aunt's name, another of Dr Rae's daughters." We cannot better end than in words from this same pen:—"I have to ask you to forgive my anxiety in gathering up the fragments of Marjorie's last days, but I have an almost sacred feeling to all that pertains to her. You are quite correct in stating that measles were the cause of her death. My mother was struck by the patient quietness manifested by Marjorie during this illness, unlike her ardent, impulsive nature; but love and poetic feeling were unquenched. When Dr Johnstone rewarded her submissiveness with a sixpence, the request speedily followed that she might get out ere New Year's day came. When asked why she was so desirous of getting out, she immediately rejoined, 'Oh, I am so anxious to buy something with my sixpence for my dear Isa Keith.' Again, when lying very still, her mother asked her if there was anything she wished: 'Oh, yes! if you would just leave the room door open a wee bit, and play "The Land o' the Leal," and I will lie and *think*, and enjoy myself' (this is just as stated to me by her mother and mine). Well, the happy day came, alike to parents and child, when Marjorie was allowed to come forth from the nursery to the parlour. It was Sabbath evening, and after tea. My father, who idolized this child, and never afterwards in my hearing mentioned her name, took her in his arms; and while walking her up and down the room, she said, 'Father, I will repeat something to you; what would you like?' He said, 'Just choose yourself, Maidie.' She hesitated for a moment between the paraphrase, 'Few are thy days and full of woe,' and the lines of Burns already quoted, but decided on the latter, a remarkable choice for a child. The repeating these lines seemed to stir up the depths of feeling in her

soul. She asked to be allowed to write a poem; there was a doubt whether it would be right to allow her, in case of hurting her eyes. She pleaded earnestly, 'Just this once'; the point was yielded, her slate was given her, and with great rapidity she wrote an address of fourteen lines, 'to her loved cousin on the author's recovery,' her last work on earth:—

Oh! Isa, pain did visit me,
I was at the last extremity;
How often did I think of you,
I wished your graceful form to view,
To clasp you in my weak embrace,
Indeed I thought I'd run my race:
Good care, I'm sure, was of me taken,
But still indeed I was much shaken,
At last I daily strength did gain,
And oh! at last, away went pain;
At length the doctor thought I might
Stay in the parlor all the night;
I now continue so to do,
Farewell to Nancy and to you.

She went to bed apparently well, awoke in the middle of the night with the old cry of woe to a mother's heart, 'My head, my head!' Three days of the dire malady, 'water in the head,' followed, and the end came."

Soft, silken promise, fading timelessly.

It is needless, it is impossible, to add anything to this: the fervour, the sweetness, the flush of poetic ecstasy, the lovely and glowing eye, the perfect nature of that bright and warm intelligence, that darling child,—Lady Nairne's words, and the old tune, stealing up from the depths of the human heart, deep calling unto deep, gentle and strong like the waves of the great sea hushing themselves to sleep in the dark;—the words of Burns, touching the kindred chord, her last numbers "wildly sweet" traced, with thin and eager fingers, already touched by the last enemy and friend,—*moriens canit*,—and that love which is so soon to be her everlasting light, is her song's burden to the end,

She set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.

FOOD CONTROL UNDER ELIZABETH

This proclamation made by authority of the Privy Council in 1593 (modern style 1594) imposing "a meatless day" should have a special interest apart from its attraction as a piece of Tudor prose. It is printed as a large single sheet adorned with rough cuts of the royal arms, fighting-ships and a fishing-boat.

A BRIEF NOTE OF THE BENEFITS THAT GROW TO THIS REALM, BY *the observation of Fish days: with a reason and cause wherefore the law in that behalf made, is ordained.*

Very necessary to be placed in the houses of all men, especially common Victuallers.

Where heretofore by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, of her clemency and care conceived, for divers private benefits that might grow to her loving subjects, specially for the better maintenance of the Navy of this land, hath with the assent of the whole state of her realm, caused to be made and published sundry statute laws and proclamations for the expense of fish and observation of Fish days, with great penalties to be laid on the offenders: that by the certain observation thereof, fishermen (the chiefest nurse for mariners) might the more be increased and maintained.

The common sort of people, contemning this observation, to avoid the ceremony in times past therein used, and not certainly knowing the benefits thereby growing to the realm, nor remembering the penalties by the same laws appointed, do not only fall into the danger of the said laws, but by the same hath caused a great decay to fishing, whereby groweth many other great detriments to the commonwealth of this realm. For the better instruction therefore of such persons, as for the benefit of their country will be persuaded; in this brief Table is set down the punishment appointed for the offenders, the discommodities that happen to the realm by the said contempt, and the great benefit that might grow to the people by the observation hereof, with the opinion that ought to be conceived in the eating of fish, at the days and times prescribed, being briefly set down as hereafter followeth.

THE BRANCHES OF THE STATUTE.

In the fifth year of her Majesty's most gracious reign, it was ordained that it should not be lawful for any person within this realm to eat any flesh upon any days then usually observed as Fish-days; upon pain to forfeit three pounds for every time he offended, or suffer three months of imprisonment without bail or mainprize.

And every person within whose house any such offence shall be done, being privy and knowing thereof, and not effectually punishing or disclosing the same to some public officer having authority to punish the same, to forfeit for every such offence forty shillings. The said penalty being great, and many of poor estate favoured by reason thereof, but the offence thought necessary not to be left unpunished, the Queen's Majesty, of her great clemency in the Parliament holden the 34th year of her most gracious reign, hath caused the forfeiture for the eater to be but twenty shillings; and for him in whose house it is eaten but 13 shillings 4 pence, which being executed, will prove very damageable to the offenders.

In the twenty-seventh year of her Highness's reign, it was further ordained and remaineth still in force; that no innholder, vintner, alehouse-keeper, common-victualler, common-cook, or common table-keeper shall utter or put to sale, upon any Friday, Saturday or other days appointed to be Fish-days, or any day in time of Lent, any kind of flesh victuals; upon pain of forfeiture of 5 pounds, and shall suffer ten days' imprisonment without bail, mainprize, or remove, for every time so offending.

THE CAUSE AND REASON.

First forasmuch as our country is (for the most part) compassed with the seas, and the greatest force for defence thereof, under God, is the King's Majesty's Navy of ships: for maintenance and increase of the said Navy, this law for abstinence hath been most carefully ordained, that by the certain expense of fish, fishing and fishermen might be the more increased and the better maintained, for that the said trade is the chiefest nurse, not only for the bringing up of youth for shipping, but great numbers of ships

therein are used, furnished with sufficient mariners, men at all times in a readiness for his Majesty's service in those affairs.

The second cause is, for that many towns and villages upon the sea coasts are, of late years, wonderfully decayed, and some wonderfully depopulated which in times past, were replenished, not only with fishermen and great store of shipping, but sundry other artificers, as shipwrights, smiths, rope-makers, net-makers, sail-makers, weavers, dressers, carriers and utterers of fish, maintained chiefly by fishing: that they hereby again might be renewed, the want whereof is and hath been cause of great numbers of idle persons, with whom the realm is greatly damaged: and this happeneth by reason of the uncertainty of the sale of fish and the contempt which in eating of fish is conceived.

Furthermore, it is considered, that the trade for grazing of cattle, through the unlawful expense of flesh, is so much increased, that many farmhouses and villages, wherein were maintained great numbers of people, and by them the markets plentifully served with corn and other victuals, is now utterly decayed and put down, for the feeding or grassing of beefs and muttons only, by means whereof the people which in such places were maintained, are not only made vagrant; but also calves, hogs, pigs, geese, hens, chickens, capons, eggs, butter, cheese, and such like things, do become exceedingly scarce and dear by want of their increase in those places, so that the markets are not, nor cannot be served as in times past it hath been.

Many other things for confirmation hereof might be spoken, as the great number of ships decayed which hath been maintained by fishing, the wealth and commodity that fishing bringeth to this realm, the cause that certain days and times for expense of fish must of necessity be observed, grown by reason the provision of flesh for the people's diet must be certainly provided, whereof the gentle reader shall be more at large instructed in a little book published to that effect, with sundry other arguments which for brevity is omitted, in hope the consideration hereof will be sufficient to persuade such persons as esteem more the benefit of their country than their own lust or appetite, setting before their eyes the fear of God in obedience to the Prince's commandment, especially in such things as concern the benefit of a commonwealth, considering *S. Paul* saith, "There is no

power but of God. The powers (saith he) that be, are ordained of God: and those that resist these powers, resist the ordinance of God."

It is further to be considered, that there is no conscience to be made in the kind or nature of the meat being flesh or fish, as in times past a feigned ceremony therein was used; neither is the meat concerning itself unlawful to be eaten at any time, but the use thereof is unlawful, being forbidden to eat by the Prince, having power and authority from God, and done by the consent of the whole estate for a commonwealth; wherein obedience ought to be showed, not for fear of punishment only (as *S. Paul* saith), but for conscience' sake, not esteeming the meat or the day but obedience to the law and benefit to our country and poor brethren: remembering that the magistrate beareth not the sword for nought, but to take vengeance upon them that do evil. For *S. Paul* saith further, "He that will live without fear of punishment must do well, and so shall he have praise for the same."

And although fear of punishment will not reform such persons, as by affection conceived hath been addicted from the expense of fish and the observation of fish days: yet the foresaid things considered, let obedience to their Prince and benefit to their country persuade them to bridle their affectioned lust for a small time, so shall they both see and feel the great benefits thereby growing, and escape the punishment for the offence appointed: and for that the commodities may in some part more plainly appear, hereafter followeth an estimate of the beefs that were killed and uttered in the City of London and suburbs for a year, and what number of them might be spared in the said year, by one day's abstinence in a week, by which also may be conjectured, what may be spared in the whole realm.

An estimate what beefs might be spared in a year, in the City of London, by one day's abstinence in a week.

First. In the year are fifty-two weeks, for every week, seven days: in all, 365. The Lent, with Friday and Saturday in every week, and the other accustomed Fish Days, being collected together, extend to 153. So in the year is 153 fish days and 211 flesh days, that is 58 flesh days more than fish days.

So the year being 52 weeks, abate 7 for the time of Lent, wherein no beefs ought to be killed: and there remaineth but 45 weeks. Then let us say there be threescore Butchers, that be freemen within the City; and every Butcher to kill weekly, the one with the other, five beefs apiece: the same amounteth to 13,500 beefs.

The foreigners in the suburbs, and such as come out of the country to serve the markets in the City, as it is credibly affirmed, kill and utter in the City weekly, four times so many as the freemen: which amounteth to 54,000.

So joining the beefs uttered by the freemen and foreigners together, they extend to 67,500.

If we will now know what number of beefs might be spared in a year, by one day's abstinence in a week: let us say in the week are five days accustomably served with flesh (for that Friday and Saturday by the law are days of abstinence) whereof one being taken away, the rest but four. In like case, divide the said 67,500 into five parts; and the fifth part spared by the fifth day's abstinence is 13,500.

By this is not meant that any more fish-days should be ordained than already are; but that Friday and Saturday might in better sort be observed: for that flesh victuals on those days, in most places, are as commonly spent as on flesh days; and therefore may well be accounted for the expense of one flesh day: the due observation whereof would spare the number of beefs aforesaid or more, besides those things sold by the Poulterers, and other small cattle, as calves, sheep and lambs innumerable, killed by the Butcher.

Seen and allowed by the most honourable privy council in the year of our Lord God 1593. *The* 20*th of March.*

At London

Printed for *Henry Gosson* and *Francis Coules.*

TENNYSON

Alfred Tennyson (1809–92) was the son of a Lincolnshire clergyman. His first poems were published at the age of seventeen before he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, and other volumes of short poems followed at intervals during the next sixteen years. His longer works, *The Princess*, *In Memoriam*, *Maud* and *The Idylls of the King*, all published later, did not surpass the beauty of his earlier, shorter poems. Tennyson also wrote a few plays, one of which, *Becket*, was staged with much success by Henry Irving.

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

HOMER

Two great poems of the ancient world are the *Iliad*, which tells the story of the siege of Troy, and the *Odyssey*, which describes the wanderings of Odysseus or Ulysses after Troy had fallen. These great epics are supposed to have been written by a blind poet, Homer, living in a Greek settlement some eight hundred or a thousand years before Christ. Whether the poems were written by one man, or by several people in the form of separate ballad stories at different periods and then united by some man (or men) into the two great poems, are questions that have been hotly discussed. A celebrated English translation of Homer is that by George Chapman (1559?–1634) referred to in Keats's famous sonnet. Another version is by Alexander Pope (1688–1744). The *Odyssey* has been translated into fine prose by Andrew Lang and S. H. Butcher, and the *Iliad* by Andrew Lang, Walter Leaf and Ernest Myers. Passages from these translations will be found in the fourth volume of this series.

During the long absence of Ulysses at the siege of Troy, many aggressive suitors wooed his wife Penelope, who kept them at bay by refusing to make a decision until she had finished a certain piece of weaving. As she undid every night what she had done during the day, the completion of the web was indefinitely postponed. Ulysses returned disguised as a beggar so that he might take unsuspected the proper measures against his lady's turbulent suitors. He was unrecognised by all—save his dog! At the point where this passage begins Ulysses had been talking with his swineherd Eumaeus. The version given is that of Chapman.

ULYSSES AND HIS DOG

Such speech they chang'd; when in the yard there lay
A dog, call'd Argus, which, before his way
Assum'd for Ilion, Ulysses bred,
Yet stood his pleasure then in little stead,
As being too young, but, growing to his grace,
Young men made choice of him for every chace,
Or of their wild goats, of their hares, or harts.
But his king gone; and he, now past his parts,
Lay all abjectly on the stable's store,
Before the ox-stall, and mules' stable door,
To keep the clothes cast from the peasants' hands,
While they laid compass on Ulysses' lands;
The dog, with ticks (unlookt-to) overgrown.
But by this dog no sooner seen but known
Was wise Ulysses, who (new-enter'd there),
Up went his dog's laid ears, and, coming near,
Up he himself rose, fawn'd, and wagg'd his stern,
Coucht close his ears, and lay so; nor discern

THE RETURN OF ULYSSES TO PENELOPE

Pinturicchio

Could evermore his dear-lov'd lord again.
Ulysses saw it, nor had power t' abstain
From shedding tears; which (far-off seeing his swain)
He dried from his sight clean; to whom he thus
His grief dissembled: "'Tis miraculous,
That such a dog as this should have his lair
On such a dunghill, for his form is fair.
And yet, I know not, if there were in him
Good pace, or parts, for all his goodly limb;
Or he liv'd empty of those inward things,
As are those trencher-beagles tending kings,
Whom for their pleasure's, or their glory's, sake,
Or fashion, they into their favours take."
"This dog," said he, "was servant to one dead
A huge time since. But if he bore his head,
For form and quality, of such a height,
As when Ulysses, bound for th' Ilion fight,
Or quickly after, left him, your rapt eyes
Would then admire to see him use his thighs
In strength and swiftness. He would nothing fly,
Nor anything let scape. If once his eye
Seiz'd any wild beast, he knew straight his scent;
Go where he would, away with him he went.
Nor was there ever any savage stood
Amongst the thickets of the deepest wood
Long time before him, but he pull'd him down;
As well by that true hunting to be shown
In such vast coverts, as for speed of pace
In any open lawn. For in deep chace
He was a passing-wise and well-nos'd hound.
And yet is all this good in him uncrown'd
With any grace here now, nor he more fed
Than any errant cur. His king is dead,
Far from his country; and his servants are
So negligent they lend his hound no care.
Where masters rule not, but let men alone,
You never there see honest service done.
That man's half virtue Jove takes quite away,
That once is sun-burn'd with the servile day."

EDWARD FITZGERALD

EDWARD FITZGERALD (1809–83) was born in Suffolk and educated at Cambridge. He was a somewhat eccentric recluse, and maintained his relations with such close friends as Tennyson and Thackeray by means of his ever delightful letters. He translated several plays of Calderon, the great Spanish dramatist, and took up the study of Persian, from which language he also made translations. His fame is ensured by his condensed and highly individual version of the *Rubáiyát* or quatrains of the Persian astronomer-poet Omar Khayyám. His rendering, published in 1859, was at first unnoticed, but is now one of the best known poems in the English language. The passage that follows is taken from *Euphranor*, a short prose dialogue or discussion, faintly suggestive of Plato.

EUPHRANOR

During the time of my pretending to practise Medicine at Cambridge, I was aroused one fine forenoon of May, by the sound of some one running up my staircase, three or four steps at a time; then, directly, a smart rapping at the door; and, before I could say "Come in," Euphranor had opened it, and, coming up to me, seized my arm with his usual eagerness, and told me I must go out with him—"it was such a day—sun shining—breeze blowing—hedges and trees all in leaf. He had been to Chesterton (he said), and had rowed back with a man who had now left him in the lurch; and I must take his place." I told him what a poor hand at the oar I was, and, such walnut-shells as these Cambridge boats were, I was sure a strong fellow like him must rejoice in getting a whole eight-oar to himself once in a way. He laughed, and said, "The pace, the pace" was the thing. However, that was all nothing, but—in short, I must go out with him, whether to row, or for a walk in the fields, or a game of billiards at Chesterton, whatever I liked, only go I must. After a little more banter, about my possible patients, I got up, closed a very heavy treatise on Magnesia I was reading, put on coat and hat, and in three minutes we had run down-stairs, out into the open air; where both of us calling out together what a glorious day it was, we struck out briskly for the old wooden bridge, where Euphranor said he had left his boat.

"By the bye," said I, as we went along, "it would be a charity to knock up poor Lexilogus, and carry him with us."

Not much of a charity, Euphranor thought—Lexilogus would so much rather be left with his books. But I declared that was the very reason he ought to be drawn abroad; and Euphranor,

who was quite good-humoured, and wished Lexilogus all well, (for we were all three Yorkshiremen, whose families lived no great distance asunder,) easily consented. So, without more ado, we turned into Trinity great gate, and round by the right up a staircase to the attic in which Lexilogus kept.

The door was *sported*, but I knew he must be at home; so, using the privilege of an old friend, I shouted to him through the letter-slit. Presently we heard the sound of books falling, and some one advancing, and Lexilogus' thin, pale, and spectacled face appeared at the half-opened door. He was always glad to see me, I believe, howsoever I disturbed him; and he smiled as he laid his hand in mine, rather than returned its pressure.

The tea-things were still on the table, and I asked him (though I knew well enough) if he were so fashionable as only just to have breakfasted?

"O—long ago—directly after morning chapel."

I then told him he must put his books away, and come out on the river with Euphranor and myself.

"He could not possibly," he said; "not so early, at least."

"Why, you walk every day regularly, I hope, do you not?" I asked him.

"Almost every day; but not now—the yearly examination was coming on."

"Come, come, my good fellow," said Euphranor, "that is the very reason you are to go, the doctor says; he will have it so. So make haste.

I then told him (what I then suddenly remembered) that, besides other reasons for going with us, his old aunt, a Cambridge tradesman's widow whom I attended, and whom poor Lexilogus helped to support out of his own little funds, wanted to see him directly on business. He should go with us to Chesterton, where she lodged; visit her while Euphranor and I played a game of billiards at the inn; and that afterwards we would all three take a good walk in the fields.

He supposed we should be back by Hall time, of course; about which I would make no conditions; and he then resigned himself to his destiny. While he was busy changing and brushing his clothes, Euphranor, who had walked somewhat impatiently about the room, looking now at the books, and now out of the window at

some white pigeons wheeling about in the clear blue sky, went up to the mantel-piece and called out, "What a fine new pair of screens Lexilogus had got! the present, doubtless, of some fair lady."

Lexilogus said his sister had sent them to him on his birth-day; and coming up to me brush in hand, asked if I recognised the views painted on them?

"Quite well, quite well," I said, and told him to finish his toilet —"the old church, the yew tree, your father's house, one cannot mistake them."

"And were they not beautifully done?" he wanted to know; and I answered without hesitation, they were; for I knew the girl who had painted them, and (whatever they might be in point of art) an affection above all art had guided her hand.

At last, after a little hesitation as to whether he should wear cap and gown, (which I decided he should *not*, for this time only,) Lexilogus was ready; and calling out on the staircase to his bed-maker not to meddle with his books, we ran down-stairs, crossed the great court, through the Screens, thronged with Gyps and bed-makers, and redolent of ten thousand dinners; where we stopped a moment to read the names of the preachers appointed at St Mary's; then through the cloisters of Neville's Court, and out upon the open space before the library. The sun shone broad on the new-shaven expanse of grass, while holiday-looking folks sauntered along the river-side, and under the trees of the walks, now flourishing in freshest green—the chestnuts especially in full leaf, and bending down their white cones over the sluggish current, which seemed indeed more fitted for the merchandise of coal, than to wash the walls and flow through the groves of Academe.

We now considered we had not come quite right for the wooden bridge; but this was easily amended at a small expense of college propriety. Going along to the Breweries, Euphranor called out to a man who had his boat in charge with many others close by. We descended the grassy slope, stepped into the boat, and settled the order of our voyage. Euphranor and I were to row, and Lexilogus (as I at first proposed) was to steer. But seeing he was averse from meddling with the matter, I agreed to take all the blame of my awkward rowing on myself.

"And just take care of this for me," said Euphranor, handing him a book which fell out of his pocket as he took his coat off.

"O, books, books!" I exclaimed, "I thought we were to steer clear of them at all events. Now we shall have Lexilogus reading all the way. What is it, Latin, Greek, Algebra, German, or what?"

It was none of these, however, Euphranor said, but only Digby's Godefridus; and then asking me whether I was ready, and I calling out "Ay, ay, Sir," our oars splashed in the water. Threading the main arch of Trinity bridge, we shot past the library, I exerting myself so strenuously (as bad rowers sometimes do), that I almost drove the nose of the boat against an office of this college as much visited by the students as avoided by visitors. This danger past, however, we got on better; Euphranor often looking behind him to anticipate our way, and counteracting with his strong oar any misdirection from mine. Amid all this, he had leisure to ask me if I knew Digby's books?

"Some of them," I told him, "the Broad Stone of Honour for one; indeed I had got the first edition of it, the Protestant one, now very rare."

"But not so good as the enlarged Catholic edition," said Euphranor, "of which this Godefridus is part; at least so Hare says."

"Perhaps not," I replied; "but then, on the other hand, not so Catholic; which you and Lexilogus will agree with me is a great advantage."

This I said slyly, Euphranor being rather taken with the Oxford doctrine just then coming into vogue.

"You cannot forgive him his Popery," said he.

"Nay, nay," said I, "I can forgive a true man any thing. Digby is a noble writer; and his quotations too—nobody except old Burton beats him in that."

"O, but so much finer than Burton," exclaimed Euphranor, "as much as Æschylus, Dante, Plato, the Fathers, and the old Romancers, are finer than Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus, Cardan, and such like."

I admitted this, though Burton quoted from Plato, Cicero, and Seneca too. After a little pause, Euphranor asked me "if I did not remember Digby himself at College; if I did not know him?"

"Not *know* him," I answered, "but I remember him very well."

"What sort of man?"

"Tall, big-boned, high-featured, and of a sad complexion," I said, "like some old Digby stepped down from the canvas."

"And, Hare says, really himself the knight he drew."

"At least," answered I, "he rowed very vigorously on this river, where I am now labouring so awkwardly."

Thus talking of Digby and his books, and constantly interrupted by the little accidents of our voyage, we had threaded our way through the barges congregated at Magdalen bridge; through the locks, and so to Cross's boat-house; where we surrendered our boat, and footed it over the fields to Chesterton, at whose church we came just as its quiet chimes were preluding twelve o'clock. Close by was the humble house whither Lexilogus was bound. I looked in for a moment at the old lady, and left Lexilogus with her, desiring him privately to stay but a short time, and then to join us at the Three Tuns Inn; the Three Tuns, which I preferred to any younger rival, because of the many pleasant hours I had spent there in my own college days.

When we got there, we found that all the tables were occupied; but that one, as usual, would be at our service before long. Meanwhile, ordering some light ale after us, we went into the bowling-green, with its lilac bushes now in full bloom and full odour; and there we found Lycion sitting alone upon a bench, with a cigar in his mouth, and rolling the bowls about lazily with his foot.

"What! Lycion! and all alone!" I exclaimed.

He nodded to us both, and said he was waiting till some men had finished a pool of billiards up-stairs—"A great bore—for it was only just begun; and one of the fellows is a man I particularly detest, so I am obliged to wait here till he is off."

"Come and share our ale then," said I. "Are you ever foolish enough to go rowing on the river, as we have been doing?"

"Not often," he said; "he did not see the use of perspiring to no purpose."

"Just so," replied I. "But here comes our liquor; sweet is pleasure after pain, at all events."

We then sat down in one of those little arbours cut into the lilac bushes round the bowling-green, and while Euphranor and I were quaffing each a glass of home-brewed, Lycion took up the volume of Digby, which Euphranor had laid on the table.

[They spend the day at the inn talking of many things. After ordering dinner, they take a short walk in the course of which they meet Phidippus riding a famous horse. They invite him to stay and dine. "There was to be a boat race, however, in the evening, which Phidippus said he must leave us to attend, if he did dine with us; for though not one of the rowers on the occasion—(not being one of the best), he must yet see his own (the Trinity) keep the head of the river. As to that, I said, we would all go to the boat race, which indeed Euphranor had proposed before; and so the whole thing was settled.... I told them... unless they would have more wine, we might go and have a game of bowls, which Euphranor would tell us was the noble custom of our forefathers after dinner."]

Phidippus instantly jumped up. He was for no more wine, he said. Lycion said he should have liked another glass, if the sherry had been tolerable. Euphranor and Lexilogus, I knew, were no topers; so we sallied forth upon the bowling-green.

Lycion, as a matter of course, pulled out his cigar-case, and offered it to us, telling Phidippus he could recommend his cigars as some of Pontet's best; but Phidippus did not smoke, he said; which, together with his declining to bet on the boat race, caused Lycion, I thought, to look on him with some indulgence.

And now Jack was rolled upon the green; and I bowled after him first, pretty well; then Euphranor, still better; then Lycion, with great indifference, and indifferent success; then Phidippus, who about equalled me; and, last of all, Lexilogus, whom Phidippus had been instructing in the mystery of the bias with little side-rolls along the turf, and who, he said, only wanted a little practice to play as well as the best of us.

Meanwhile, the shadows lengthened along the bowling-green, and, after several bouts of play, Phidippus said he must be off to see his friends start. I told him we should soon follow; and Euphranor begged him to come to his rooms after the race, for some tea, but Phidippus was engaged to sup with his crew.

"Where you will all be drunk," said I.

"No, there," said he, "you are quite mistaken, doctor."

"Well, well," I said, "away, then, to your race, and your supper."

"'Μετὰ σώφρονος ἡλικιώτου,'" added Euphranor, smiling.

"'Μετὰ,' 'with,' or 'after,'" said Phidippus, putting on his gloves.

"Well, go on, sir," said I, "'Σώφρονος?'"

"A temperate—something or other—"

"'Ηλικιώτου?'"

"Supper?"—he hesitated, smiling—"'after a temperate supper?'"

"Go down, sir; go down this instant!" I roared out to him as he ran from the bowling-green. And in a few minutes we heard his horse's feet shuffling over the threshold of the stable, and directly afterwards breaking into a canter outside the gate.

Shortly after this, the rest of us agreed it was time to be gone. We walked along the fields past the church, crossed the boat-house ferry, and mingled with the crowd upon the opposite bank. Townsmen and Gownsmen, with the laced Fellow-commoner sprinkled among them here and there—reading men and sporting men—Fellows, and even Masters of Colleges, not indifferent to the prowess of their respective crews—all these, conversing on all topics, from the slang in Bell's Life to the last new German Revelation, and moving in ever-changing groups down the banks, where, at the farthest visible bend of the river, was a little knot of ladies gathered up on a green knoll, faced and illuminated by the beams of the setting sun. Beyond which point was heard at length some indistinct shouting, which gradually increased, until "They are off—they are coming," suspended other conversation among ourselves: and suddenly the head of the first boat turned the corner, and then another close upon it, and then a third; the crews pulling with all their might, but in perfect rhythm and order; and the crowd upon the bank turning round to follow along with them, cheering, "Bravo, St John's," "Go it, Trinity," and waving hats and caps—the high crest and blowing forelock of Phidippus's mare, and he himself shouting encouragement to his crew, conspicuous over all—until, the boats reaching us, we also were caught up in the returning tide of spectators, and hurried back toward the boat-house; where we arrived just in time to see the ensign of Trinity lowered from its pride of place, and the eagle of St John's soaring there instead. Then, waiting awhile to hear how it was the winner had won, and the loser had lost, and watching Phidippus engaged in eager conversation with his defeated brethren, I took Euphranor and Lexilogus, one under each arm, (Lycion having strayed into better company elsewhere,) and walked home with them across the meadow that lies between the river and the town, whither the dusky troops of gownsmen were evaporating, while twilight gathered over all, and the nightingale began to be heard among the flowering chestnuts of Jesus.

R. C. LEHMANN

Rudolf Chambers Lehmann (b. 1856), famous as an oarsman and writer of light verse was educated at Highgate school and Trinity college, Cambridge. He has coached many Oxford and Leander crews. Oarsmanship and love of dogs are among the main themes of his verses.

STYLE AND THE OAR

To sit upon a seat
With straps about your feet,
And to grasp an oar and use it, to recover and to slide,
And to keep your body swinging,
And to get the finish ringing,
And to send the light ship leaping as she whizzes on the tide;

To make the rhythm right
And your feather clean and bright,
And to slash as if you loved it, though your muscles seem to crack;
And, although your brain is spinning,
To be sharp with your beginning,
And to heave your solid body indefatigably back;

Not to be a fraction late
When the rate is thirty-eight;
To be quick when stroke demands it, to be steady when he's slow;
And to keep a mind unheeding
When the other lot are leading,
And to set your teeth and brace your back and just to make her go.

And when she gives a roll
To swing out with heart and soul,
And to balance her and rally her and get her trim and true;
And while the ship goes flying
To hear the coxswain crying
"Reach out, my boys, you'll do it!" and, by Jupiter, you do!

To seek your bed at ten,
And to tumble out again
When the clocks are striking seven and the winds of March are chill;
To be resolute and steady,
Cheerful, regular, and ready
For a run upon the Common or a tramp up Putney Hill;

To sink yourself and be
Just a unit, and to see
How the individual withers and the crew is more and more;
And to guard without omission
Every glorious tradition
That the ancient heroes founded when they first took up an Oar;

In short to play the game
Not so much for name or fame
As to win a common honour for your colours light or dark—
Oh! it's this has made your crew-man
Such a chivalrous and true man
Since the day that Father Noah went a-floating in the Ark.

RALPH HODGSON

Ralph Hodgson, a living poet, has published one or two volumes of verses—*Eve and other poems* (1913), *Poems* (1917)—and some verses printed "broadside" fashion (*Flying Fame Broadsides*). Special mention may be made of the poems entitled *The Gipsy Girl*, *The Late Last Rook*, and *The Bull*.

THE BELLS OF HEAVEN

I would ring the bells of Heaven
The wildest peal for years,
If Parson lost his senses
And people came to theirs,
And he and they together
Knelt down with angry prayers
For tamed and shabby tigers
And dancing dogs and bears,
And wretched, blind pit ponies,
And little hunted hares.

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, WEST END

Frederick Mackenzie

WORDSWORTH

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense
And glorious Work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

J. M. BARRIE

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE (b. 1860) is the author of many plays—*The Admirable Crichton*, *What Every Woman Knows*, *Dear Brutus*, *Peter Pan* and others—and of stories and fantasies, such as *The Little White Bird*, *Auld Licht Idylls*, *A Window in Thrums*, *The Little Minister* and *When a Man's Single*. Some of his early journalistic sketches have been reprinted under the title *My Lady Nicotine*. He has also written *Margaret Ogilvy*, a tender account of his mother, partly autobiographical. The passage that follows is taken from this book. It indicates the affection felt by contemporary writers for Robert Louis Stevenson, then living, for the sake of his health, at Vailima in the South Seas.

R. L. S.

These familiar initials are, I suppose, the best beloved in recent literature, certainly they are the sweetest to me, but there was a time when my mother could not abide them. She said "That Stevenson man" with a sneer, and it was never easy to her to sneer. At thought of him her face would become almost hard, which seems incredible, and she would knit her lips and fold her arms, and reply with a stiff "oh" if you mentioned his aggravating name. In the novels we have a way of writing of our heroine, "she drew herself up haughtily," and when mine draw themselves

up haughtily I see my mother thinking of Robert Louis Stevenson. He knew her opinion of him, and would write, "My ears tingled yesterday; I sair doubt she has been miscalling me again." But the more she miscalled him the more he delighted in her, and she was informed of this, and at once said, "The scoundrel!" If you would know what was his unpardonable crime, it was this: he wrote better books than mine.

I remember the day she found it out, which was not, however, the day she admitted it. That day, when I should have been at my work, she came upon me in the kitchen, "The Master of Ballantrae" beside me, but I was not reading: my head lay heavy on the table, and to her anxious eyes, I doubt not, I was the picture of woe. "Not writing!" I echoed, no, I was not writing, I saw no use in ever trying to write again. And down, I suppose, went my head once more. She misunderstood, and thought the blow had fallen; I had awakened to the discovery, always dreaded by her, that I had written myself dry; I was no better than an empty ink-bottle. She wrung her hands, but indignation came to her with my explanation, which was that while R. L. S. was at it we others were only 'prentices cutting our fingers on his tools. "I could never thole his books," said my mother immediately, and indeed vindictively.

"You have not read any of them," I reminded her.

"And never will," said she with spirit.

And I have no doubt that she called him a dark character that very day. For weeks too, if not for months, she adhered to her determination not to read him, though I, having come to my senses and seen that there is a place for the 'prentice, was taking a pleasure, almost malicious, in putting "The Master of Ballantrae" in her way. I would place it on her table so that it said good-morning to her when she rose. She would frown, and carrying it downstairs, as if she had it in the tongs, replace it on its book-shelf. I would wrap it up in the cover she had made for the latest Carlyle: she would skin it contemptuously and again bring it down. I would hide her spectacles in it, and lay it on top of the clothes-basket and prop it up invitingly open against her tea-pot. And at last I got her, though I forget by which of many contrivances. What I recall vividly is a key-hole view, to which another member of the family invited me. Then I saw my mother wrapped

up in "The Master of Ballantrae" and muttering the music to herself, nodding her head in approval, and taking a stealthy glance at the foot of each page before she began at the top. Nevertheless she had an ear for the door, for when I bounced in she had been too clever for me; there was no book to be seen, only an apron on her lap and she was gazing out at the window. Some such conversation as this followed:—

"You have been sitting very quietly, mother."

"I always sit quietly, I never do anything, I'm just a finished stocking."

"Have you been reading?"

"Do I ever read at this time of day?"

"What is that in your lap?"

"Just my apron."

"Is that a book beneath the apron?"

"It might be a book."

"Let me see."

"Go away with you to your work."

But I lifted the apron. "Why, it's 'The Master of Ballantrae'!" I exclaimed shocked.

"So it is!" said my mother, equally surprised. But I looked sternly at her, and perhaps she blushed.

"Well what do you think: not nearly equal to mine?" said I with humour.

"Nothing like them," she said determinedly.

"Not a bit," said I, though whether with a smile or a groan is immaterial; they would have meant the same thing. Should I put the book back on its shelf? I asked, and she replied that I could put it wherever I liked for all she cared, so long as I took it out of her sight (the implication was that it had stolen on to her lap while she was looking out at the window). My behaviour may seem small, but I gave her a last chance, for I said that some people found it a book there was no putting down until they reached the last page.

"I'm no that kind," replied my mother.

Nevertheless our old game with the haver of a thing, as she called it, was continued, with this difference, that it was now she who carried the book covertly upstairs, and I who replaced it on the shelf, and several times we caught each other in the act, but not a word said either of us; we were grown self-conscious. Much

of the play no doubt I forget, but one incident I remember clearly. She had come down to sit beside me while I wrote, and sometimes, when I looked up, her eye was not on me, but on the shelf where "The Master of Ballantrae" stood inviting her. Mr Stevenson's books are not for the shelf, they are for the hand; even when you lay them down, let it be on the table for the next comer. Being the most sociable that man has penned in our time, they feel very lonely up there in a stately row. I think their eye is on you the moment you enter the room, and so you are drawn to look at them, and you take a volume down with the impulse that induces one to unchain the dog. And the result is not dissimilar, for in another moment you two are at play. Is there any other modern writer who gets round you in this way? Well, he had given my mother the look which in the ball-room means, "Ask me for this waltz," and she ettled to do it, but felt that her more dutiful course was to sit out the dance with this other less entertaining partner. I wrote on doggedly, but could hear the whispering.

"Am I to be a wall-flower?" asked James Durie reproachfully. (It must have been leap-year.)

"Speak lower," replied my mother, with an uneasy look at me.

"Pooh!" said James contemptuously, "that kail-runtle!"

"I winna have him miscalled," said my mother, frowning.

"I am done with him," said James (wiping his cane with his cambric handkerchief), and his sword clattered deliciously (I cannot think this was accidental), which made my mother sigh. Like the man he was, he followed up his advantage with a comparison that made me dip viciously.

"A prettier sound that," said he, clanking his sword again, "than the clack-clack of your young friend's shuttle."

"Whist!" cried my mother, who had seen me dip.

"Then give me your arm," said James, lowering his voice.

"I dare not," answered my mother. "He's so touchy about you."

"Come, come," he pressed her, "you are certain to do it sooner or later, so why not now?"

"Wait till he has gone for his walk," said my mother; "and, forbye that, I'm ower old to dance with you."

"How old are you?" he inquired.

"You're gey an' pert!" cried my mother.

"Are you seventy?"

"Off and on," she admitted.

"Pooh," he said, "a mere girl!"

She replied instantly, "I'm no' to be catched with chaff"; but she smiled and rose as if he had stretched out his hand and got her by the finger-tip.

After that they whispered so low (which they could do as they were now much nearer each other) that I could catch only one remark. It came from James, and seems to show the tenor of their whisperings, for his words were, "Easily enough, if you slip me beneath your shawl."

That is what she did, and furthermore she left the room guiltily, muttering something about redding up the drawers. I suppose I smiled wanly to myself, or conscience must have been nibbling at my mother, for in less than five minutes she was back, carrying her accomplice openly, and she thrust him with positive viciousness into the place where my Stevenson had lost a tooth (as the writer whom he most resembled would have said). And then like a good mother she took up one of her son's books and read it most determinedly. It had become a touching incident to me, and I remember how we there and then agreed upon a compromise: she was to read the enticing thing just to convince herself of its inferiority.

"The Master of Ballantrae" is not the best. Conceive the glory, which was my mother's, of knowing from a trustworthy source that there are at least three better awaiting you on the same shelf. She did not know Alan Breck yet, and he was as anxious to step down as Mr Bally himself. John Silver was there, getting into his leg, so that she should not have to wait a moment, and roaring, "I'll lay to that!" when she told me consolingly that she could not thole pirate stories. Not to know these gentlemen, what is it like? It is like never having been in love. But they are in the house! That is like knowing that you will fall in love tomorrow morning. With one word, by drawing one mournful face, I could have got my mother to abjure the jam-shelf—nay, I might have managed it by merely saying that she had enjoyed "The Master of Ballantrae." For you must remember that she only read it to persuade herself (and me) of its unworthiness, and that the reason she wanted to read the others was to get further proof. All this she made plain to me, eyeing me a little anxiously the while, and of course I accepted the explanation. Alan is the

biggest child of them all, and I doubt not that she thought so, but curiously enough her views of him are among the things I have forgotten. But how enamoured she was of "Treasure Island," and how faithful she tried to be to me all the time she was reading it! I had to put my hands over her eyes to let her know that I had entered the room, and even then she might try to read between my fingers, coming to herself presently, however, to say "It's a haver of a book."

"Those pirate stories are so uninteresting," I would reply without fear, for she was too engrossed to see through me. "Do you think you will finish this one?"

"I may as well go on with it since I have begun it," my mother says, so slyly that my sister and I shake our heads at each other to imply, "Was there ever such a woman!"

"There are none of those one-legged scoundrels in my books," I say.

"Better without them," she replies promptly.

"I wonder, mother, what it is about the man that so infatuates the public?"

"He takes no hold of me," she insists. "I would a hantle rather read your books."

I offer obligingly to bring one of them to her, and now she looks at me suspiciously. "You surely believe I like yours best," she says with instant anxiety, and I soothe her by assurances, and retire advising her to read on, just to see if she can find out how he misleads the public. "Oh, I may take a look at it again by-and-by," she says indifferently, but nevertheless the probability is that as the door shuts the book opens, as if by some mechanical contrivance. I remember how she read "Treasure Island," holding it close to the ribs of the fire (because she could not spare a moment to rise and light the gas), and how, when bed-time came, and we coaxed, remonstrated, scolded, she said quite fiercely, clinging to the book, "I dinna lay my head on a pillow this night till I see how that laddie got out of the barrel."

After this, I think, he was as bewitching as the laddie in the barrel to her—Was he not always a laddie in the barrel himself, climbing in for apples while we all stood around, like gamins, waiting for a bite? He was the spirit of boyhood tugging at the skirts of this old world of ours and compelling it to come back and play. And I suppose my mother felt this, as so many have felt it:

like others she was a little scared at first to find herself skipping again, with this masterful child at the rope, but soon she gave him her hand and set off with him for the meadow, not an apology between the two of them for the author left behind. But never to the end did she admit (in words) that he had a way with him which was beyond her son. "Silk and sacking, that is what we are," she was informed, to which she would reply obstinately, "Well, then, I prefer sacking."

"But if he had been your son?"

"But he is not."

"You wish he were?"

"I dinna deny but what I could have found room for him."

And still at times she would smear him with the name of black (to his delight when he learned the reason). That was when some podgy red-sealed blue-crossed letter arrived from Vailima, inviting me to journey thither. (His directions were, "You take the boat at San Francisco, and then my place is the second to the left.") Even London seemed to her to carry me so far away that I often took a week to the journey (the first six days in getting her used to the idea), and these letters terrified her. It was not the finger of Jim Hawkins she now saw beckoning me across the seas, it was John Silver, waving a crutch. Seldom, I believe, did I read straight through one of these Vailima letters; when in the middle I suddenly remembered who was upstairs and what she was probably doing, and I ran to her, three steps at a jump, to find her, lips pursed, hands folded, a picture of gloom.

"I have a letter from——"

"So I have heard."

"Would you like to hear it?"

"No."

"Can you not abide him?"

"I canna thole him."

"Is he a black?"

"He is all that."

Well, Vailima was the one spot on earth I had any great craving to visit, but I think she always knew I would never leave her. Sometime, she said, she should like me to go, but not until she was laid away. "And how small I have grown this last winter. Look at my wrists. It canna be long now." No, I never thought

of going, was never absent for a day from her without reluctance, and never walked so quickly as when I was going back. In the meantime that happened which put an end for ever to my scheme of travel. I shall never go up the Road of Loving Hearts now, on "a wonderful clear night of stars," to meet the man coming toward me on a horse. It is still a wonderful clear night of stars, but the road is empty. So I never saw the dear king of us all. But before he had written books he was in my part of the country with a fishing-wand in his hand, and I like to think that I was the boy who met him that day by Queen Margaret's burn, where the rowans are, and busked a fly for him, and stood watching, while his lithe figure rose and fell as he cast and hinted back from the crystal waters of Noran-side.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON

Samuel Johnson (1709–83), the son of a Lichfield bookseller, was educated at a school in his native city and at Oxford. He was very poor, and after early struggles as a schoolmaster, he came to London and began a life of struggle as an author. By unbreakable courage and steadfast labour he gradually raised himself to the position of chief writer of his time. Much of his prose work was in the form of essays, the best being those forming *The Rambler*. Of his poems, *The Vanity of Human Wishes* is most generally known. He wrote also *Lives of the Poets*. One of the works he undertook was the compiling of a new English Dictionary, at which he laboured for many years.

James Boswell (1740–95) was born in Edinburgh, the son of a Scottish judge. After a youth spent in desultory scribbling rather than in any serious study of law, he came to London, made the acquaintance of Johnson and resolved to make collections towards a biography of his hero. The book appeared in 1791 and was instantly successful. Boswell had many weaknesses, but the author of the most fascinating biography in the English language—perhaps in any language—was undoubtedly a greater man than his contemporaries and such critics as Macaulay were willing to admit.

THE MEETING OF JOHNSON AND BOSWELL, 1763

This is to me a memorable year; for in it I had the happiness to obtain the acquaintance of that extraordinary man whose memoirs I am now writing; an acquaintance which I shall ever esteem as one of the most fortunate circumstances in my life. Though then but two-and-twenty, I had for several years read his works with delight and instruction, and had the highest reverence for their authour, which had grown up in my fancy into a kind of mysterious

veneration, by figuring to myself a state of solemn elevated abstraction, in which I supposed him to live in the immense metropolis of London. Mr Gentleman, a native of Ireland, who passed some years in Scotland as a player, and as an instructor in the English language, a man whose talents and worth were depressed by misfortunes, had given me a representation of the figure and manner of DICTIONARY JOHNSON! as he was then generally called; and during my first visit to London, which was for three months in 1760, Mr Derrick the poet, who was Gentleman's friend and countryman, flattered me with hopes that he would introduce me to Johnson, an honour of which I was very ambitious. But he never found an opportunity; which made me doubt that he had promised to do what was not in his power; till Johnson some years afterwards told me, "Derrick, Sir, might very well have introduced you. I had a kindness for Derrick, and am sorry he is dead...."

Mr Thomas Davies the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russel-street, Covent-garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

Mr Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife, (who has been celebrated for her beauty,) though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of character; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them, as with any family which he used to visit. Mr Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner, while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr Davies's back-parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us,—he

announced his aweful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his *Dictionary*, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation, which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from."—"From Scotland," cried Davies roguishly. "Mr Johnson, (said I) I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to sooth and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expence of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, Sir, I cannot think Mr Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir, (said he, with a stern look,) I have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and

my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation, of which I preserved the following short minute, without marking the questions and observations by which it was produced.

"People (he remarked) may be taken in once, who imagine that an authour is greater in private life than other men. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertion.

"In barbarous society, superiority of parts is of real consequence. Great strength or great wisdom is of much value to an individual. But in more polished times there are people to do everything for money; and then there are a number of other superiorities, such as those of birth and fortune, and rank, that dissipate men's attention, and leave no extraordinary share of respect for personal and intellectual superiority. This is wisely ordered by Providence, to preserve some equality among mankind."

"Sir, this book (*The Elements of Criticism*, which he had taken up,) is a pretty essay, and deserves to be held in some estimation, though much of it is chimerical."

Speaking of one who with more than ordinary boldness attacked publick measures and the royal family, he said,

"I think he is safe from the law, but he is an abusive scoundrel; and instead of applying to my Lord Chief Justice to punish him, I would send half a dozen footmen and have him well ducked."

"The notion of liberty amuses the people of England, and helps to keep off the *tædium vitæ*. When a butcher tells you that *his heart bleeds for his country*, he has, in fact, no uneasy feeling."

"Sheridan will not succeed at Bath with his oratory. Ridicule has gone down before him, and, I doubt, Derrick is his enemy."

"Derrick may do very well, as long as he can outrun his character; but the moment his character gets up with him, it is all over."

It is, however, but just to record, that some years afterwards, when I reminded him of this sarcasm, he said, "Well, but Derrick has now got a character that he need not run away from."

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigour of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an

engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."

A few days afterwards I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr Johnson at his Chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr Johnson would take it as a compliment. So upon Tuesday the 24th of May, after having been enlivened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His Chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner-Temple-lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Reverend Dr Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having "found the Giant in his den"; an expression, which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. Dr Blair had been presented to him by Dr James Fordyce. At this time the controversy concerning the pieces published by Mr James Macpherson, as translations of *Ossian*, was at its height. Johnson had all along denied their authenticity; and, what was still more provoking to their admirers, maintained that they had no merit. The subject having been introduced by Dr Fordyce, Dr Blair, relying on the internal evidence of their antiquity, asked Dr Johnson whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems? Johnson replied, "Yes, Sir, many men, many women, and many children." Johnson, at this time, did not know that Dr Blair had just published a *Dissertation*, not only defending their authenticity, but seriously ranking them with the poems of *Homer* and *Virgil*; and when he was afterwards informed of this circumstance, he expressed some displeasure at Dr Fordyce's having suggested the topick, and said, "I am not sorry that they got thus much for their pains. Sir, it was like leading one to talk of a book when the authour is concealed behind the door."

DR JOHNSON AND DR GOLDSMITH

Thackeray

He received me very courteously; but, it must be confessed, that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of cloaths looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, "Nay, don't go." "Sir, (said I,) I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you." He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me." I have preserved the following short minute of what passed this day:—

"Madness frequently discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes of the world. My poor friend Smart shewed the disturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place. Now although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question."

Concerning this unfortunate poet, Christopher Smart, who was confined in a mad-house, he had, at another time, the following conversation with Dr Burney:—Burney. "How does poor Smart do, Sir; is he likely to recover?" Johnson. "It seems as if his mind had ceased to struggle with the disease; for he grows fat upon it." Burney. "Perhaps, Sir, that may be from want of exercise." Johnson. "No, Sir; he has partly as much exercise as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it."—Johnson continued. "Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labour; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content

to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it."

"The morality of an action depends on the motive from which we act. If I fling half a crown to a beggar with intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good; but, with respect to me, the action is very wrong. So, religious exercises, if not performed with an intention to please God, avail us nothing. As our Saviour says of those who perform them from other motives, 'Verily they have their reward.'"

"'The Christian religion has very strong evidences. It, indeed, appears in some degree strange to reason; but in History we have undoubted facts, against which, reasoning *à priori*, we have more arguments than we have for them; but then, testimony has great weight, and casts the balance. I would recommend to every man whose faith is yet unsettled, Grotius,—Dr Pearson,—and Dr Clarke."

Talking of Garrick, he said, "He is the first man in the world for sprightly conversation."

When I rose a second time he again pressed me to stay, which I did.

He told me, that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance of many years, my journal of this period, I wonder how, at my first visit, I ventured to talk to him so freely, and that he bore it with so much indulgence.

Before we parted, he was so good as to promise to favour me with his company one evening at my lodgings; and, as I took my leave, shook me cordially by the hand. It is almost needless to add, that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an acquaintance of which I had been so long ambitious.

My readers will, I trust, excuse me for being thus minutely circumstantial, when it is considered that the acquaintance of Dr Johnson was to me a most valuable acquisition, and laid the foundation of whatever instruction and entertainment they may receive from my collections concerning the great subject of the work which they are now perusing.

I did not visit him again till Monday, June 13, at which time

I recollect no part of his conversation, except that when I told him I had been to see Johnson ride upon three horses, he said, "Such a man, Sir, should be encouraged; for his performances shew the extent of the human powers in one instance, and thus tend to raise our opinion of the faculties of man. He shews what may be attained by persevering application; so that every man may hope, that by giving as much application, although perhaps he may never ride three horses at a time, or dance upon a wire, yet he may be equally expert in whatever profession he has chosen to pursue."

He again shook me by the hand at parting, and asked me why I did not come oftener to him. Trusting that I was now in his good graces, I answered, that he had not given me much encouragement, and reminded him of the check I had received from him at our first interview. "Poh, poh! (said he, with a complacent smile,) never mind these things. Come to me as often as you can. I shall be glad to see you."

EDMUND BURKE

Edmund Burke (1729-97) was born in Dublin and educated at Trinity college. He came to London, was called to the Bar, and soon plunged into letters and politics. He took the Whig side and attacked the policy of the government towards the American colonists. Perhaps the finest of his works are those that deal with this great question—the *Speech on American Taxation* (1774), the *Speech on Conciliation with America* (1775) and the *Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol* (1777). Ten years later, Burke took the lead against Warren Hastings when that administrator was charged with misgovernment. Burke's passion for settled order and ancient tradition made him a violent antagonist of the French Revolution and his last years were spent in fervid defence of the old *régime* in France. He was generally on the losing side in politics and his circumstances were always embarrassed. In 1794 he was granted a pension. The grant was attacked by the Duke of Bedford, and Burke replied in his superbly scornful *Letter to a Noble Lord*, from which is taken the following passage referring to the untimely death of his son. The second is from the *Speech on Conciliation with America.*

ON THE LOSS OF HIS SON

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family: I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in

generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shewn himself inferiour to the duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. HE would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have re-purchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a publick creature; and had no enjoyment whatever, but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment, the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours, I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognise the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his, who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury, it is a privilege, it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct; and under the direction of reason, instinct is always

in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety, which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to show that he was not descended, as the duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

THE COLONIES AND LIBERTY

I pass therefore to the Colonies in another point of view, their agriculture. This they have prosecuted with such a spirit, that, besides feeding plentifully their own growing multitude, their annual export of grain, comprehending rice, has some years ago exceeded a million in value. Of their last harvest, I am persuaded they will export much more. At the beginning of the century some of these colonies imported corn from the mother country. For some time past, the Old World has been fed from the New. The scarcity which you have felt would have been a desolating famine, if this child of your old age, with a true filial piety, with a Roman charity, had not put the full breast of its youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhausted parent.

As to the wealth which the Colonies have drawn from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar. You surely thought those acquisitions of value, for they seemed even to excite your envy; and yet the spirit by which that enterprising employment has been exercised, ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration. And pray, Sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the Whale Fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen Serpent of the south. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the

accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprize, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people; a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. When I contemplate these things; when I know that the Colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that, through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection; when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt and die away within me. My rigour relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

I am sensible, Sir, that all which I have asserted in my detail, is admitted in the gross; but that quite a different conclusion is drawn from it. America, Gentlemen say, is a noble object. It is an object well worth fighting for. Certainly it is, if fighting a people be the best way of gaining them. Gentlemen in this respect will be led to their choice of means by their complexions and their habits. Those who understand the military art, will of course have some predilection for it. Those who wield the thunder of the state, may have more confidence in the efficacy of arms. But I confess, possibly for want of this knowledge, my opinion is much more in favour of prudent management, than of force; considering force not as an odious, but a feeble instrument, for preserving a people so numerous, so active, so growing, so spirited as this, in a profitable and subordinate connexion with us.

First, Sir, permit me to observe, that the use of force alone is but *temporary*. It may subdue for a moment; but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again: and a nation is not governed, which is perpetually to be conquered.

My next objection is its *uncertainty*. Terror is not always the effect

of force; and an armament is not a victory. If you do not succeed, you are without resource; for, conciliation failing, force remains; but, force failing, no further hope of conciliation is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness; but they can never be begged as alms by an impoverished and defeated violence.

A further objection to force is, that you *impair the object* by your very endeavours to preserve it. The thing you fought for is not the thing which you recover; but depreciated, sunk, wasted, and consumed in the contest. Nothing less will content me, than *whole America*. I do not choose to consume its strength along with our own; because in all parts it is the British strength that I consume. I do not choose to be caught by a foreign enemy at the end of this exhausting conflict; and still less in the midst of it. I may escape; but I can make no insurance against such an event. Let me add, that I do not choose wholly to break the American spirit; because it is the spirit that has made the country.

Lastly, we have no sort of *experience* in favour of force as an instrument in the rule of our Colonies. Their growth and their utility has been owing to methods altogether different. Our ancient indulgence has been said to be pursued to a fault. It may be so. But we know, if feeling is evidence, that our fault was more tolerable than our attempt to mend it; and our sin far more salutary than our penitence.

ROGER ASCHAM

Roger Ascham (1515–68) was born in Yorkshire and educated at Cambridge. He had great repute as a classical scholar, and sought recreation in music, penmanship and archery. In later life he held secretarial offices under both Mary and Elizabeth. His fame rests upon two works—*The Scholemaster*, a defence of classical education, and *Toxophilus*, a defence of archery. They mark the beginning of modern English prose.

WIND AND WEATHER

The greatest enemy of shooting is the wind and the weather, whereby true keeping a length is chiefly hindered. If this thing were not, men by teaching might be brought to wonderful near shooting. It is no marvel if the little poor shaft being sent alone, so high into the air, into a great rage of weather, one wind tossing it that way, another this way, it is no marvel I say, though it lose the length, and miss that place, where the shooter had thought

to have found it. Greater matters than shooting are under the rule and will of the weather, as sailing on the sea. And likewise as in sailing, the chief point of a good master, is to know the tokens of change of weather, the course of the winds, that thereby he may the better come to the Haven: even so the best property of a good shooter, is to know the nature of the winds, with him and against him, that thereby he may the nearer shoot at his mark. Wise masters when they cannot win the best haven, they are glad of the next: Good shooters also, that cannot when they would hit the mark, will labour to come as nigh as they can. All things in this world be imperfect and unconstant, therefore let every man acknowledge his owne weakness, in all matters great and small, weighty and merry, and glorify him, in whom only perfect perfectness is. But now, sir, he that will at all adventures use the seas knowing no more what is to be done in a tempest than in a calm, shall soon become a merchant of Eel skins: so that shooter which putteth no difference, but shooteth in all like, in rough weather and fair, shall always put his winnings in his eyes.

Little boats and thin boards, cannot endure the rage of a tempest. Weak bows, and light shafts cannot stand in a rough wind. And likewise as a blind man which should go to a place where he had never been afore, that hath but one straight way to it, and of either side holes and pits to fall into, now falleth into this hole and then into that hole, and never cometh to his journey end, but wandereth always here and there, farther and farther off: So that archer which ignorantly shooteth considering neither fair nor foul, standing nor nocking, feather nor head, drawing nor loosing, nor yet any compass, shall always shoot short and gone, wide and far off, and never come near, except perchance he stumble sometime on the mark. For ignorance is nothing else but mere blindness.

A master of a ship first learneth to know the coming of a tempest, the nature of it, and how to behave himself in it, either with changing his course, or pulling down his high tops and broad sails, being glad to eschew as much of the weather as he can: Even so a good archer will first with diligent use and marking the weather, learn to know the nature of the wind, and with wisdom, will measure in his mind, how much it will alter his shoot, either in length keeping, or else in straight shooting, and so with changing his standing, or taking another shaft, the which he knoweth

perfectly to be fitter for his purpose, either because it is lower feathered, or else because it is of a better wing, will so handle with discretion his shoot, that he shall seem rather to have the weather under his rule, by good heed giving, than the weather to rule his shaft by any sudden changing.

Therefore in shooting there is as much difference betwixt an archer that is a good weather man, and another that knoweth and marketh nothing, as is betwixt a blind man, and he that can see.

Thus, as concerning the weather, a perfect archer must first learne to know the sure flight of his shafts, that he may be bold always to trust them, then must he learn by daily experience all manner of kinds of weather, the tokens of it, when it will come, the nature of it when it is come, the diversity and altering of it, when it changeth, the decrease and diminishing of it, when it ceaseth. Thirdly these things knowen, and every shoot diligently marked, then must a man compare always, the weather and his footing together, and with discretion measure them so, that whatsoever the rough weather shall take away from his shoot the same shall just footing restore again to his shoot.

This thing well knowen, and discreetly handled in shooting, bringeth more profit and commendation and praise to an Archer, than any other thing besides.

EDMUND SPENSER

Edmund Spenser (1552–99), the author of *The Faerie Queene* and *The Shepheards Calendar*, was born in London and educated at the Merchant Taylors' school and at Cambridge. He held several posts in Ireland during the troublous attempts of Queen Elizabeth to subdue that country. A native rising drove him destitute and homeless to London where he died in poverty. The passage that follows is taken from the cantos of "Mutability," intended to form part of *The Faerie Queene*. The goddess of Mutability or Change claims to be the greatest power in the world, and bids Nature summon forth the times and seasons of the year, to show that Change rules all.

MUTABILITY

I

So forth issued the Seasons of the year.
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers
That freshly budded and new blooms did beare,
(In which a thousand birds had built their bowers

That sweetly sung to call forth Paramours)
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stours)
A gilt engraven morion he did wear;
That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

II

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured green,
That was unlined all, to be more light;
And on his head a garland well beseen
He wore, from which, as he had chaffed been,
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bow and shafts, as he in forest green
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Boar,
And now would bathe his limbs with labour heated sore.

III

Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banished hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore.
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrolled
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

IV

Lastly, came Winter clothed all in frieze,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distil.
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,
That scarce his loosed limbes he able was to weld.

V

These, marching softly, thus in order went;
And after them the Months all riding came.
First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And filled her womb with fruitful hope of nourishment.

VI

Next came fresh April, full of lustihead,
And wanton as a Kid whose horn new buds:
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' Argolic floods:
His hornes were gilded all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlands goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth; and wet he seem'd in sight
With waves, through which he waded for his love's delight.

VII

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
Decked all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around:
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The twins of Leda; which on either side
Supported her like to their sovereign Queen:
Lord! how all creatures laughed when her they spied
And leapt and danc'd as they had ravished been!
And Cupid self about her fluttered all in green.

VIII

And after her came jolly June, arrayed
All in green leaves, as he a Player were;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as played,
That by his plough-irons might right well appear.

Upon a Crab he rode, that him did bear
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which fains demurest grace.

IX

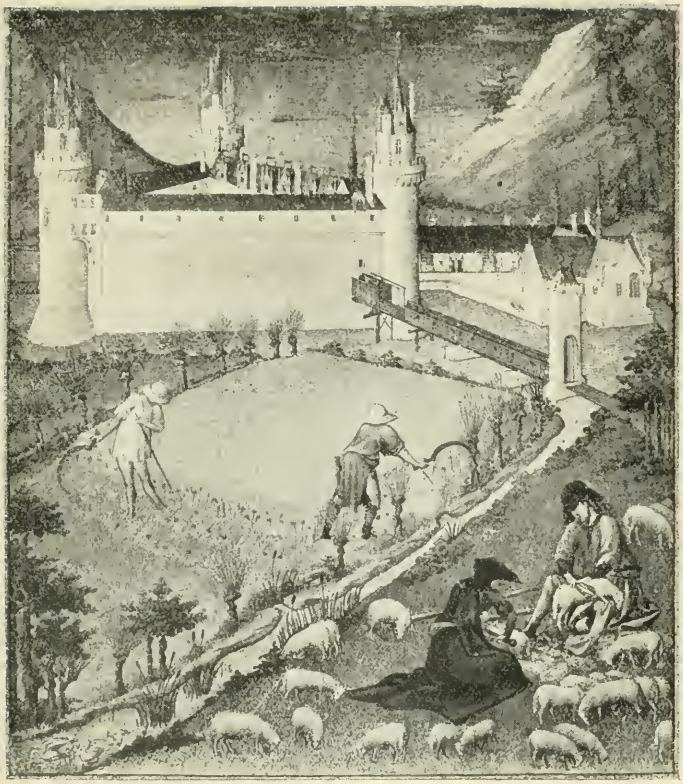
Then came hot July boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away.
Upon a Lion raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obey:
It was the beast that whilom did foray
The Nemæan forest, till th' Amphytrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array.
Behind his back a scythe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

X

The sixth was August, being rich arrayed
In garment all of gold down to the ground;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Maid
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crowned
With ears of corn, and full her hand was found:
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But after Wrong was lov'd, and Justice sold,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven extolled.

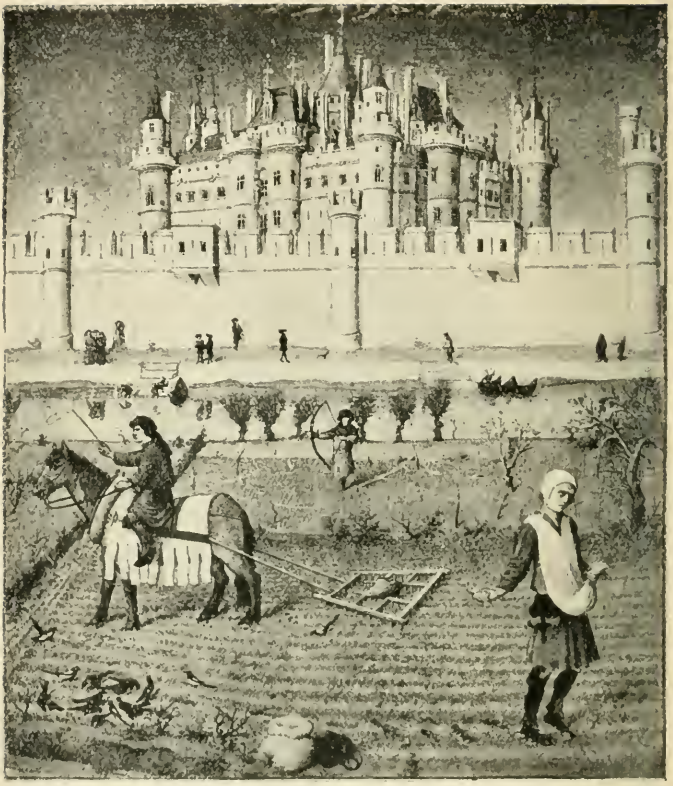
XI

Next him September marched, eke on foot,
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoil
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot,
And him enriched with bounty of the soil:
In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toil,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A pair of weights, with which he did assoil
Both more and less, where it in doubt did stand,
And equal gave to each as Justice duly scann'd.



JULY

Pol of Limburg



OCTOBER

Pol of Limburg

XII

Then came October full of merry glee;
For yet his nowl was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fat's sea,
And of the joyous oil, whose gentle gust
Made him so frolic and so full of lust:
Upon a dreadful Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Diana's doom unjust
Slew great Orion; and eke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tied.

XIII

Next was November; he full gross and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seem;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his brows with sweat did reek and steam,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem:
In planting eke he took no small delight.
Whereon he rode not easy was to deem;
For it a dreadful Centaur was in sight,
The seed of Saturn and fair Nais, Chiron hight.

XIV

And after him came next the chill December:
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad.
Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,
They say, was nourished by th' Idæan maid;
And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears,
Of which he freely drinks a health to all his peers.

XV

Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver, like to quell,
And blow his nails to warm them if he may;

For they were numbed with holding all the day
A hatchet keen, with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needless spray:
Upon a huge great Earth-pot steen he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Roman Flood.

XVI

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawn of two fishes, for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slide
And swim away: yet had he by his side
His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
And tools to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them bourgeon round.
So past the twelve Months forth, and their due places found.

XVII

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equal pace,
Th' one on a Palfrey black, the other white;
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a black veil, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight;
And sleep and darkness round about did trace:
But Day did bear upon his sceptre's height
The goodly Sun encompassed all with beamës bright.

XVIII

Then came the Hours, fair daughters of high Jove,
And timely Night, the which were all endued
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed
That might forslack the charge to them foreshewed
By mighty Jove; who did them porters make
Of heaven's gate (whence all the gods issued)
Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
By even turns, nor ever did their charge forsake.

XIX

And after all came Life, and lastly Death;
Death with most grim and grisly visage seen,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Nor ought to see, but like a shade to ween,
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseen:
But Life was like a fair young lusty boy,
Such as they fain Dan Cupid to have been,
Full of delightful health and lively joy,
Decked all with flowers, and wings of gold fit to employ.

XX

When these were past, thus gan the Titaness:
"Lo! mighty mother, now be judge, and say
Whether in all thy creatures more or less
CHANGE doth not reign and bear the greatest sway;
For who sees not that Time on all doth prey?
But Times do change and move continually:
So nothing here long standeth in one stay:
Wherefore this lower world who can deny
But to be subject still to Mutability?"

HUGH MILLER

HUGH MILLER (1802–56) was born at Cromarty, and spent his early years in working as a stone-mason. In his leisure he followed his bent for study, especially in the direction of geology, and in course of time produced several works dealing with religion and natural science. His fame rests mainly upon two books of autobiographical interest, *The Old Red Sandstone* and *My Schools and Schoolmasters*. The passage that follows is taken from the former of these.

MY BOYHOOD

It was twenty years last February since I set out, a little before sunrise, to make my first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint; and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was but a slim, loose-jointed boy at the time, fond of the pretty intangibilities of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake; and, woful change! I was now going to work at what Burns has instanced, in his "Twa Dogs," as one of the most disagreeable of all employments,—to work in a quarry. Bating

the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods, a reader of curious books when I could get them, a gleaner of old traditionary stories; and now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams, and all my amusements, for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil!

The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, or frith rather, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir wood on the other. It had been opened in the Old Red Sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks, and wedges, and levers, were applied by my brother-workmen; and, simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however, and the workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder. The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one: it had the merit, too, of being attended with some such degree of danger as a boating or rock excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots: the fragments flew in every direction; and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds, that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures, to die in the shelter. I felt a new interest in examining them. The one was a pretty cock goldfinch, with its hood of vermilion, and its wings inlaid with the gold to which it owes its name, as unsoiled and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum. The other, a somewhat rarer bird, of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated

with light blue and a grayish yellow. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, more disposed to be sentimental, perhaps, than if I had been ten years older, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts, and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir wood beside us, and the long dark shadows of the trees stretching downwards towards the shore.

This was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had wrought and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. It was no small matter, too, that the evening, converted, by a rare transmutation, into the delicious "blink of rest" which Burns so truthfully describes, was all my own. I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother-workmen. There had been a smart frost during the night, and the rime lay white on the grass as we passed onwards through the fields; but the sun rose in a clear atmosphere, and the day mellowed, as it advanced, into one of those delightful days of early spring which give so pleasing an earnest of whatever is mild and genial in the better half of the year. All the workmen rested at mid-day, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighbouring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water, nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced on canvas. From a wooded promontory that stretched half-way across the frith there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards, and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side, like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben Wyvis rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills: all above was white, and all below was purple. They reminded me of the pretty French story, in which an old artist is described as tasking the ingenuity of his future son-in-law, by giving him as a subject for his pencil a flower-

piece composed of only white flowers, of which the one-half were to bear their proper colour, the other half a deep purple hue, and yet all be perfectly natural; and how the young man resolved the riddle and gained his mistress, by introducing a transparent purple vase into the picture, and making the light pass through it on the flowers that were drooping over the edge. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

CARLYLE

Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881) was born at Ecclefechan in Scotland, the son of a stone-mason. He began his education at the school of his native place, and proceeded, as many poor Scottish boys still do, to a better school (in his case, the Annan Academy) and thence to Edinburgh university. He studied German literature and began his literary career by writing essays on that subject—then little known to English readers. Chief among his many books may be named *Sartor Resartus*, *The French Revolution*, *Past and Present*. Carlyle's strong views and vigorous writing had very great influence in his day.

The following passage is taken from *Sartor Resartus* ("The Tailor Tailored," or "Patcher Patched"), a grimly satirical work that, under the design of comment upon a supposed German professor's treatise on clothes, attacks the less admirable features in modern social life and thought. Written in 1833, its criticism is still applicable to our own times.

LABOUR AND LEARNING

"Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour: and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: *thou* art

in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

"A second man I honour, and still more highly: Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavouring towards inward Harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one: when we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality?—These two, in all their degrees, I honour: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

"Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness."

And again: "It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor: we must all toil, or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst; but for him also there is food and drink: he is heavy-laden and weary; but for him also the Heavens send Sleep, and of the deepest; in his smoky cribs, a clear dewy heaven of Rest envelops him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted Dreams. But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge, should visit him; but only, in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation bear him company. Alas, while the Body stands so broad and brawny, must the Soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated! Alas, was this too a Breath of God; bestowed in Heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded!—That there should one Man die ignorant who had capacity for Knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute."

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE, an Irish poet, published before the war his *Songs of the Fields*, a collection of verse with a fresh and loving view of nature. He joined the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, fought in Serbia and Gallipoli and was killed in Flanders in 1917. A second volume, called *Songs of Peace*, was published after he had "taken up arms for the fields along the Boyne, for the birds and the blue sky over them." It is from this book that the following poem is taken.

THE HOMECOMING OF THE SHEEP

The sheep are coming home in Greece,
Hark the bells on every hill!
Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,
Wandering wide a little piece
Thro' the evening red and still,
Stopping where the pathways cease,
Cropping with a hurried will.

Thro' the cotton-bushes low
Merry boys with shouldered crooks
Close them in a single row,
Shout among them as they go
With one bell-ring o'er the brooks.
Such delight you never know
Reading it from gilded books.

Before the early stars are bright
Cormorants and sea-gulls call,
And the moon comes large and white
Filling with a lovely light
The ferny curtained waterfall.
Then sleep wraps every bell up tight
And the climbing moon grows small.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY

Sir Thomas Overbury (1581–1613) was a courtier of James I. He is remembered chiefly as the author of certain *Characters*—little sketches of typical figures, of which the following, which depicts a "land girl" of the early seventeenth century, is the most charming.

A FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID

Is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put *all face-physic* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a *dumb orator* to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is herself) is far better than outsides *of tissue*: for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the *silk-worm*, she is decked in *innocence*, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoil both her *complexion* and *conditions*; nature hath taught her, too *immoderate sleep is rust to the soul*: she rises therefore with *chanticlere*, her dame's cock, and at night makes the *lamb* her *curfew*. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came *almond glove* or *aromatic ointment* on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of *June*, like a new made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity: and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel) she sings a defiance to the giddy *wheel of fortune*. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems *ignorance* will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair; and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The *garden* and *bee-hive* are all her *physic* and *chirurgery*, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none: yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old *songs*, *honest thoughts*, and *prayers*, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not

palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her *superstition*: that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the *spring-time*, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

BEN JONSON

Ben Jonson (1573–1637), dramatist and poet, author of some beautiful short poems and of several fine plays including *Every Man in his Humour* and *The Alchemist*, is known to all by the words of his lovely song "Drink to me only with thine eyes" and the still more lovely "Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair." The poem that follows deserves to be remembered with these.

AN EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY, A CHILD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL

Weep with me all you that read
This little story:
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child, that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As *Heaven* and *Nature* seem'd to strive
Which own'd the creature.
Years he number'd scarce thirteen
When *Fates* turn'd cruel,
Yet three fill'd *Zodiacs* had he been
The Stage's jewel;
And did act (what now we moan)
Old men so duly,
As, sooth, the *Parcæ* thought him one,
He play'd so truly.
So, by error to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since (alas, too late)
They have repented;
And have sought (to give new birth)
In baths to steep him;
But, being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

Robert Southwell (1562–95), a Catholic poet, was born in Norfolk and entered the Society of Jesus. He suffered martyrdom during the persecution of Catholics under Queen Elizabeth. He is remembered mainly by the fervid poem here given.

THE BURNING BABE

As I in hoary winter's night
  Stood shivering in the snow
Surprised was I with sudden heat
  Which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye
  To view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright
  Did in the air appear;
Who, scorchéd with excessive heat,
  Such floods of tears did shed
As though His floods should quench His flames,
  Which with His tears were fed:
"Alas!" quoth He, "but newly born
  In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
  Or feel my fire but I!

"My faultless breast the furnace is;
  The fuel, wounding thorns;
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke;
  The ashes, shames and scorns;
The fuel Justice layeth on,
  And Mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought
  Are men's defiléd souls:
For which, as now on fire I am
  To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
  To wash them in my blood."
With this He vanish'd out of sight
  And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I calléd unto mind
  That it was Christmas Day.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE

In the time of Queen Elizabeth there existed several translations of the Bible or parts of the Bible into English. The oldest was made by friends and followers of John Wyclif at the end of the fourteenth century; then came Tyndale's (1525–34); next Coverdale's—the *Great Bible* (1539); next the version made by English reformers settled at Geneva—the *Geneva Bible* (1559–60); and then a translation made by certain bishops in Elizabeth's reign—the *Bishops' Bible* (1568). The Book of Psalms as it appears in the Church of England Prayer Book is, in the main, the work of Coverdale.

Early in the seventeenth century, King James ordered a new translation of the Bible to be made; it was published in 1611, and has been known ever since as the Authorised Version. An amended form of this translation published in 1881–5 is popularly called the Revised Version.

The Bible of 1611 found its way to the hearts of the English people, and its splendid language has influenced English thought and speech for over three hundred years. Two supreme glories of the English tongue are two great books published in the reign of James I—the Bible of 1611 and *Mr William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories & Tragedies* of 1623.

CHARITY (1 Corinthians xiii)

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have no charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doeth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come,

then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am knowen.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

CARLYLE

The passage that follows is taken from *The French Revolution.* The wild, disorderly and rather explosive style in which it is written helps to convey a sense of the passionate, fiery period of upheaval that it describes. The extract describes the events of 12–14 July 1789. The government of France by an absolute monarchy had utterly broken down, and Louis XVI was forced to summon the States-General (something like our Houses of Parliament) to deal with the situation. This body was meeting at the royal palace of Versailles, twelve miles out of Paris. M. Necker, a popular minister, had been appointed to re-organise the bankrupt finances. Apparently things were progressing favourably but, secretly, the court and the nobles, led by the queen, Marie Antoinette, were plotting to overthrow the work of the reformers. Bodies of royal troops were moved into Paris, and the guns of the Bastille, that terrible prison and fortress, the symbol of royal tyranny and misgovernment, were threatening the city. The first open sign that the people were being betrayed by the court was the dismissal of Necker. The Palais Royal, mentioned early in the piece, was a sort of small square or garden quadrangle, surrounded by shops and cafés. It was always a popular place of resort, and therefore a convenient meeting-place for citizens eager to hear and discuss the news of the day. Necker was dismissed on Saturday 11 July. On Sunday morning, Camille Desmoulins came rushing into the Palais Royal and announced the news to the crowd. That is the point at which the following passage begins.

THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE

I

To Arms!

So hangs it, dubious, fateful, in the sultry days of July. It is the passionate printed *advice* of M. Marat, to abstain, of all things, from violence. Nevertheless the hungry poor are already burning Town Barriers, where Tribute on eatables is levied; getting clamorous for food.

The twelfth July morning is Sunday: the streets are all placarded with an enormous-sized *De par le Roi*, "inviting peaceable citizens

to remain within doors," to feel no alarm, to gather in no crowd. Why so? What mean these "placards of enormous size"? Above all, what means this clatter of military; dragoons, hussars, rattling in from all points of the compass towards the Place Louis Quinze: with a staid gravity of face, though saluted with mere nicknames, hootings and even missiles? Besenval is with them. Swiss Guards of his are already in the Champs Elysées, with four pieces of artillery.

Have the destroyers descended on us, then? From the Bridge of Sèvres to utmost Vincennes, from Saint-Denis to the Champ-de-Mars, we are begirt! Alarm, of the vague unknown, is in every heart. The Palais Royal has become a place of awestruck interjections, silent shakings of the head: one can fancy with what dolorous sound the noontide cannon (which the Sun fires at crossing his meridian) went off there; bodeful, like an inarticulate voice of doom. Are these troops verily come out "against Brigands"? Where are the Brigands? What mystery is in the wind?—Hark! a human voice reporting articulately the Job's-news: *Necker, People's Minister, Saviour of France, is dismissed.* Impossible, incredible! Treasonous to the public peace! Such a voice ought to be choked in the water-works;—had not the news-bringer quickly fled. Nevertheless, friends, make of it what ye will, the news is true. Necker is gone. Necker hies northward incessantly, in obedient secrecy, since yesternight. We have a new Ministry: Broglie the War-god; Aristocrat Breteuil; Foulon who said the people might eat grass!

Rumour, therefore, shall arise; in the Palais Royal, and in broad France. Paleness sits on every face: confused tremor and fremescence; waxing into thunder-peals, of Fury stirred on by Fear.

But see Camille Desmoulins, from the Café de Foy, rushing out, sibylline in face; his hair streaming, in each hand a pistol! He springs to a table: the Police satellites are eyeing him; alive they shall not take him, not they alive him alive. This time he speaks without stammering:—Friends! shall we die like hunted hares? Like sheep hounded into their pinfold; bleating for mercy, where is no mercy, but only a whetted knife? The hour is come; the supreme hour of Frenchman and Man; when Oppressors are to try conclusions with Oppressed; and the word is, swift Death, or

Deliverance forever. Let such hour be *well*-come! Us, meseems, one cry only befits: To Arms! Let universal Paris, universal France, as with the throat of a whirlwind, sound only: To arms! —"To arms!" yell responsive the innumerable voices; like one great voice, as of a Demon yelling from the air: for all faces wax fire-eyed, all hearts burn up into madness. In such, or fitter words, does Camille evoke the Elemental Powers, in this great moment. —Friends, continues Camille, some rallying sign! Cockades; green ones;—the colour of Hope!—As with the flight of locusts, these green tree-leaves; green ribands from the neighbouring shops; all green things are snatched, and made cockades of. Camille descends from his table; "stifled with embraces, wetted with tears"; has a bit of green ribbon handed him; sticks it in his hat. And now to Curtius' Image-shop there; to the Boulevards; to the four winds, and rest not till France be on fire!

France, so long shaken and wind-parched, is probably at the right inflammable point.—As for poor Curtius, who, one grieves to think, might be but imperfectly paid,—he cannot make two words about his Images. The Wax-bust of Necker, the Wax-bust of D'Orléans, helpers of France: these, covered with crape, as in funeral procession, or after the manner of suppliants appealing to Heaven, to Earth, and Tartarus itself, a mixed multitude bears off. For a sign! As indeed man, with his singular imaginative faculties, can do little or nothing without signs; thus Turks look to their Prophet's Banner; also Osier *Mannikins* have been burnt, and Necker's Portrait has erewhile figured, aloft on its perch.

In this manner march they, a mixed, continually increasing multitude; armed with axes, staves and miscellanea; grim, many-sounding, through the streets. Be all Theatres shut; let all dancing on planked floor, or on the natural greensward, cease! Instead of a Christian Sabbath, and feast of *guinguette* tabernacles, it shall be a Sorcerer's Sabbath; and Paris, gone rabid, dance,—with the Fiend for piper!

However, Besenval, with horse and foot, is in the Place Louis Quinze. Mortals promenading homewards, in the fall of the day, saunter by, from Chaillot or Passy, from flirtation and a little thin wine; with sadder step than usual. Will the Bust-Procession pass that way? Behold it; behold also Prince Lambesc dash forth

on it, with his Royal-Allemands! Shots fall, and sabre-strokes; Busts are hewed asunder; and, alas, also heads of men. A sabred Procession has nothing for it but to *explode*, along what streets, alleys, Tuileries Avenues it finds; and disappear. One unarmed man lies hewed down; a Garde Française by his uniform: bear him (or bear even the report of him) dead and gory to his Barracks; —where he has comrades still alive!

But why not now, victorious Lambesc, charge through that Tuileries Garden itself, where the fugitives are vanishing? Not show the Sunday promenaders too, how steel glitters, besprent with blood; that it be told of, and men's ears tingle?—Tingle alas, they did; but the wrong way. Victorious Lambesc, in this his second or Tuileries charge, succeeds but in overturning (call it not slashing, for he struck with the flat of his sword) one man, a poor old schoolmaster, most pacifically tottering there; and is driven out, by barricade of chairs, by flights of "bottles and glasses," by execrations in bass-voice and treble. Most delicate is the mob-queller's vocation; wherein Too-much may be as bad as Not-enough. For each of these bass-voices, and more each treble voice, borne to all parts of the City, rings now nothing but distracted indignation; will ring all night. The cry, *To arms*, roars tenfold; steeples with their metal storm-voice boom out, as the sun sinks; armorers' shops are broken open, plundered; the streets are a living foam sea, chafed by all the winds.

Such issue came of Lambesc's charge on the Tuileries Garden; no striking of salutary terror into Chaillot promenaders; a striking into broad wakefulness of Frenzy and the three Furies,—which otherwise were not asleep! For they lie always, those subterranean Eumenides (fabulous and yet so true), in the dullest existence of man;—and can dance, brandishing their dusky torches, shaking their serpent-hair. Lambesc with Royal-Allemand may ride to his barracks, with curses for his marching-music; then ride back again, like one troubled in mind: vengeful Gardes Françaises, *sacré*ing with knit brows, start out on him, from their barracks in the Chaussée d'Antin; pour a volley into him (killing and wounding); which he must not answer, but ride on.

Counsel dwells not under the plumed hat. If the Eumenides awaken, and Broglie has given no orders, what can a Besenval do? When the Gardes Françaises, with Palais-Royal volunteers, roll

CARLYLE

Whistler

down, greedy of more vengeance, to the Place Louis Quinze itself, they find neither Besenval, Lambesc, Royal-Allemand, nor any soldier now there. Gone is military order. On the far Eastern Boulevard, of Saint-Antoine, the Chasseurs Normandie arrive, dusty, thirsty, after a hard day's ride; but can find no billet-master, see no course in this City of confusions; cannot get to Besenval, cannot so much as discover where he is: Normandie must even bivouack there, in its dust and thirst,—unless some patriot will treat it to a cup of liquor, with advices.

Raging multitudes surround the Hôtel-de-Ville, crying: Arms! Orders! The Six-and-twenty Town-Councillors, with their long gowns, have ducked under (into the raging chaos);—shall never emerge more. Besenval is painfully wriggling himself out, to the Champ-de-Mars; he must sit there "in the cruellest uncertainty"! courier after courier may dash off for Versailles; but will bring back no answer, can hardly bring himself back. For the roads are all blocked with batteries and pickets, with floods of carriages arrested for examination: such was Broglie's one sole order; the Œil-de-Bœuf, hearing in the distance such mad din, which sounded almost like invasion, will before all things keep its own head whole. A new Ministry, with, as it were, but one foot in the stirrup, cannot take leaps. Mad Paris is abandoned altogether to itself.

What a Paris, when the darkness fell! A European metropolitan City hurled suddenly forth from its old combinations and arrangements; to crash tumultuously together, seeking new. Use and wont will now no longer direct any man; each man with what of originality he has, must begin thinking; or following those that think. Seven hundred thousand individuals, on the sudden, find all their old paths, old ways of acting, and deciding, vanish from under their feet. And so there go they, with clangour and terror, they know not as yet whether running, swimming, or flying,—headlong into the New Era. With clangour and terror: from above, Broglie the war-god impends, preternatural, with his redhot cannon-balls; and from below a preternatural Brigand-world menaces with dirk and firebrand: madness rules the hour.

Happily, in place of the submerged Twenty-six, the Electoral Club is gathering; has declared itself a "Provisional Municipality." On the morrow, it will get Provost Flesselles, with an Échevin or

two, to give help in many things. For the present it decrees one most essential thing: that forthwith a "Parisian Militia" shall be enrolled. Depart, ye heads of Districts, to labour in this great work; while we here, in Permanent Committee, sit alert. Let fencible men, each party in its own range of streets, keep watch and ward, all night. Let Paris court a little fever-sleep; confused by such fever-dreams, of "violent motions at the Palais Royal"; —or from time to time start awake, and look out, palpitating, in its nightcap, at the clash of discordant mutually-unintelligible Patrols; on the gleam of distant Barriers, going up all-too ruddy towards the vault of Night.

II

Give us Arms

On Monday, the huge City has awoke, not to its week-day industry: to what a different one! The working man has become a fighting man; has one want only: that of arms. The industry of all crafts has paused;—except it be the smith's, fiercely hammering pikes; and, in a faint degree, the kitchener's, cooking offhand victuals, for *bouche va toujours*. Women too are sewing cockades;—not now of *green*, which being D'Artois colour, the Hôtel-de-Ville has had to interfere in it; but of *red* and *blue*, our old Paris colours: these, once based on a ground of constitutional *white*, are the famed Tricolor,—which (if Prophecy err not) "will go round the world."

All shops, unless it be the Bakers' and Vintners', are shut: Paris is in the streets;—rushing, foaming like some Venice wine-glass into which you had dropped poison. The tocsin, by order, is pealing madly from all steeples. Arms, ye Elector Municipals; thou Flesselles with thy Échevins, give us arms! Flesselles gives what he can: fallacious, perhaps insidious promises of arms from Charleville; order to seek arms here, order to seek them there. The new Municipals give what they can; some three hundred and sixty indifferent firelocks, the equipment of the City-watch: "a man in wooden shoes, and without coat, directly clutches one of them, and mounts guard." Also as hinted, an order to all Smiths to make pikes with their whole soul.

Heads of Districts are in fervent consultation; subordinate Patriotism roams distracted, ravenous for arms. Hitherto at the

Hôtel-de-Ville was only such modicum of indifferent firelocks as we have seen. At the so-called Arsenal, there lies nothing but rust, rubbish and saltpetre,—overlooked too by the guns of the Bastille. His Majesty's Repository, what they call *Garde-Meuble*, is forced and ransacked: tapestries enough, and gauderies; but of serviceable fighting-gear small stock! Two silver-mounted cannons there are; an ancient gift from his Majesty of Siam to Louis Fourteenth; gilt sword of the Good Henri; antique Chivalry arms and armour. These, and such as these, a necessitous Patriotism snatches greedily, for want of better. The Siamese cannons go trundling, on an errand they were not meant for. Among the indifferent firelocks are seen tournay-lances; the princely helm and hauberk glittering amid ill-hatted heads,—as in a time when all times and their possessions are suddenly sent jumbling!

At the *Maison de Saint-Lazare*, Lazar-House once, now a Correction-House with Priests, there was no trace of arms; but, on the other hand, corn, plainly to a culpable extent. Out with it, to market; in this scarcity of grains! Heavens, will "fifty-two carts," in long row, hardly carry it to the *Halle aux Bleds*? Well truly, ye reverend Fathers, was your pantry filled; fat are your larders; over-generous your wine-bins, ye plotting exasperators of the Poor; traitorous forestallers of bread!

Vain is protesting, entreaty on bare knees: the House of Saint-Lazarus has that in it which comes not out by protesting. Behold, how, from every window, it *vomits*: mere torrents of furniture, of bellowing and hurlyburly;—the cellars also leaking wine. Till, as was natural, smoke rose,—kindled, some say, by the desperate Saint-Lazaristes themselves, desperate of other riddance! and the Establishment vanished from this world in flame. Remark nevertheless that "a thief" (set on or not by Aristocrats), being detected there, is "instantly hanged."

Look also at the Châtelet Prison. The Debtors' Prison of La Force is broken from without; and they that sat in bondage to Aristocrats go free: hearing of which the Felons at the Châtelet do likewise "dig up their pavements," and stand on the offensive; with the best prospects,—had not Patriotism, passing that way, "fired a volley" into the Felon-world; and crushed it down again under hatches. Patriotism consorts not with thieving and felony: surely also Punishment, this day, hitches (if she still hitch) after

Crime, with frightful shoes-of-swiftness! "Some score or two" of wretched persons, found prostrate with drink in the cellars of that Saint-Lazare, are indignantly haled to prison: the Jailor has no room; whereupon, other place of security not suggesting itself, it is written, "*on les pendit*, they hanged them." Brief is the word; not without significance, be it true or untrue!

In such circumstances, the Aristocrat, the unpatriotic rich man is packing up for departure. But he shall not get departed. A wooden-shod force has seized all Barriers, burnt or not: all that enters, all that seeks to issue, is stopped there, and dragged to the Hôtel-de-Ville: coaches, tumbrils, plate, furniture, "many meal-sacks," in time even "flocks and herds" encumber the Place de Grève.

And so it roars, and rages, and brays: drums beating, steeples pealing; criers rushing with hand-bells: "Oyez, oyez, All men to their Districts to be enrolled!" The Districts have met in gardens, open squares; are getting marshalled into volunteer troops. No redhot ball has yet fallen from Besenval's Camp; on the contrary, Deserters with their arms are continually dropping in: nay now, joy of joys, at two in the afternoon, the Gardes Françaises, being ordered to Saint-Denis, and flatly declining, have come over in a body! It is a fact worth many. Three thousand six hundred of the best fighting men, with complete accoutrement; with cannoneers even, and cannon! Their officers are left standing alone; could not so much as succeed in "spiking the guns." The very Swiss, it now may be hoped, Château-Vieux and the others, will have doubts about fighting.

Our Parisian Militia,—which some think it were better to name National Guard,—is prospering as heart could wish. It promised to be forty-eight thousand; but will in few hours double and quadruple that number: invincible, if we had only arms!

But see, the promised Charleville Boxes, marked *Artillerie!* Here then are arms enough?—Conceive the blank face of Patriotism, when it found them filled with rags, foul linen, candle-ends, and bits of wood! Provost of the Merchants, how is this? Neither at the Chartreux Convent, whither we were sent with signed order, is there or ever was there any weapon of war. Nay here, in this Seine Boat, safe under tarpaulings (had not the nose of Patriotism

been of the finest), are "five thousand-weight of gunpowder"; not coming *in*, but surreptitiously going out! What meanest thou, Flesselles? 'Tis a ticklish game, that of "amusing" us. Cat plays with captive mouse: but mouse with enraged cat, with enraged National Tiger?

Meanwhile, the faster, O ye black-aproned Smiths, smite; with strong arm and willing heart. This man and that, all stroke from head to heel, shall thunder alternating, and ply the great forge-hammer, till stithy reel and ring again; while ever and anon, overhead, booms the alarm-cannon,—for the City has now got gunpowder. Pikes are fabricated; fifty thousand of them, in six-and-thirty hours: judge whether the Black-aproned have been idle. Dig trenches, unpave the streets, ye others, assiduous, man and maid; cram the earth in barrel-barricades, at each of them a volunteer sentry; pile the whinstones in window-sills and upper rooms. Have scalding pitch, at least boiling water ready, ye weak old women, to pour it and dash it on Royal-Allemand, with your old skinny arms: your shrill curses along with it will not be wanting!—Patrols of the newborn National Guard, bearing torches, scour the streets, all that night; which otherwise are vacant, yet illuminated in every window by order. Strange-looking; like some naphtha-lighted City of the Dead, with here and there a flight of perturbed Ghosts.

O poor mortals, how ye make this Earth bitter for each other; this fearful and wonderful Life fearful and horrible; and Satan has his place in all hearts! Such agonies and ragings and wailings ye have, and have had, in all times:—to be buried all, in so deep silence; and the salt sea is not swoln with your tears.

Great meanwhile is the moment, when tidings of Freedom reach us; when the long-enthralled soul, from amid its chains and squalid stagnancy, arises, were it still only in blindness and bewilderment, and swears by Him that made it, that it will be *free*! Free? Understand that well, it is the deep commandment, dimmer or clearer, of our whole being, to be *free*. Freedom is the one purport, wisely aimed at, or unwisely, of all man's struggles, toilings and sufferings, in this Earth. Yes, supreme is such a moment (if thou have known it): first vision as of a flame-girt Sinai, in this our waste Pilgrimage,—which thenceforth wants not its pillar of cloud by day, and pillar of fire by night! Something it is even,—nay,

something considerable, when the chains have grown *corrosive*, poisonous,—to be free "from oppression by our fellow-man." Forward, ye maddened sons of France; be it towards this destiny or towards that! Around you is but starvation, falsehood, corruption and the clam of death. Where ye are is no abiding.

Imagination may, imperfectly, figure how Commandant Besenval, in the Champ-de-Mars, has worn out these sorrowful hours. Insurrection raging all round; his men melting away! From Versailles, to the most pressing messages, comes no answer; or once only some vague word of answer which is worse than none. A Council of Officers can decide merely that there is no decision: Colonels inform him, "weeping," that they do not think their men will fight. Cruel uncertainty is here: war-god Broglie sits yonder, inaccessible in his Olympus; does not descend terror-clad, does not produce his whiff of grape-shot; sends no orders.

Truly, in the Château of Versailles all seems mystery: in the Town of Versailles, were we there, all is rumour, alarm and indignation. An august National Assembly sits, to appearance, menaced with death; endeavouring to defy death. It has resolved "that Necker carries with him the regrets of the Nation." It has sent solemn Deputation over to the Château, with entreaty to have these troops withdrawn. In vain: his Majesty, with a singular composure, invites us to be busy rather with our own duty, making the Constitution! Foreign Pandours, and such like, go pricking and prancing, with a swashbuckler air; with an eye too probably to the *Salle des Menus*,—were it not for the "grim-looking countenances" that crowd all avenues there. Be firm, ye National Senators; the cynosure of a firm, grim-looking people!

The august National Senators determine that there shall, at least, be Permanent Session till this thing end. Wherein however, consider that worthy Lafranc de Pompignan, our new President, whom we have named Bailly's successor, is an old man, wearied with many things. He is the Brother of that Pompignan who meditated lamentably on the Book of *Lamentations*:

Savez-vous pourquoi Jérémie
Se lamentait toute sa vie?
C'est qu'il prévoyait
Que Pompignan le traduirait!

Poor Bishop Pompignan withdraws; having got Lafayette for helper or substitute: this latter, as nocturnal Vice-President, with a thin house in disconsolate humour, sits sleepless, with lights unsnuffed;—waiting what the hours will bring.

So at Versailles. But at Paris, agitated Besenval, before retiring for the night, has stept over to old M. de Sombreuil, of the *Hôtel des Invalides* hard by. M. de Sombreuil has, what is a great secret, some eight-and-twenty-thousand stand of muskets deposited in his cellars there; but no trust in the temper of his Invalides. This day, for example, he sent twenty of the fellows down to unscrew those muskets; lest Sedition might snatch at them; but scarcely, in six hours, had the twenty unscrewed twenty gun-locks, or dogsheads (*chiens*) of locks,—each Invalide his dogshead! If ordered to fire, they would, he imagines, turn their cannon against himself.

Unfortunate old military gentlemen, it is your hour, not of glory! Old Marquis de Launay too, of the Bastille, has pulled up his drawbridges long since, "and retired into his interior"; with sentries walking on his battlements, under the midnight sky, aloft over the glare of illuminated Paris;—whom a National Patrol passing that way, takes the liberty of firing at: "seven shots towards twelve at night," which do not take effect. This was the 13th day of July 1789; a worse day, many said, than the last 13th was, when only hail fell out of Heaven, not madness rose out of Tophet, ruining worse than crops!

In these same days, as Chronology will teach us, hot old Marquis Mirabeau lies stricken down, at Argenteuil,—*not* within sound of these alarm-guns; for *he* properly is not there, and only the body of him now lies, deaf and cold forever. It was on Saturday night that he, drawing his last life-breaths, gave up the ghost there;—leaving a world, which would never go to his mind, now broken out, seemingly, into deliration, and the *culbute générale*. What is it to him, departing else-whither, on his long journey? The old Château Mirabeau stands silent, far off, on its scarped rock, in that "gorge of two windy valleys"; the pale-fading spectre now of a Château: this huge World-riot, and France, and the World itself, fades also, like a shadow on the great still mirror-sea; and all shall be as God wills.

Young Mirabeau, sad of heart, for he loved this crabbed brave old Father, sad of heart, and occupied with sad cares,—is withdrawn from Public History. The great crisis transacts itself without him.

III

Storm and Victory

But, to the living and the struggling, a new, Fourteenth morning dawns. Under all roofs of this distracted City is the nodus of a drama, not untragical, crowding towards solution. The bustlings and preparings, the tremors and menaces; the tears that fell from old eyes! This day, my sons, ye shall quit you like men. By the memory of your fathers' wrongs, by the hope of your children's rights! Tyranny impends in red wrath: help for you is none, if not in your own right hands. This day ye must do or die.

From earliest light, a sleepless Permanent Committee has heard the old cry, now waxing almost frantic, mutinous: Arms! Arms! Provost Flesselles, or what traitors there are among you, may think of those Charleville Boxes. A hundred-and-fifty-thousand of us; and but the third man furnished with so much as a pike! Arms are the one thing needful: with arms we are an unconquerable man-defying National Guard; without arms, a rabble to be whiffed with grapeshot.

Happily the word has arisen, for no secret can be kept,—that there lie muskets at the *Hôtel des Invalides*. Thither will we: King's Procureur M. Ethys de Corny, and whatsoever of authority a Permanent Committee can lend, shall go with us. Besenval's Camp is there; perhaps he will not fire on us; if he kills us, we shall but die.

Alas, poor Besenval, with his troops melting away in that manner, has not the smallest humour to fire! At five o'clock this morning, as he lay dreaming, oblivious in the *École Militaire*, a "figure" stood suddenly at his bedside; "with face rather handsome; eyes inflamed, speech rapid and curt, air audacious"; such a figure drew Priam's curtains! The message and monition of the figure was, that resistance would be hopeless; that if blood flowed, woe to him who shed it. Thus spoke the figure: and vanished. "Withal there was a kind of eloquence that struck one." Besenval admits that he should have arrested him, but did not. Who this figure with inflamed eyes, with speech rapid and curt, might be?

Besenval knows, but mentions not. Camille Desmoulins? Pythagorean Marquis Valadi, inflamed with "violent motions all night at the Palais Royal"? Fame names him, "Young M. Meillar"; then shuts her lips about him forever.

In any case, behold about nine in the morning, our National Volunteers rolling in long wide flood, south-westward to the *Hôtel des Invalides*; in search of the one thing needful. King's Procureur M. Ethys de Corny and officials are there; the Curé of Saint-Étienne du Mont marches unpacific, at the head of his militant Parish; the Clerks of the Basoche in red coats we see marching, now Volunteers of the Basoche; the Volunteers of the Palais Royal:—National Volunteers, numerable by tens of thousands; of one heart and mind. The King's muskets are the Nation's; think, old M. de Sombreuil, how, in this extremity, thou wilt refuse them! Old M. de Sombreuil would fain hold parley, send couriers; but it skills not: the walls are scaled, no Invalide firing a shot; the gates must be flung open. Patriotism rushes in, tumultuous, from grunsel up to ridge-tile, through all rooms and passages; rummaging distractedly for arms. What cellar, or what cranny can escape it? The arms are found; all safe there; lying packed in straw,—apparently with a view to being burnt! More ravenous than famishing lions over dead prey, the multitude, with clangour and vociferation, pounces on them; struggling, dashing, clutching:—to the jamming-up, to the pressure, fracture and probable extinction of the weaker Patriot. And so, with such protracted crash of deafening, most discordant Orchestra-music, the Scene is changed; and eight-and-twenty thousand sufficient firelocks are on the shoulders of as many National Guards, lifted thereby out of darkness into fiery light.

Let Besenval look at the glitter of these muskets, as they flash by: Gardes Françaises, it is said, have cannon levelled on him; ready to open, if need were, from the other side of the River. Motionless sits he; "astonished," one may flatter oneself, "at the proud bearing (*fière contenance*) of the Parisians."—And now to the Bastille, ye intrepid Parisians! There grapeshot still threatens: thither all men's thoughts and steps are now tending.

Old De Launay, as we hinted, withdrew "into his interior" soon after midnight of Sunday. He remains there ever since,

hampered, as all military gentlemen now are, in the saddest conflict of uncertainties. The Hôtel-de-Ville "invites" him to admit National Soldiers, which is a soft name for surrendering. On the other hand, His Majesty's orders were precise. His garrison is but eighty-two old Invalides, reinforced by thirty-two young Swiss; his walls indeed are nine feet thick, he has cannon and powder; but, alas, only one day's provision of victuals. The city, too, is French, the poor garrison mostly French. Rigorous old De Launay, think what thou wilt do!

All morning, since nine, there has been a cry every where: To the Bastille! Repeated "deputations of citizens" have been here, passionate for arms; whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through portholes. Towards noon, Elector Thuriot de la Rosière gains admittance; finds De Launay indisposed for surrender; nay, disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements: heaps of paving-stones, old iron and missiles lie piled; cannon all duly levelled; in every embrasure a cannon,—only drawn back a little! But outwards, behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street: tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *générale*: the Suburb Saint-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly, as one man! Such vision (spectral yet real) thou, O Thuriot, as from thy Mount of Vision, beholdest in this moment: prophetic of what other Phantasmagories, and loud-gibbering Spectral Realities, which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt! "*Que voulez-vous?*" said De Launay, turning pale at the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace. "Monsieur," said Thuriot, rising into the moral sublime, "what mean *you*? Consider if I could not precipitate *both* of us from this height,"—say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch! Whereupon De Launay fell silent. Thuriot shows himself from some pinnacle, to comfort the multitude becoming suspicious, fremescent: then descends; departs with protest; with warning addressed also to the Invalides,—on whom, however, it produces but a mixed indistinct impression. The old heads are none of the clearest; besides, it is said, De Launay has been profuse of beverages (*prodigua des buissons*). They think they will not fire,—if not fired on, if they can help it; but must, on the whole, be ruled considerably by circumstances.

Woe to thee, De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not,

taking some one firm decision, *rule* circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve; hard grapeshot is questionable; but hovering between the two is *un*questionable. Ever wilder swells the tide of men; their infinite hum waxing ever louder, into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry,—which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The Outer Drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new *deputation of citizens* (it is the third, and noisest of all) penetrates that way into the Outer Court: soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire; pulls up his Drawbridge. A slight sputter;—which has *kindled* the too combustible chaos; made it a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth Insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration;—and over head, from the Fortress, let one great gun, with its grapeshot, go booming, to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged!

On, then, all Frenchmen, that have hearts in your bodies! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of Liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old-soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné; smite at that Outer Drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or felloe, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus: let the whole accursed Edifice sink thither, and Tyranny be swallowed up forever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some "on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall," Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the huge Drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious: and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks. The Eight grim Towers, with their Invalide musketry, their paving stones and cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact;—Ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner Drawbridge with its *back* towards us: the Bastille is still to take!

To describe this Siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of the most important in History) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but, after infinite reading, get to understand

so much as the plan of the building! But there is open Esplanade, at the end of the Rue Saint-Antoine; there are such Forecourts, *Cour Avancée*, *Cour de l'Orme*, arched Gateway (where Louis Tournay now fights); then new drawbridges, dormant-bridges, rampart-bastions, and the grim Eight Towers; a labyrinthic Mass, high-frowning there, of all ages from twenty years to four hundred and twenty;—beleaguered, in this its last hour, as we said, by mere Chaos come again! Ordnance of all calibres; throats of all capacities; men of all plans, every man his own engineer: seldom since the war of Pygmies and Cranes was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Élie is home for a suit of regimentals; no one would heed him in coloured clothes: half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gardes Françaises in the Place de Grève. Frantic Patriots pick up the grapeshots; bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hôtel-de-Ville;—Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Flesselles is "pale to the very lips," for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled, all ways, by panic madness. At every street-barricade, there whirls simmering a minor whirlpool,—strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand Fire-Maëlstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.

And so it lashes and it roars. Cholat the wine-merchant has become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget, of the Marine Service, fresh from Brest, ply the King of Siam's cannon. Singular (if we were not used to the like): Georget lay, last night, taking his ease at his inn; the King of Siam's cannon also lay, knowing nothing of *him*, for a hundred years. Yet now, at the right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent music. For, hearing what was toward, Georget sprang from the Brest Diligence, and ran. Gardes Françaises also will be here, with real artillery: were not the walls so thick!—Upwards from the Esplanade, horizontally from all neighbouring roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry, without effect. The Invalides lie flat, firing comparatively at their ease from behind stone; hardly through portholes show the tip of a nose. We fall, shot; and make no impression!

Let conflagration rage; of whatsoever is combustible! Guard-rooms are burnt, Invalides mess-rooms. A distracted "Peruke-maker with two fiery torches" is for burning "the saltpetres of

the Arsenal";—had not a woman run screaming; had not a Patriot, with some tincture of Natural Philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), overturned barrels, and stayed the devouring element. A young beautiful lady, seized escaping in these Outer Courts, and thought falsely to be De Launay's daughter, shall be burnt in De Launay's sight; she lies swooned on a paillasse: but again a Patriot, it is brave Aubin Bonnemère the old soldier, dashes in, and rescues her. Straw is burnt; three cartloads of it, hauled thither, go up in white smoke: almost to the choking of Patriotism itself; so that Élie had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart; and Réole the "gigantic haberdasher" another. Smoke as of Tophet; confusion as of Babel; noise as of the Crack of Doom!

Blood flows; the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed Stronghold fall. And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hôtel-de-Ville; Abbé Fauchet (who was of one) can say, with what almost superhuman courage of benevolence. These wave their Town-flag in the arched Gateway; and stand, rolling their drum; but to no purpose. In such Crack of Doom, De Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them: they return, with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears. What to do? The Firemen are here, squirting with their fire pumps on the Invalides cannon, to wet the touchholes; they unfortunately cannot squirt so high; but produce only clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose *catapults*. Santerre, the sonorous Brewer of the Suburb Saint-Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired, by a "mixture of phosphorus and oil-of-turpentine spouted up through forcing pumps": O Spinola-Santerre, hast thou the mixture *ready*? Every man his own engineer! And still the fire-deluge abates not: even women are firing, and Turks; at least one woman (with her sweetheart), and one Turk. Gardes Françaises have come: real cannon, real cannoneers. Usher Maillard is busy; half-pay Élie, half-pay Hulin rage in the midst of thousands.

How the great Bastille Clock ticks (inaudible) in its Inner Court there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled One when the firing began;

and is now pointing towards Five, and still the firing slakes not.—Far down, in their vaults, the seven Prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their Turnkeys answer vaguely.

Woe to thee, De Launay, with thy poor hundred Invalides! Broglie is distant, and his ears heavy: Besenval hears, but can send no help. One poor troop of Hussars has crept, reconnoitering, cautiously along the Quais, as far as the Pont Neuf. "We are come to join you," said the Captain; for the crowd seems shoreless. A large-headed dwarfish individual of smoke-bleared aspect, shambles forward, opening his blue lips, for there is sense in him; and croaks: "Alight then, and give up your arms!" The Hussar-Captain is too happy to be escorted to the Barriers, and dismissed on parole. Who the squat individual was? Men answer, It is M. Marat, author of the excellent pacific *Avis au Peuple!* Great truly, O thou remarkable Dogleech, is this thy day of emergence and new-birth: and yet this same day come four years——!—But let the curtains of the Future hang.

What shall De Launay do? One thing only De Launay could have done: what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's length of the Powder-Magazine; motionless, like old Roman Senator, or Bronze Lamp-holder; coldly apprising Thuriot, and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was:—Harmless, he sat there, while unharmed; but the King's Fortress, meanwhile, could, might, would, or should, in nowise be surrendered, save to the King's Messenger: one old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with honour; but think, ye brawling *canaille*, how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward!—In such statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies De Launay might have left Thuriot, the red Clerks of the Basoche, Curé of Saint-Stephen and all the tag-rag-and-bobtail of the world, to work their will.

And yet, withal, he could not do it. Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men; hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? How their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Gluck confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage, in one of his noblest Operas, was the voice of the Populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their Kaiser: Bread! Bread! Great

is the combined voice of men; the utterance of their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts*: it is the greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows which make up this World of Time. He who can resist that, has his footing somewhere *beyond* Time. De Launay could not do it. Distracted, he hovers between two; hopes in the middle of despair; surrenders not his Fortress; declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it. Unhappy old De Launay, it is the death-agony of thy Bastille and thee! Jail, Jailoring, and Jailor, all three, such as they may have been, must finish.

For four hours now has the World-Bedlam roared: call it the World-Chimæra, blowing fire! The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets: they have made a white flag of napkins; go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing; disheartened in the fire-deluge: a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone Ditch; plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of Patriots,—he hovers perilous: such a Dove towards such an Ark! Deftly, thou shifty Usher: one man already fell; and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry; Usher Maillard falls not: deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole; the shifty Usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender: Pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted?—"*Foi d'officier*, On the word of an officer," answers half-pay Hulin,—or half-pay Élie, for men do not agree on it, "they are!" Sinks the drawbridge,—Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes-in the living deluge: the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*

IV

Not a Revolt

Why dwell on what follows? Hulin's *foi d'officier* should have been kept, but could not. The Swiss stand drawn up, disguised in white canvass smocks; the Invalides without disguise; their arms all piled against the wall. The first rush of victors, in ecstasy that the death-peril is passed, "leaps joyfully on their necks"; but new victors rush, and ever new, also in ecstasy not wholly of joy.

As we said, it was a living deluge, plunging headlong: had not the Gardes Françaises, in their cool military way, "wheeled round with arms levelled," it would have plunged suicidally, by the hundred or the thousand, into the Bastille-ditch.

And so it goes plunging through court and corridor; billowing uncontrollable, firing from windows—on itself; in hot frenzy of triumph, of grief and vengeance for its slain. The poor Invalides will fare ill; one Swiss, running off in his white smock, is driven back, with a death-thrust. Let all Prisoners be marched to the Townhall, to be judged!—Alas, already one poor Invalide has his right hand slashed off him; his maimed body dragged to the Place de Grève, and hanged there. This same right hand, it is said, turned back De Launay from the Powder-Magazine, and saved Paris.

De Launay, "discovered in gray frock with poppy-coloured ribbon," is for killing himself with the sword of his cane. He shall to the Hôtel-de-Ville; Hulin, Maillard and others escorting him; Élie marching foremost "with the capitulation paper on his sword's point." Through roarings and cursings; through hustlings, clutchings, and at last through strokes! Your escort is hustled aside, felled down; Hulin sinks exhausted on a heap of stones. Miserable De Launay! He shall never enter the Hôtel-de-Ville: only his "bloody hair-queue, held up in a bloody-hand"; that shall enter, for a sign. The bleeding trunk lies on the steps there; the head is off through the streets; ghastly, aloft on a pike.

Rigorous De Launay has died; crying out, "O friends, kill me fast!" Merciful De Losme must die; though Gratitude embraces him, in this fearful hour, and will die for him; it avails not. Brothers, your wrath is cruel! Your Place de Grève is become a Throat of the Tiger; full of mere fierce bellowings, and thirst of blood. One other officer is massacred; one other Invalide is hanged on the Lamp-iron; with difficulty, with generous perseverance, the Gardes Françaises will save the rest. Provost Flesselles, stricken long since with the paleness of death, must descend from his seat, "to be judged at the Palais Royal": alas, to be shot dead, by an unknown hand, at the turning of the first street!—

O evening sun of July, how, at this hour, thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful woody-fields; on old women spinning in cottages; on ships far out in the silent main; on Balls at the

Orangerie of Versailles, where high-rouged Dames of the Palace are even now dancing with double-jacketed Hussar-Officers;—and also on this roaring Hell-porch of a Hôtel-de-Ville! Babel Tower, with the confusion of tongues, were not Bedlam added with the conflagration of thoughts, was no type of it. One forest of distracted steel bristles, endless, in front of an Electoral Committee; points itself in horrid radii, against this and the other accused breast. It was the Titans warring with Olympus; and they, scarcely crediting it, have *conquered*: prodigy of prodigies; delirious,—as it could not but be. Denunciation, vengeance: blaze of triumph on a dark ground of terror; all outward, all inward things fallen into one general wreck of madness!

Electoral Committee? Had it a thousand throats of brass, it would not suffice. Abbé Lefèvre, in the Vaults down below, is black as Vulcan, distributing that "five-thousand weight of Powder"; with what perils, these eight-and-forty hours! Last night, a Patriot, in liquor, insisted on sitting to smoke on the edge of one of the Powder-barrels: there smoked he, independent of the world,—till the Abbé "purchased his pipe for three francs," and pitched it far.

Élie, in the grand Hall, Electoral Committee looking on, sits "with drawn sword bent in three places"; with battered helm, for he was of the Queen's Regiment, Cavalry; with torn regimentals, face singed and soiled; comparable, some think, to "an antique warrior";—judging the people; forming a list of Bastille Heroes. O Friends, stain not with blood the greenest laurels ever gained in this world: such is the burden of Élie's song: could it but be listened to. Courage, Élie! Courage, ye Municipal Electors! A declining sun; the need of victuals, and of telling news, will bring assuagement, dispersion: all earthly things must end.

Along the streets of Paris circulate Seven Bastille Prisoners, borne shoulder-high; seven Heads on pikes; the Keys of the Bastille; and much else. See also the Gardes Françaises, in their stedfast military way, marching home to their barracks, with the Invalides and Swiss kindly enclosed in hollow square. It is one year and two months since these same men stood unparticipating, with Brennus d'Agoust at the Palais de Justice, when Fate overtook D'Espréménil; and now they have participated; and will parti-

cipate. Not Gardes Françaises henceforth, but *Centre Grenadiers of the National Guard*: men of iron discipline and humour—not without a kind of thought in them!

Likewise ashlar stones of the Bastille continue thundering through the dusk; its paper archives shall fly white. Old secrets come to view; and long-buried Despair finds voice. Read this portion of an old Letter: "If for my consolation Monseigneur would grant me, for the sake of God and the Most Blessed Trinity, that I could have news of my dear wife; were it only her name on a card, to show that she is alive! It were the greatest consolation I could receive; and I should forever bless the greatness of Monseigneur." Poor Prisoner, who namest thyself *Quéret-Démery*, and hast no other history,—she is *dead*, that dear wife of thine, and thou art dead! 'Tis fifty years since thy breaking heart put this question; to be heard now first, and long heard, in the hearts of men.

But so does the July twilight thicken; so must Paris, as sick children, and all distracted creatures do, brawl itself finally into a kind of sleep. Municipal Electors, astonished to find their heads still uppermost, are home: only Moreau de Saint-Méry of tropical birth and heart, of coolest judgment; he, with two others, shall sit permanent at the Townhall. Paris sleeps; gleams upward the illuminated City: patrols go clashing, without common watchword; there go rumours; alarms of war, to the extent of "fifteen thousand men marching through the Suburb Saint-Antoine,"—who never got it marched through. Of the day's distraction judge by this of the night: Moreau de Saint-Méry, "before rising from his seat, gave upwards of three thousand orders." What a head: comparable to Friar Bacon's Brass Head! Within it lies all Paris. Prompt must the answer be, right or wrong; in Paris is no other Authority extant. Seriously, a most cool clear head;—for which also thou, O brave Saint-Méry, in many capacities, from august Senator to Merchant's-Clerk, Book-dealer, Vice-King; in many places, from Virginia to Sardinia, shalt, ever as a brave man, find employment.

Besenval has decamped, under cloud of dusk, "amid a great affluence of people," who did not harm him; he marches, with faint-growing tread, down the left bank of the Seine, all night,—towards infinite space. Re-summoned shall Besenval himself be;

THE SPHINX OF GHIZEH

for trial, for difficult acquittal. His King's-troops, his Royal-Allemand, are gone hence forever.

The Versailles Ball and lemonade is done; The Orangerie is silent except for nightbirds. Over in the Salle des Menus, Vice-president Lafayette, with unsnuffed lights, "with some Hundred or so of Members, stretched on tables round him," sits erect; out-watching the Bear. This day, a second solemn Deputation went to his Majesty; a second and then a third: with no effect. What will the end of these things be?

In the Court, all is mystery, not without whisperings of terror; though ye dream of lemonade and epaulettes, ye foolish women! His Majesty, kept in happy ignorance, perhaps dreams of double-barrels and the Woods of Meudon. Late at night, the Duke de Liancourt, having official right of entrance, gains access to the Royal Apartments; unfolds, with earnest clearness, in his constitutional way, the Job's-news. "*Mais*," said poor Louis, "*c'est une révolte*, Why, that is a revolt!"—"Sire," answered Liancourt, "it is not a revolt,—it is a revolution."

KINGLAKE

Alexander William Kinglake (1809–91) was born near Taunton and educated at Eton and Cambridge. He travelled to the east in 1835 and wrote an account of his adventures in *Eōthen* (meaning "from the east"), one of the most delightful books of travel ever written. It is from this book that the following passage is taken. He also wrote a long history of the Crimean war.

THE SPHINX

And near the Pyramids, more wondrous, and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphinx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshipped beast is a deformity, and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short, and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness, through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful

in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss you your charitable hand with the big, pouting lips of the very Sphinx.

Laugh, and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change; the same seeming will, and intent for ever, and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek, and Roman, upon Arab, and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern Empire—upon battle and Pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day—upon all, and more, this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching, and watching the works of the new, busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx.

KENNETH GRAHAME

KENNETH GRAHAME was born in Edinburgh in 1859. His delightful books *The Golden Age* (1895), *Dream Days* (1898) and *The Wind in the Willows* (1908) are young people's classics and are familiar to many of older years too. The following passage is taken from the first-named of the above books. The author has published also a collection of *Pagan Papers* (1893) and two volumes entitled *The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children* (1916).

THE BURGLARS

It was much too fine a night to think of going to bed at once, and so, although the witching hour of nine P.M. had struck, Edward and I were still leaning out of the open window in our nightshirts, watching the play of the cedar-branch shadows on the moonlit lawn, and planning schemes of fresh devilry for the sunshiny morrow. From below, strains of the jocund piano declared that the Olympians were enjoying themselves in their listless impotent way; for the new curate had been bidden to dinner that night,

and was at the moment unclerically proclaiming to all the world that he feared no foe. His discordant vociferations doubtless started a train of thought in Edward's mind, for he presently remarked, *à propos* of nothing whatever that had been said before, "I believe the new curate's rather gone on Aunt Maria."

I scouted the notion; "Why, she's quite old," I said. (She must have seen some five-and-twenty summers.)

"Of course she is," replied Edward scornfully. "It's not her, it's her money he's after, you bet!"

"Didn't know she had any money," I observed timidly.

"Sure to have," said my brother with confidence. "Heaps and heaps."

Silence ensued, both our minds being busy with the new situation thus presented: mine, in wonderment at this flaw that so often declared itself in enviable natures of fullest endowment,—in a grown-up man and a good cricketer, for instance, even as this curate; Edward's (apparently) in the consideration of how such a state of things, supposing it existed, could be best turned to his own advantage.

"Bobby Ferris told me," began Edward in due course, "that there was a fellow spooning his sister once——"

"What's spooning?" I asked meekly.

"O *I* dunno," said Edward indifferently. "It's—it's—it's just a thing they do, you know. And he used to carry notes and messages and things between 'em, and he got a shilling almost every time."

"What, from each of 'em?" I innocently inquired.

Edward looked at me with scornful pity. "Girls never have any money," he briefly explained. "But she did his exercises, and got him out of rows, and told stories for him when he needed it—and much better ones than he could have made up for himself. Girls are useful in some ways. So he was living in clover, when unfortunately they went and quarrelled about something."

"Don't see what that's got to do with it," I said.

"Nor don't I," rejoined Edward. "But anyhow the notes and things stopped, and so did the shillings. Bobby was fairly cornered, for he had bought two ferrets on tick, and promised to pay a shilling a week, thinking the shillings were going on for ever, the silly young ass. So when the week was up, and he was being

dunned for the shilling, he went off to the fellow and said: 'Your broken-hearted Bella implores you to meet her at sundown. By the hollow oak as of old, be it only for a moment. Do not fail!' He got all that out of some rotten book, of course. The fellow looked puzzled and said:

"'What hollow oak? I don't know any hollow oak.'

"'Perhaps it was the Royal Oak?' said Bobby promptly, 'cos he saw he had made a slip, through trusting too much to the rotten book; but this didn't seem to make the fellow any happier."

"Should think not," I said, "the Royal Oak's an awful low sort of pub."

"I know," said Edward. "Well, at last the fellow said, 'I think I know what she means: the hollow tree in your father's paddock. It happens to be an elm, but she wouldn't know the difference. All right: say I'll be there.' Bobby hung about a bit, for he hadn't got his money. 'She was crying awfully,' he said. Then he got his shilling."

"And wasn't the fellow riled," I inquired, "when he got to the place and found nothing?"

"He found Bobby," said Edward indignantly. "Young Ferris was a gentleman, every inch of him. He brought the fellow another message from Bella: 'I dare not leave the house. My cruel parents immure me closely. If you only knew what I suffer. Your broken-hearted Bella.' Out of the same rotten book. This made the fellow a little suspicious, 'cos it was the old Ferrises who had been keen about the thing all through. The fellow, you see, had tin."

"But what's that got to——" I began again.

"O *I* dunno," said Edward impatiently. "I'm telling you just what Bobby told me. He got suspicious, anyhow, but he couldn't exactly call Bella's brother a liar, so Bobby escaped for the time. But when he was in a hole next week, over a stiff French exercise, and tried the same sort of game on his sister, she was too sharp for him, and he got caught out. Somehow women seem more mistrustful than men. They're so beastly suspicious by nature, you know."

"*I* know," said I. "But did the two—the fellow and the sister —make it up afterwards?"

"I don't remember about that," replied Edward indifferently;

"but Bobby got packed off to school a whole year earlier than his people meant to send him. Which was just what he wanted. So you see it all came right in the end!"

I was trying to puzzle out the moral of this story—it was evidently meant to contain one somewhere—when a flood of golden lamplight mingled with the moon-rays on the lawn, and Aunt Maria and the new curate strolled out on the grass below us, and took the direction of a garden-seat which was backed by a dense laurel shrubbery reaching round in a half-circle to the house. Edward meditated moodily. "If we only knew what they were talking about," said he, "you'd soon see whether I was right or not. Look here! Let's send the kid down by the porch to reconnoitre!"

"Harold's asleep," I said; "it seems rather a shame——"

"O rot!" said my brother; "he's the youngest, and he's got to do as he's told!"

So the luckless Harold was hauled out of bed and given his sailing-orders. He was naturally rather vexed at being stood up suddenly on the cold floor, and the job had no particular interest for him; but he was both staunch and well disciplined. The means of exit were simple enough. A porch of iron trellis came up to within easy reach of the window, and was habitually used by all three of us, when modestly anxious to avoid public notice. Harold climbed deftly down the porch like a white rat, and his night-gown glimmered a moment on the gravel walk ere he was lost to sight in the darkness of the shrubbery. A brief interval of silence ensued; broken suddenly by a sound of scuffle, and then a shrill long-drawn squeal, as of metallic surfaces in friction. Our scout had fallen into the hands of the enemy!

Indolence alone had made us devolve the task of investigation on our younger brother. Now that danger had declared itself, there was no hesitation. In a second we were down the side of the porch, and crawling Cherokee-wise through the laurels to the back of the garden-seat. Piteous was the sight that greeted us. Aunt Maria was on the seat, in a white evening frock, looking—for an aunt—really quite nice. On the lawn stood an incensed curate, grasping our small brother by a large ear, which—judging from the row he was making—seemed on the point of parting company with the head it completed and adorned. The gruesome noise he was emitting did not really affect us otherwise than

æsthetically. To one who has tried both, the wail of genuine physical anguish is easily distinguishable from the pumped-up *ad misericordiam* blubber. Harold's could clearly be recognised as belonging to the latter class. "Now you young—" (whelp, *I* think it was, but Edward stoutly maintains it was devil), said the curate sternly; "tell us what you mean by it!"

"Well leggo of my ear then!" shrilled Harold, "and I'll tell you the solemn truth!"

"Very well," agreed the curate, releasing him, "now go ahead, and don't lie more than you can help."

We abode the promised disclosure without the least misgiving; but even we had hardly given Harold due credit for his fertility of resource and powers of imagination.

"I had just finished saying my prayers," began that young gentleman slowly, "when I happened to look out of the window, and on the lawn I saw a sight which froze the marrow in my veins! A burglar was approaching the house with snake-like tread! He had a scowl and a dark lantern, and he was armed to the teeth!"

We listened with interest. The style, though unlike Harold's native notes, seemed strangely familiar.

"Go on," said the curate grimly.

"Pausing in his stealthy career," continued Harold, "he gave a low whistle. Instantly the signal was responded to, and from the adjacent shadows two more figures glided forth. The miscreants were both armed to the teeth."

"Excellent," said the curate; "proceed."

"The robber chief," pursued Harold, warming to his work, "joined his nefarious comrades, and conversed with them in silent tones. His expression was truly ferocious, and I ought to have said that he was armed to the t——"

"There, never mind his teeth," interrupted the curate rudely; "there's too much jaw about you altogether. Hurry up and have done."

"I was in a frightful funk," continued the narrator, warily guarding his ear with his hand, "but just then the drawing-room window opened, and you and Aunt Maria came out—I mean emerged. The burglars vanished silently into the laurels, with horrid implications!"

The curate looked slightly puzzled. The tale was well sustained,

and certainly circumstantial. After all, the boy might really have seen something. How was the poor man to know—though the chaste and lofty diction might have supplied a hint—that the whole yarn was a free adaptation from the last Penny Dreadful lent us by the knife-and-boot boy?

"Why did you not alarm the house?" he asked.

"'Cos I was afraid," said Harold sweetly, "that p'raps they mightn't believe me!"

"But how did you get down here, you naughty little boy?" put in Aunt Maria.

Harold was hard pressed—by his own flesh and blood, too!

At that moment Edward touched me on the shoulder and glided off through the laurels. When some ten yards away he gave a low whistle. I replied with another. The effect was magical. Aunt Maria started up with a shriek. Harold gave one startled glance around, and then fled like a hare, made straight for the back-door, burst in upon the servants at supper, and buried himself in the broad bosom of the cook, his special ally. The curate faced the laurels—hesitatingly. But Aunt Maria flung herself on him. "O Mr Hodgitts!" I heard her cry, "you are brave! for my sake do not be rash!" He was not rash. When I peeped out a second later, the coast was entirely clear.

By this time there were sounds of a household timidly emerging; and Edward remarked to me that perhaps we had better be off. Retreat was an easy matter. A stunted laurel gave a leg-up on to the garden wall, which led in its turn to the roof of an out-house, up which, at a dubious angle, we could crawl to the window of the box-room. This overland route had been revealed to us one day by the domestic cat, when hard pressed in the course of an otter-hunt, in which the cat—somewhat unwillingly—was filling the title *rôle*; and it had proved distinctly useful on occasions like the present. We were snug in bed—minus some cuticle from knees and elbows—and Harold, sleepily chewing something sticky, had been carried up in the arms of the friendly cook, ere the clamour of the burglar-hunters had died away.

The curate's undaunted demeanour, as reported by Aunt Maria, was generally supposed to have terrified the burglars into flight, and much kudos accrued to him thereby. Some days later, however, when he had dropped in to afternoon tea, and was making a

mild curatorial joke about the moral courage required for taking the last piece of bread-and-butter, I felt constrained to remark dreamily, and as it were to the universe at large: "Mr Hodgitts! you are brave! for my sake, do not be rash!"

Fortunately for me, the vicar also was a caller on that day; and it was always a comparatively easy matter to dodge my long-coated friend in the open.

KEATS

John Keats (1795–1821) was the son of the head ostler in a livery stable at the sign of the Swan and Hoop, Finsbury. He was born there in October, 1795, and educated at an Enfield school. It was intended that he should be a doctor and he became a medical student at Guy's and St Thomas's Hospital. He was drawn, however, to literature, and, encouraged by admiring friends, he wrote and published a volume of verses in 1817. This was followed in the next year by *Endymion*, a long poem; and in 1820 appeared a volume containing his best work, *Lamia*, *Isabella*, the *Ode to a Nightingale* and other poems. Keats fell ill with consumption and left England to seek health in Italy. He died in Rome at the age of twenty-five. His work had been unfairly attacked by certain reviewers, and Shelley, his fellow-poet, was inspired to write in his defence a noble poem called *Adonais*, which will for ever unite the names of the young poets.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

I

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
  Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
  A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
  Of deities or mortals, or of both,
    In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
  What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
    What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

II

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
  Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
  Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave

GRECIAN URN

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

III

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

IV

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

V

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

LADY GREGORY

Lady Gregory, a living Irish writer, has done much to encourage the development of modern Irish literature by her own delightful plays, such as *The Workhouse Ward*, *Spreading the News*, and *Hyacinth Halvey*, as well as by her renderings into current Irish speech of stories from the heroic legends of ancient Ireland. Of these, *Gods and Fighting Men* and *Cucuchlain of Muirthemne* are the chief. The passage that follows is taken from the first of these.

GODS AND FIGHTING MEN

At the time Finn was born his father Cumhal, of the sons of Baiscne, Head of the Fianna of Ireland, had been killed in battle by the sons of Morna that were fighting with him for the leadership. And his mother, that was beautiful long-haired Muirne, daughter of Tadg, son of Nuada of the Tuatha de Danaan and of Ethlinn, mother of Lugh of the Long Hand, did not dare to keep him with her; and two women, Bodhmall, the woman Druid, and Liath Luachra, came and brought him away to care him.

It was to the woods of Slieve Bladhma they brought him, and they nursed him secretly, because of his father's enemies, the sons of Morna, and they kept him there a long time.

And Muirne, his mother, took another husband that was king of Carraighe; but at the end of six years she came to see Finn, going through every lonely place till she came to the wood, and there she found the little hunting cabin, and the boy asleep in it, and she lifted him up in her arms and kissed him, and she sang a little sleepy song to him; and then she said farewell to the women, and she went away again.

And the two women went on caring him till he came to sensible years; and one day when he went out he saw a wild duck on the lake with her clutch, and he made a cast at her that cut the wings off her that she could not fly, and he brought her back to the cabin, and that was his first hunt.

And they gave him good training in running and leaping and swimming. One of them would run round a tree, and she having a thorn switch, and Finn after her with another switch, and each one trying to hit at the other; and they would leave him in a field, and hares along with him, and would bid him not to let the hares quit the field, but to keep before them whichever way they

would go; and to teach him swimming they would throw him into the water and let him make his way out.

But after a while he went away with a troop of poets, to hide from the sons of Morna, and they hid him in the mountain of Crotta Cliach; but there was a robber in Leinster at that time, Fiacuil, son of Codhna, and he came where the poets were in Fidh Gaible and killed them all. But he spared the child and brought him to his own house, that was in a cold marsh. But the two women, Bodhmall and Liath, came looking for him after a while, and Fiacuil gave him up to them, and they brought him back to the same place he was before.

He grew up there, straight and strong and fair-haired and beautiful. And one day he was out in Slieve Bladhma, and the two women along with him, and they saw before them a herd of the wild deer of the mountain. "It is a pity," said the old woman, "we not to be able to get a deer of those deer." "I will get one for you," said Finn; and with that he followed after them, and caught two stags of them and brought them home to the hunting cabin. And after that he used to be hunting for them every day. But at last they said to him: "It is best for you to leave us now, for the sons of Morna are watching again to kill you."

So he went away then by himself, and never stopped till he came to Magh Lifé, and there he saw young lads swimming in a lake, and they called to him to swim against them. So he went into the lake, and he beat them at swimming. "Fair he is and well shaped," they said when they saw him swimming, and it was from that time he got the name of Finn, that is, Fair. But they got to be jealous of his strength, and he went away and left them.

He went on then till he came to Loch Lein, and he took service there with the King of Finntraigh; and there was no hunter like him, and the king said: "If Cumhal had left a son, you would be that son."

He went from that king after, and he went into Carraighe, and there he took service with the king, that had taken his mother Muirne for his wife. And one day they were playing chess together, and he won seven games one after another. "Who are you at all?" said the king then. "I am a son of a countryman of the Luigne of Teamhair," said Finn. "That is not so," said the king, "but you are the son that Muirne my wife bore to Cumhal. And

do not stop here any longer," he said, "that you may not be killed under my protection."

From that he went into Connacht looking for his father's brother, Crimall, son of Trenmor; and as he was going on his way he heard the crying of a lone woman. He went to her, and looked at her, and tears of blood were on her face. "Your face is red with blood, woman," he said. "I have reason for it," said she, "for my only son is after being killed by a great fighting man that came on us." And Finn followed after the big champion and fought with him and killed him. And the man he killed was the same man that had given Cumhal his first wound in the battle where he got his death, and had brought away his treasure-bag with him.

Now as to that treasure-bag, it is of a crane skin it was made, that was one time the skin of Aoife, the beautiful sweetheart of Ilbrec, son of Manannan, that was put into the shape of a crane through jealousy. And it was in Manannan's house it used to be, and there were treasures kept in it, Manannan's shirt and his knife, and the belt and the smith's hook of Goibniu, and the shears of the King of Alban, and the helmet of the King of Lochlann, and a belt of the skin of a great fish, and the bones of Asal's pig that had been brought to Ireland by the sons of Tuireann. And the bag went from Manannan to Lugh, son of Ethlinn, and after that to Cumhal, that was husband to Muirne, Ethlinn's daughter.

And Finn took the treasure-bag and brought it with him till he found Crimall, that was now an old man, living in a lonely place, and some of the old men of the Fianna were with him, and used to go hunting for him. And Finn gave him the treasure-bag, and told him his whole story.

And then he said farewell to Crimall, and went on to learn poetry from Finegas, a poet that was living at the Boinn, for the poets thought it was always on the brink of water poetry was revealed to them. And he did not give him his own name, but he took the name of Deimne. Seven years, now, Finegas had stopped at the Boinn, watching the salmon, for it was in the prophecy that he would eat the salmon of knowledge that would come there, and that he would have all knowledge after. And when at the last the salmon of knowledge came, he brought it to where

Finn was, and bade him to roast it, but he bade him not to eat any of it. And when Finn brought him the salmon after a while he said: "Did you eat any of it at all, boy?" "I did not," said Finn; "but I burned my thumb putting down a blister that rose on the skin, and after doing that, I put my thumb in my mouth." "What is your name, boy?" said Finegas. "Deimne," said he. "It is not, but it is Finn your name is, and it is to you and not to myself the salmon was given in the prophecy." With that he gave Finn the whole of the salmon, and from that time Finn had the knowledge that came from the nuts of the nine hazels of wisdom that grow beside the well that is below the sea.

And besides the wisdom he got then, there was a second wisdom came to him another time, and this is the way it happened. There was a well of the moon belonging to Beag, son of Buan, of the Tuatha de Danaan, and whoever would drink out of it would get wisdom, and after a second drink he would get the gift of foretelling. And the three daughters of Beag, son of Buan, had charge of the well, and they would not part with a vessel of it for anything less than red gold. And one day Finn chanced to be hunting in the rushes near the well, and the three women ran out to hinder him from coming to it, and one of them that had a vessel of the water in her hand, threw it at him to stop him, and a share of the water went into his mouth. And from that out he had all the knowledge that the water of that well could give.

And he learned the three ways of poetry; and this is the poem he made to show he had got his learning well:—

"It is the month of May is the pleasant time; its face is beautiful; the blackbird sings his full song, the living wood is his holding, the cuckoos are singing and ever singing; there is a welcome before the brightness of the summer.

"Summer is lessening the rivers, the swift horses are looking for the pool; the heath spreads out its long hair, the weak white bog-down grows. A wildness comes on the heart of the deer; the sad restless sea is asleep.

"Bees with their little strength carry a load reaped from the flowers; the cattle go up muddy to the mountains; the ant has a good full feast.

"The harp of the woods is playing music; there is colour on the hills, and a haze on the full lakes, and entire peace upon every sail.

"The corncrake is speaking, a loud-voiced poet; the high lonely waterfall is singing a welcome to the warm pool, the talking of the rushes has begun.

"The light swallows are darting; the loudness of music is around the hill; the fat soft mast is budding; there is grass on the trembling bogs.

"The bog is as dark as the feathers of the raven; the cuckoo makes a loud welcome; the speckled salmon is leaping; as strong is the leaping of the swift fighting man.

"The man is gaining; the girl is in her comely growing power; every wood is without fault from the top to the ground, and every wide good plain.

"It is pleasant is the colour of the time; rough winter is gone; every plentiful wood is white; summer is a joyful peace.

"A flock of birds pitches in the meadow; there are sounds in the green fields, there is in them a clear rushing stream.

"There is a hot desire on you for the racing of horses; twisted holly makes a leash for the hound; a bright spear has been shot into the earth, and the flag-flower is golden under it.

"A weak lasting little bird is singing at the top of his voice; the lark is singing clear tidings; May without fault, of beautiful colours.

"I have another story for you; the ox is lowing, the winter is creeping in, the summer is gone. High and cold the wind, low the sun, cries are about us; the sea is quarrelling.

"The ferns are reddened and their shape is hidden; the cry of the wild goose is heard; the cold has caught the wings of the birds; it is the time of ice-frost, hard, unhappy."

And after that, Finn being but a young lad yet, made himself ready and went up at Samhain time to the gathering of the High King at Teamhair. And it was the law at that gathering, no one to raise a quarrel or bring out any grudge against another through the whole of the time it lasted. And the king and his chief men, and Goll, son of Morna, that was now Head of the Fianna, and Caoilte, son of Ronan, and Conan, son of Morna, of the sharp words, were sitting at a feast in the great house of the Middle Court; and the young lad came in and took his place among them, and none of them knew who he was.

The High King looked at him then, and the horn of meetings was brought to him, and he put it into the boy's hand, and asked him who was he.

"I am Finn, son of Cumhal," he said, "son of the man that used to be head over the Fianna, and king of Ireland; and I am come now to get your friendship, and to give you my service."

"You are son of a friend, boy," said the king, "and son of a man I trusted."

Then Finn rose up and made his agreement of service and of faithfulness to the king; and the king took him by the hand and put him sitting beside his own son, and they gave themselves to drinking and to pleasure for a while.

Every year, now, at Samhain time, for nine years, there had come a man of the Tuatha de Danaan out of Sidhe Finnachaidh in the north, and had burned up Teamhair. Aillen, son of Midhna, his name was, and it is the way he used to come, playing music of the Sidhe, and all the people that heard it would fall asleep. And when they were all in their sleep, he would let a flame of fire out of his mouth, and would blow the flame till all Teamhair was burned.

The king rose up at the feast after a while, and his smooth horn in his hand, and it is what he said: "If I could find among you, men of Ireland, any man that would keep Teamhair till the break of day to-morrow without being burned by Aillen, son of Midhna, I would give him whatever inheritance is right for him to have, whether it be much or little."

But the men of Ireland made no answer, for they knew well that at the sound of the sweet pitiful music made by that comely man of the Sidhe, even women in their pains and men that were wounded would fall asleep.

It is then Finn rose up and spoke to the King of Ireland. "Who will be your sureties that you will fulfil this?" he said. "The kings of the provinces of Ireland," said the king, "and Cithruadh with his Druids." So they gave their pledges, and Finn took in hand to keep Teamhair safe till the breaking of day on the morrow.

Now there was a fighting man among the followers of the King of Ireland, Fiacha, son of Conga, that Cumhal, Finn's father, used to have a great liking for, and he said to Finn: "Well, boy," he said, "what reward would you give me if I would bring you a

deadly spear, that no false cast was ever made with?" "What reward are you asking of me?" said Finn. "Whatever your right hand wins at any time, the third of it to be mine," said Fiacha, "and a third of your trust and your friendship to be mine." I will give you that," said Finn. Then Fiacha brought him the spear, unknown to the sons of Morna or to any other person, and he said: "When you will hear the music of the Sidhe, let you strip the covering off the head of the spear and put it to your forehead, and the power of the spear will not let sleep come upon you."

Then Finn rose up before all the men of Ireland, and he made a round of the whole of Teamhair. And it was not long till he heard the sorrowful music, and he stripped the covering from the head of the spear, and he held the power of it to his forehead. And Aillen went on playing his little harp, till he had put every one in their sleep as he was used; and then he let a flame of fire out from his mouth to burn Teamhair. And Finn held up his fringed crimson cloak against the flame, and it fell down through the air and went into the ground, bringing the four-folded cloak with it deep into the earth.

And when Aillen saw his spells were destroyed, he went back to Sidhe Finnachaidh on the top of Slieve Fuad; but Finn followed after him there, and as Aillen was going in at the door he made a cast of the spear that went through his heart. And he struck his head off then, and brought it back to Teamhair, and fixed it on a crooked pole and left it there till the rising of the sun over the heights and invers of the country.

And Aillen's mother came to where his body was lying, and there was great grief on her, and she made this complaint:—

"Ochone! Aillen is fallen, chief of the Sidhe of Beinn Boirche; the slow clouds of death are come on him. Och! he was pleasant, Och! he was kind. Aillen, son of Midhna of Slieve Fuad.

"Nine times he burned Teamhair. It is a great name he was always looking for, Ochone, Ochone, Aillen!"

And at the breaking of day, the king and all the men of Ireland came out upon the lawn at Teamhair where Finn was. "King," said Finn, "there is the head of the man that burned Teamhair, and the pipe and the harp that made his music. And it is what I think," he said, "that Teamhair and all that is in it is saved."

Then they all came together into the place of counsel, and it is

what they agreed, the headship of the Fianna of Ireland to be given to Finn. And the king said to Goll, son of Morna: "Well, Goll," he said, "is it your choice to quit Ireland or to put your hand in Finn's hand?" "By my word, I will give Finn my hand," said Goll.

And when the charms that used to bring good luck had done their work, the chief men of the Fianna rose up and struck their hands in Finn's hand, and Goll, son of Morna, was the first to give him his hand the way there would be less shame on the rest for doing it.

And Finn kept the headship of the Fianna until the end; and the place he lived in was Almhuin of Leinster, where the white dun was made by Nuada of the Tuatha de Danaan, that was as white as if all the lime in Ireland was put on it, and that got its name from the great herd of cattle that died fighting one time around the well, and that left their horns there, speckled horns and white.

And as to Finn himself, he was a king and a seer and a poet; a Druid and a knowledgeable man; and everything he said was sweet-sounding to his people. And a better fighting man than Finn never struck his hand into a king's hand, and whatever any one ever said of him, he was three times better. And of his justice it used to be said, that if his enemy and his own son had come before him to be judged, it is a fair judgment he would have given between them. And as to his generosity it used to be said, he never denied any man as long as he had a mouth to eat with, and legs to bring away what he gave him; and he left no woman without her bride-price, and no man without his pay; and he never promised at night what he would not fulfil on the morrow, and he never promised in the day what he would not fulfil at night, and he never forsook his right-hand friend. And if he was quiet in peace he was angry in battle, and Oisin his son and Osgar his son's son followed him in that.

PLUTARCH AND NORTH

PLUTARCH (46?–120?) was born at Chaeroneia (where Alexander had gained one of his great victories) and educated in Athens. Of his voluminous works the most famous is the series of forty-six lives of great Greek and Roman statesmen and warriors arranged in parallels—Agesilaus being paired with Pompey, Alexander with Caesar and so forth. One of many translations was made by Jacques Amyot (1513–93), a French scholar who became Bishop of Auxerre, and from Amyot's French version the Englishman Sir Thomas North (1535?–1601?) made a translation into rich Tudor English (1579). It was from North's Plutarch that Shakespeare drew his knowledge of the ancient heroes and the actual stories of his Greek and Roman plays. Alexander the Great (356–323 B.C.), son of Philip of Macedon, outshone in the brilliance of his campaigns even Caesar and Napoleon, and became the hero of many romances and legends.

ALEXANDER AND BUCEPHALUS

I

IN YOUTH

Philonicus Thessalian had brought Bucephal the horse to sell unto King Philip, asking thirteen talents, they went into the field to ride him. The horse was found so rough and churlish that the riders said he would never do service, for he would let no man get up on his back, nor abide any of the gentlemen's voices about King Philip, but would yerk out at them. Thereupon, Philip being afraid, commanded them to carry him away as a wild beast, and altogether unprofitable: the which they had done, had not Alexander that stood by said, O gods, what a horse do they turn away, for lack of skill and heart to handle him. Philip heard what he said, but held his peace. Alexander oft repeating his words, seeming to be sorry that they should send back the horse again: Why, said Philip, dost thou control them that have more experience than thou, and that know better than thou how to handle a horse? Alexander answered, And yet me thinks I should handle him better than all they have done. But if thou canst not, no more than they, replied Philip: what wilt thou forfeit for thy folly? I am content (quoth Alexander) to jeopard the price of the horse. Every man laughed to hear his answer: and the wager was laid between them. Then ran Alexander to

GREEK HORSEMEN

From the frieze of the Parthenon

the horse, and took him by the bridle: and turned him towards the sun. It seemed that he had marked (as I suppose) how mad the horse was to see his own shadow, which was ever before him in his eye, as he stirred to and fro. Then Alexander speaking gently to the horse, and clapping him on the back with his hand, till he had left his fury and snorting: softly let fall his cloke from him, and lightly leaping on his back, got up without any danger, and holding the reins of the bridle hard, without striking or stirring the horse, made him to be gentle enough. Then when he saw that the fury of the horse was past, and that he began to gallop, he put him to his full career, and laid on spurs and voice a good. Philip at the first with fear beholding his son's agility, lest he should take some hurt, said never a word: but when he saw him readily turn the horse at the end of his career, in a bravery for that he had done, all the lookers on gave a shout for joy. The father on the other side (as they say) fell a-weeping for joy. And when Alexander was lighted from the horse, he said unto him kissing his head: O son, thou must needs have a realm that is meet for thee, for Macedon will not hold thee.

II

In Age

i

Now when he did set his men in battle array, or made any oration unto them, or did ride alongst the bands to take view of them: he always used to ride upon another horse to spare Bucephal, because he was then somewhat old: notwithstanding, when he meant indeed to fight, then Bucephal was brought unto him, and as soon as he was gotten up on his back, the trumpet sounded, and he gave charge.

ii

From thence he went into the country of Hyrcania with all the flower of his army, where he saw the gulf of the sea Caspium, which he thought of no less greatness, than the sea of Pontus, howbeit calmer than the other seas be. He could not then certainly find out what it was, nor from whence it came: but of likelihood he thought it was some breaking out of the lake or marish of Mæotis. Yet some ancient natural philosophers seemed to know

truly what it was. For many years before Alexander's voyage and conquest, they wrote, that of the four chiefest gulfs of the sea, that cometh from the ocean, and do enter within mainland, that which is more northerly, is the sea Caspium, which they call also Hyrcanium. As Alexander went through the country, certain barbarous people suddenly set upon them that led Bucephal his horse, and took him: but with that he was in such a rage, that he sent a herald into their country to proclaim open wars upon them, and that he would put man, woman and child to the sword, if they brought him not his horse again. Whereupon, when his horse was returned home, and that they yielded up their cities and forts into his hands: he did use them all very courteously, and moreover did give them money for the ransom of his horse, which they restored.

iii

His horse Bucephal died at this battle, not in the field, but afterwards whilst he was in cure for the wounds he had on his body: but as Onesicritus saith, he died even worn for very age. Alexander was as sorry for his death, as if he had lost any of his familiar friends: and for proof thereof, he built a great city in the place where his horse was buried, upon the river of Hydaspes, the which he called, after his name, Bucephalia. It is reported also, that having lost a dog of his called Peritas, which he had brought up of a whelp, and loved very dearly: he built also a city, and called it after his name.

ALEXANDER AND THE PHILOSOPHERS

I

Aristotle

Now Philip putting no great affiance in his schoolmasters of music and humanity, for the instruction and education of his son, whom he had appointed to teach him, but thinking rather that he needed men of greater learning than their capacities would reach unto: and that as Sophocles saith,

He needed many reins, and many bits at once:

he sent for Aristotle (the greatest philosopher in his time, and best learned) to teach his son, unto whom he gave honourable

stipend. For Philip having won and taken before, the city of Stagira, where Aristotle was born: for his sake he built it again, and replenished it with inhabitants which fled away, or otherwise were in bondage. He appointed them for a school-house and dwelling-place, the pleasant house that is by the city of Mieza. In that place are yet seen seats of stone which Aristotle caused to be made, and close walks to walk in the shadow. It is thought also, that Alexander did not only learn of Aristotle, moral philosophy and humanity, but also he heard of him other more secret, hard, and grave doctrine, which Aristotle's scholars do properly call Acroamata, or Epoptica, meaning things speculative, which requireth the master's teaching to understand them, or else are kept from common knowledge: which sciences, they did not commonly teach. Alexander being passed into Asia, and hearing that Aristotle had put out certain books of that matter: for the honour's sake of philosophy, he wrote a letter unto him, somewhat too plain, and of this effect. Alexander unto Aristotle greeting. Thou hast not done well to put forth the Acroamatical sciences. For wherein shall we excel other, if those things which thou hast secretly taught us, be made common to all? I do thee to understand, that I had rather excel others in excellency of knowledge, than in greatness of power. Farewell. Whereunto Aristotle to pacify this his ambitious humour, wrote unto him again, that these books were published, and not published. For to say truly, in all his treatises which he called *μετὰ τὰ φυσικὰ*: there is no plain instruction profitable for any man, neither to pick out by himself, nor yet to be taught by any other, than Aristotle himself, or his scholars. So that it is written as a memorial for them that have been entered and brought up in the Peripatetick sect and doctrine. It seemeth also, that it was Aristotle above all other, that made Alexander take delight to study physick. For Alexander did not only like the knowledge of speculation, but would exercise practice also, and help his friends when they were sick: and made besides certain remedies, and rules to live by: as appeareth by his letters he wrote, that of his own nature he was much given to his book, and desired to read much. He learned also the Iliads of Homer, of Aristotle's correction, which they call *τὴν ἐκ τοῦ νάρθηκος* the corrected, as having passed under the rule: and laid it every night under his bed's-head with his dagger, calling it (as

Onesicritus writeth) the institution of martial discipline. And when he was in the high countries of Asia, where he could not readily come by other books, he wrote unto Harpalus to send them to him. Harpalus sent him the histories of Philistus, with divers tragedies of Euripides, Sophocles, and Æschylus: and certain hymns of Telestas and Philoxenus. Alexander did reverence Aristotle at the first, as his father, and so he termed him: because from his natural father he had life, but from him, the knowledge to live. But afterwards he suspected him somewhat, yet he did him no hurt, neither was he so friendly to him as he had been: whereby men perceived that he did not bear him the good-will he was wont to do.

II

Diogenes

Then the Grecians having assembled a general council of all the states of Greece within the straits of Peloponnesus: there it was determined that they would make war with the Persians. Whereupon they chose Alexander general for all Greece. Then divers men coming to visit Alexander, as well philosophers, as governors of states, to congratulate with him for his election, he looked that Diogenes Sinopian (who dwelt at Corinth) would likewise come as the rest had done: but when he saw he made no reckoning of him, and that he kept still in the suburbs of Corinth, at a place called Craneum, he went himself unto him, and found him laid all along in the sun. When Diogenes saw so many coming towards him, he sat up a little, and looked full upon Alexander. Alexander courteously spake unto him, and asked him, if he lacked anything. Yea said he, that I do: that thou stand out of my sun a little. Alexander was so well pleased with this answer, and marvelled so much at the great boldness of this man, to see how small account he made of him: that when he went his way from him, Alexander's familiars laughing at Diogenes, and mocking him, he told them: Masters, say what you list, truly if I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes.

ALEXANDER AND THE POETS

I

Pindar

When he came with his army unto the gates of Thebes, he was willing to give them of the city occasion to repent them: and therefore only demanded Phœnix and Prothytes, authors of the rebellion. Furthermore, he proclaimed by trumpet, pardon and safety unto all them that would yield unto him. The Thebans on the other side, demanded of him Philotas, and Antipater, two of his chiefest servants, and made the crier proclaim in the city, that all such as would defend the liberty of Greece should join with them. Then did Alexander leave the Macedonians at liberty to make war with all cruelty. Then the Thebans fought with greater courage and desire than they were able, considering that their enemies were many against one. And on the other side also, when the garrison of the Macedonians which were within the castle of Cadmea, made a sally upon them, and gave them charge in the rearward: then they being environed of all sides, were slain in manner every one of them, their city taken, destroyed, and razed even to the hard ground. This he did, specially to make all the rest of the people of Greece afraid by example of this great calamity and misery of the Thebans, to the end none of them should dare from thenceforth once to rise against him. He would cloak this cruelty of his under the complaints of his confederates, the Phocians and Platæans: who complaining to him of injuries the Thebans had offered, could not deny them justice. Notwithstanding, excepting the priests, and the religious, and all such as were friends unto any of the lords of Macedon, all the friends and kinsmen of the poet Pindarus, and all those that had dissuaded them which were the rebels: he sold all the rest of the city of Thebes for slaves, which amounted to the number of thirty thousand persons, besides them that were slain at the battle, which were six thousand moe.

11

Homer

There was brought unto him a little coffer also, which was thought to be the preciousest thing and the richest, that was gotten of all the spoils and riches, taken at the overthrow of Darius. When he saw it, he asked his familiars that were about him, what they thought fittest, and the best thing to be put into it. Some said one thing, some said another thing: but he said, he would put the Iliads of Homer into it, as the worthiest thing. This is confirmed by the best historiographers. Now if that which the Alexandrians report upon Heraclides' words, be true: then it appeareth that he did profit himself much by Homer in this journey. For it is reported that when he had conquered Egypt, he determined to build a great city, and to replenish it with a great number of Grecians, and to call it after his name. But as he was about to enclose a certain ground, which he had chosen by the advice of his engineers, and workmasters: the night before he had a marvellous dream, that he saw an old man standing before him, full of white hairs, with an honourable presence, and coming towards him said these verses:

> Within the foaming sea there lies a certain island, right
> Against the shore of Egypt, which of ancient Pharos hight.

As soon as he rose the next morning, he went to see this Isle of Pharos, the which at that time was a little above the mouth of the river of Nile, called Canopia, howbeit it is now joined unto firm land, being forced by man's hand. This, he thought the meetest place that could be, to build the city which he had determined. For it is as a tongue or a great bar of earth, broad enough, that separateth a great lake on the one side, and the sea on the other, the which doth join hard to a great haven. Then he said that Homer was wonderful in all his things, but that amongst others, he was an excellent architector: and commanded, that straight they should cast the platform of the city, according to the situation of the place.

MILTON

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY
(Nov. 1642)

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle (1810–88) was educated at Eton and Oxford. He became a lawyer, but his main interests were horses and poetry, and for ten years he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He is remembered for a few heroic poems such as *The Loss of the Birkenhead*, *The Private of the Buffs* and the verses given below.

THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR

Told to the Author
by the late Sir Charles James Napier

Eleven men of England
A breast-work charged in vain;
Eleven men of England
Lie stripped, and gashed, and slain.
Slain; but of foes that guarded
Their rock-built fortress well,
Some twenty had been mastered,
When the last soldier fell.

Whilst Napier piloted his wondrous way
Across the sand-waves of the desert sea,
Then flashed at once, on each fierce clan, dismay,
Lord of their wild Truckee[1].

These missed the glen to which their steps were bent,
Mistook a mandate, from afar half heard,
And, in that glorious error, calmly went
To death without a word.

The robber-chief mused deeply,
Above those daring dead;
"Bring here," at length he shouted,
"Bring quick, the battle thread.
Let Eblis blast for ever
Their souls, if Allah will:
But WE must keep unbroken
The old rules of the Hill.

"Before the Ghiznee tiger
Leapt forth to burn and slay;
Before the holy Prophet
Taught our grim tribes to pray;
Before Secunder's lances
Pierced through each Indian glen;
The mountain laws of honour
Were framed for fearless men.

"Still when a chief dies bravely,
We bind with green *one* wrist—
Green for the brave, for heroes
ONE crimson thread we twist.
Say ye, oh gallant Hillmen,
For these, whose life has fled,
Which is the fitting colour,
The green one, or the red?"

"Our brethren, laid in honoured graves, may wear
Their green reward," each noble savage said;
"To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall tear,
Who dares deny the red?"

[1] A stronghold in the Desert, supposed to be inaccessible and impregnable.

Thus conquering hate, and steadfast to the right,
Fresh from the heart that haughty verdict came;
Beneath a waning moon, each spectral height,
Rolled back its loud acclaim

Once more the chief gazed keenly
Down on those daring dead;
From his good sword their hearts' blood
Crept to that crimson thread.
Once more he cried, "The judgment,
Good friends, is wise and true,
But though the red *be* given,
Have we not more to do?

"These were not stirred by anger,
Nor yet by lust made bold;
Renown they thought above them,
Nor did they look for gold.
To them their leader's signal
Was as the voice of God:
Unmoved, and uncomplaining,
The path it showed they trod.

"As, without sound or struggle,
The stars unhurrying march,
Where Allah's finger guides them,
Through yonder purple arch,
These Franks, sublimely silent,
Without a quickened breath,
Went, in the strength of duty,
Straight to their goal of death.

"If I were now to ask you,
To name our bravest man,
Ye all at once would answer,
They called him Mehrab Khan.
He sleeps among his fathers,
Dear to our native land,
With the bright mark he bled for
Firm round his faithful hand.

"The songs they sing of Roostum
Fill all the past with light;
If truth be in their music,
He was a noble knight.
But were those heroes living,
And strong for battle still,
Would Mehrab Khan or Roostum
Have climbed, like these, the Hill?"

And they replied, "Though Mehrab Khan was brave,
As chief, he chose himself what risks to run;
Prince Roostum lied, his forfeit life to save,
Which these had never done."

"Enough!" he shouted fiercely;
"Doomed though they be to hell,
Bind fast the crimson trophy
Round BOTH wrists—bind it well.
Who knows but that great Allah
May grudge such matchless men,
With none so decked in heaven,
To the fiends' flaming den?"

Then all those gallant robbers
Shouted a stern "Amen!"
They raised the slaughtered sergeant,
They raised his mangled ten.
And when we found their bodies
Left bleaching in the wind,
Around BOTH wrists in glory
That crimson thread was twined.

Then Napier's knightly heart, touched to the core,
Rung like an echo, to that knightly deed;
He bade its memory live for evermore,
That those who run may read.

JOHN MASEFIELD

JOHN MASEFIELD has written many poems and prose sketches about the sea. He has also written several plays, such as *Nan* and *Pompey the Great*, stories of adventure, like *Jim Davis* and accounts of incidents in the Great War: *Gallipoli* and *The Old Front Line*. The passage below is from *Gallipoli* and describes some incidents of the terrible landing operations in 1915.

ANZAC

While these operations were securing our hold upon the extreme end of the Peninsula, the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps were making good their landing on the Ægean coast, to the north of Gaba Tepe. They sailed from Mudros on the 24th, arrived off the coast of the Peninsula at about half-past one on the morning of the 25th, and there under a setting moon, in calm weather, they went on board the boats which were to take them ashore. At about half-past three the tows left the ships, and proceeded in darkness to the coast.

Gaba or Kaba Tepe is a steep cliff or promontory about ninety feet high, with a whitish nose and something the look of a blunt-nosed torpedo or porpoise. It is a forbidding-looking snout of land, covered with scrub where it is not too steep for roots to hold, and washed by deep water. About a mile to the north of it there is a possible landing-place, and north of that again a long and narrow strip of beach between two little headlands. This latter beach cannot be seen from Gaba Tepe. The ground above these beaches is exceedingly steep sandy cliff, broken by two great gulleys or ravines, which run inland. All the ground, except in one patch in the southern ravine, where there is a sort of meadow of grass, is densely covered with scrub, mostly between two and three feet high. Inland from the beach, the land of the Peninsula rises in steep, broken hills and spurs, with clumps of pine upon them, and dense undergrowths of scrub. The men selected for this landing were the 3rd Brigade of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, followed and supported by the 1st and 2nd Brigades.

The place selected for the landing was the southern beach, the nearer of the two to Gaba Tepe. This, like the other landing-places near Cape Helles, was strongly defended, and most difficult

of approach. Large forces of Turks were entrenched there, well prepared. But in the darkness of the early morning after the moon had set, the tows stood a little farther to the north than they should have done, perhaps because some high ground to their left made a convenient steering mark against the stars. They headed in towards the northern beach between the two little headlands, where the Turks were not expecting them. However, they were soon seen, and very heavy independent rifle fire was concentrated on them. As they neared the beach, "about one battalion of Turks" doubled along the land to intercept them. These men came from nearer Gaba Tepe, firing, as they ran, into the mass of the boats at short range. A great many men were killed in the boats, but the dead men's oars were taken by survivors, and the boats forced into the shingle. The men jumped out, waded ashore, charged the enemy with the bayonet, and broke the Turk attack to pieces. The Turks scattered and were pursued, and now the steep scrub-covered cliffs became the scene of the most desperate fighting.

The scattered Turks dropped into the scrub and disappeared. Hidden all over the rough cliffs, under every kind of cover, they sniped the beach or ambushed the little parties of the 3rd Brigade who had rushed the landing. All over the broken hills there were isolated fights to the death, men falling into gullies and being bayoneted; sudden duels, point blank, where men crawling through the scrub met each other, and life went to the quicker finger; heroic deaths, where some half-section which had lost touch were caught by ten times their strength and charged and died. No man of our side knew that cracked and fissured jungle. Men broke through it on to machine guns, or showed up on a crest and were blown to pieces, or leaped down from it into some sap or trench, to catch the bombs flung at them and hurl them at the thrower. Going as they did, up cliffs through scrub over ground which would have broken the alignment of the Tenth Legion, they passed many hidden Turks who were thus left to shoot them in the back or to fire down at the boats, from perhaps only fifty yards away. It was only just light, theirs was the first British survey of that wild country; only now, as it showed up clear, could they realize its difficulty. They pressed on up the hill; they dropped and fired and died; they drove the Turks back; they flung their packs away,

wormed through the bush, and stalked the snipers from the flash. As they went, the words of their song supported them, the ribald and proud chorus of "Australia will be there" which the men on the torpedoed *Southland* sang as they fell in expecting death. Presently, as it grew lighter, the Turks' big howitzers began shelling the beach, and their field guns, well hidden, opened on the transports, now busy disembarking the 1st and 2nd Brigades. They forced the transports to stand farther out to sea, and shelled the tows, as they came in, with shrapnel and high explosive. As the boats drew near the shore, every gun on Gaba Tepe took them in flank, and the snipers concentrated on them from the shore. More and more Turks were coming up at the double to stop the attack up the hill. The fighting in the scrub grew fiercer; shells burst continually upon the beach, boats were sunk, men were killed in the water. The boatmen and beach working-parties were the unsung heroes of that landing. The boatmen came in with the tows, under fire, waited with them under intense and concentrated fire of every kind until they were unloaded, and then shoved off, and put slowly back for more, and then came back again. The beach parties were wading to and from that shell-smitten beach all day unloading, carrying ashore, and sorting the munitions and necessaries for many thousands of men. They worked in a strip of beach and sea some five hundred yards long by forty broad, and the fire directed on that strip was such that every box brought ashore had one or more shells and not less than fifty bullets directed at it before it was flung upon the sand. More men came in and went on up the hill in support; but as yet there were no guns ashore, and the Turks' fire became intenser. By ten o'clock the Turks had had time to bring up enough men from their prepared positions to hold up the advance. Scattered parties of our men who had gone too far in the scrub were cut off and killed, for there was no thought of surrender in those marvellous young men; they were the flower of this world's manhood, and died as they had lived, owning no master on this earth. More and more Turks came up with big and field artillery, and now our attack had to hold on to what it had won, against more than twice its numbers. We had won a rough bow of ground, in which the beach represented the bowstring, the beach near Gaba Tepe the south end, and the hovel known as Fisherman's Hut the north.

Against this position, held by at most 8,000 of our men, who had had no rest and had fought hard since dawn under every kind of fire in a savage rough country unknown to them, came an overwhelming army of Turks to drive them into the sea. For four hours the Turks attacked and again attacked, with a terrific fire of artillery and waves of men in succession. They came fresh from superior positions, with many guns, to break a disorganized line of breathless men not yet dug in. The guns of the ships opened on them, and the scattered units in the scrub rolled them back again and again by rifle and machine-gun fire, and by charge after counter-charge. More of the Army Corps landed to meet the Turks, the fire upon the beach never slackened, and they came ashore across corpses and wrecked boats and a path like a road in hell with ruin and blasts and burning. They went up the cliff to their fellows under an ever-growing fire, that lit the scrub and burned the wounded and the dead. Darkness came, but there was no rest nor lull. Wave after wave of Turks came out of the night, crying the proclamation of their faith; others stole up in the dark through the scrub and shot or stabbed and crept back, or were seen and stalked and killed. Flares went up, to light with their blue and ghastly glare the wild glens peopled by the enemy. Men worked at the digging in till they dropped asleep upon the soil, and more Turks charged, and they woke and fired and again dug. It was cruelly cold after the sun had gone, but there was no chance of warmth or proper food; to dig in and beat back the Turk or die were all that men could think of. In the darkness, among the blasts of the shells, men scrambled up and down the pathless cliffs bringing up tins of water and boxes of cartridges, hauling up guns and shells, and bringing down the wounded. The beach was heaped with wounded, placed as close under the cliff as might be, in such yard or so of dead ground as the cliffs gave. The doctors worked among them and shells fell among them, and doctors and wounded were blown to pieces, and the survivors sang their song of "Australia will be there," and cheered the newcomers still landing on the beach. Sometimes our fire seemed to cease, and then the Turk shells filled the night with their scream and blast and the pattering of their fragments. With all the fury and the crying of the shells, and the shouts and cries and cursing on the beach, the rattle of the small arms and the cheers and

defiance up the hill, and the roar of the great guns far away, at sea, or in the olive-groves, the night seemed in travail of a new age. All the blackness was shot with little spurts of fire, and streaks of fire, and malignant bursts of fire, and arcs and glows and crawling snakes of fire, and the moon rose, and looked down upon it all. In the fiercer hours of that night shells fell in that contested mile of ground and on the beach beyond it at the rate of one a second, and the air whimpered with passing bullets, or fluttered with the rush of the big shells, or struck the head of the passer like a moving wall with the shock of the explosion. All through the night the Turks attacked, and in the early hours their fire of shrapnel became so hellish that the Australians soon had not men enough left to hold the line. Orders were given to fall back to a shorter line, but in the darkness, uproar, and confusion, with many sections refusing to fall back, others falling back and losing touch, others losing their way in gully or precipice, and shrapnel hailing on all, as it had hailed for hours, the falling back was mistaken by some for an order to re-embark. Many men who had lost their officers and non-commissioned officers fell back to the beach, where the confusion of wounded men, boxes of stores, field dressing-stations, corpses, and the litter and the waste of battle, had already blocked the going. The shells bursting in this clutter made the beach, in the words of an eyewitness, "like bloody hell, and nothing else." But at this breaking of the wave of victory, this panting moment in the race, when some of the runners had lost their first wind, encouragement reached our men: a message came to the beach from Sir Ian Hamilton, to say that help was coming, and that an Australian submarine had entered the Narrows and had sunk a Turkish transport off Chanak.

This word of victory, coming to men who thought for the moment that their efforts had been made in vain, had the effect of a fresh brigade. The men rallied back up the hill; bearing the news to the firing-line, the new, constricted line was made good, and the rest of the night was never anything but continued victory to those weary ones in the scrub. But twenty-four hours of continual battle exhausts men, and by dawn the Turks, knowing the weariness of our men, resolved to beat them down into the sea. When the sun was well in our men's eyes they attacked again, with not less than twice our entire strength of fresh men, and with

an overwhelming superiority in field artillery. Something in the Turk commander, and the knowledge that a success there would bring our men across the Peninsula within a day, made the Turks more desperate enemies there than elsewhere. They came at us with a determination which might have triumphed against other troops. As they came on they opened a terrific fire of shrapnel upon our position, pouring in such a hail that months afterwards one could see their round shrapnel bullets stuck in bare patches of ground, or in earth thrown up from the trenches, as thickly as plums in a pudding. Their multitudes of men pressed through the scrub as skirmishers, and sniped at every moving thing; for they were on higher ground, and could see over most of our position, and every man we had was under direct fire for hours of each day. As the attack developed, the promised help arrived; our warships stood in and opened on the Turks with every gun that would bear. Some kept down the guns of Gaba Tepe, others searched the line of the Turk advance, till the hills over which they came were swathed with yellow smoke and dust, the white clouds of shrapnel, and the drifting darkness of conflagration. All the scrub was in a blaze before them, but they pressed on, falling in heaps and lines; and their guns dropped a never-ceasing rain of shells on trenches, beach, and shipping. The landing of stores and ammunition never ceased during the battle. The work of the beach parties in that scene of burning and massacre was beyond all praise; so was the work of the fatigue parties, who passed up and down the hill with water, ammunition, and food, or dug sheltered roads to the trenches; so was the work of the Medical Service, who got the wounded out of cuts in the earth, so narrow and so twisted that there was no using a stretcher, and men had to be carried on stretcher-bearers' backs or on improvised chairs made out of packing-cases.

At a little before noon the Turk attack reached its height in a blaze and uproar of fire and the swaying forward of their multitudes. The guns of the warships swept them from flank to flank with every engine of death: they died by hundreds, and the attack withered as it came. Our men saw the enemy fade and slacken and halt; then with their cheer they charged him and beat him home, seized new ground from him, and dug themselves in in front of him. All through the day there was fighting up and

down the line, partial attacks, and never-ceasing shell fire, but no other great attack: the Turks had suffered too much. At night their snipers came out in the scrub in multitudes and shot at anything they could see, and all night long their men dragged up field guns and piles of shrapnel, and worked at the trenches which were to contain ours. When day dawned, they opened with shrapnel upon the beach, with a *feu de barrage* designed to stop all landing of men and stores. They whipped the bay with shrapnel bullets. Where their fire was concentrated, the water was lashed as with hail all day long; but the boats passed through it, and men worked in it, building jetties for the boats to land at, using a big Turk shell as a pile-driver. When they got too hot they bathed in it, for no fire shook those men....

By the night of the second day the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps had won and fortified their position. Men writing or reporting on service about them referred to them as the A.N.Z.A.C., and these letters soon came to mean the place in which they were, unnamed till then, probably, save by some rough Turkish place-name, but now likely to be printed on all English maps, with the other names, of Brighton Beach and Hell Spit, which mark a great passage of arms.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

MADRIGAL

This life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blowen up in the air,
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere,
And strive who can most motion it bequeath:
And though it sometime seem of its own might,
Like to an eye of gold, to be fix'd there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is *because it is so light*.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
For even when most admir'd, it in a thought,
As swell'd from nothing, doth dissolve in nought.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

(Ascribed also to Henry King)

ON THE LIFE OF MAN

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew.
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Even such is Man, whose borrowed light
Is straight call'd in and paid to night:
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies:
The dew's dry'd up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

ROBERT BROWNING

Robert Browning (1812–89) was born in Camberwell and educated mainly at a private school and at home; he studied Greek at University college, London. His first important poem, *Pauline*, was published in 1833. Many of his short poems are dramatic utterances, attributed to historical or imaginary characters. Perhaps the best of these are those grouped under the titles *Men and Women* and *Dramatic Lyrics*. His longer poems usually deal with the state of mind and the spiritual struggles of various characters.

PROSPICE

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,

Though a battle 's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute 's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

WILLIAM COLLINS

William Collins (1721–59) was born at Chichester and educated at Winchester and Oxford. He lived an irregular life, and was often in great want. His fame rests upon certain of his *Odes* published in 1747—especially the *Ode to Evening* and the present poem.

ODE WRITTEN IN MDCCXLVI

How sleep the Brave, who sink to Rest,
By all their Country's Wishes blest!
When *Spring*, with dewy Fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd Mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter Sod,
Than *Fancy's* Feet have ever trod.

By Fairy Hands their Knell is rung,
By Forms unseen their Dirge is sung;
There *Honour* comes, a Pilgrim grey,
To bless the Turf that wraps their Clay,
And *Freedom* shall a-while repair,
To dwell a weeping Hermit there!

W. E. HENLEY

William Ernest Henley (1849–1903) was distinguished as a poet, critic and journalist. His best work is to be found in his poems. His robust personality had much influence upon young writers of his time. He was a close friend of Stevenson, in collaboration with whom he wrote *Beau Austin*, *Admiral Guinea* and other plays.

I. M. MARGARITAE SORORI
(1886)

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, grey city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,

Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

HENRY VAUGHAN

Henry Vaughan (1622–95), called from his birth in South Wales "the Silurist," was educated at Oxford and became a doctor. He owes his fame to *Silex Scintillans*, a collection of sacred poems.

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingring here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the Sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility!
High as the Heavens above;
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death; the Jewel of the Just!
Shining no where but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lockt her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty!

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

A. E. HOUSMAN

The following lines appeared in *The Times* on 31 October 1917 and commemorate the repulse of the German armies in the autumn of 1914. They were written by A. E. Housman, author of *A Shropshire Lad*, professor of Latin in the university of Cambridge, who kindly permits their appearance here. It will be remembered that the Germans called our "contemptible little army" forming the first Expeditionary Force "the English Mercenaries."

EPITAPH ON AN ARMY OF MERCENARIES

These, in the day when Heaven was falling,
The hour when Earth's foundation fled
Followed their mercenary calling
And took their wages and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky suspended;
They stood, and Earth's foundations stay;
What God abandoned, these defended
And saved the sum of things for pay.

LAURENCE BINYON

Laurence Binyon (b. 1869), poet and writer on art, was educated at St Paul's school and Trinity college, Oxford. He is now assistant-keeper in the British Museum, in charge of oriental prints and drawings. He has published several volumes of poems—*Attila*, a tragedy, 1907; *London Visions* 1908; *England aud other Poems*, 1909; and also books on oriental art. The following lines were first published in *The Times* and are reprinted here by the author's kind permission.

THE DEAD TO THE LIVING

O you that still have rain and sun,
Kisses of children and of wife,
And the good earth to tread upon,
And the mere sweetness that is life.
Forget not us, who gave all these
For something dearer, and for you!
Think in what cause we crossed the seas!
Remember, he who fails the challenge
Fails us too.

Now in the hour that shows the strong—
The soul no evil powers affray—
Drive straight against embattled Wrong:
Faith knows but one, the hardest, way.
Endure; the end is worth the throe.
Give, give, and dare; and again dare!
On, to that Wrong's great overthrow.
We are with you, of you; we the pain
And victory share.

SHELLEY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822) was born near Horsham in Sussex, the son of a county gentleman. He was educated at Eton and at Oxford, whence he was sent down after a year. He wrote verses and romances at an early age, and his pen was always busy with poems, and with pamphlets in favour of social reform. Like Byron, with whom he was on terms of friendship, Shelley lived much in Italy, where he wrote some of his best poems and several delightful descriptive letters. Among his works in verse may be named *Prometheus Unbound*, *Hellas*, *Adonais*, *The Witch of Atlas*, the *Ode to the West Wind* and *To a Skylark*. His shorter poems include some of the loveliest lyrics in our language. Shelley was drowned when his schooner, the *Ariel*, was wrecked by a sudden storm in the bay of Spezzia. His body was washed ashore, and burnt in the presence of Byron and Leigh Hunt; the ashes were buried at Rome in the cemetery where lies the body of Keats.

LAST CHORUS FROM *HELLAS*

The world's great age begins anew,
  The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
  Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
  From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
  Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free:
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued:
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

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